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AUGUST 1939

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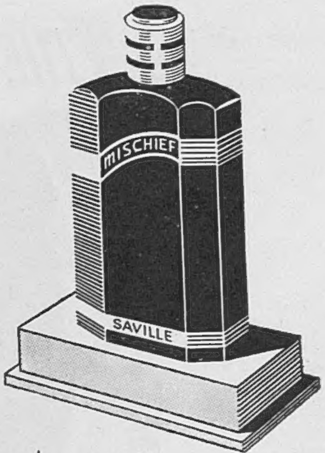

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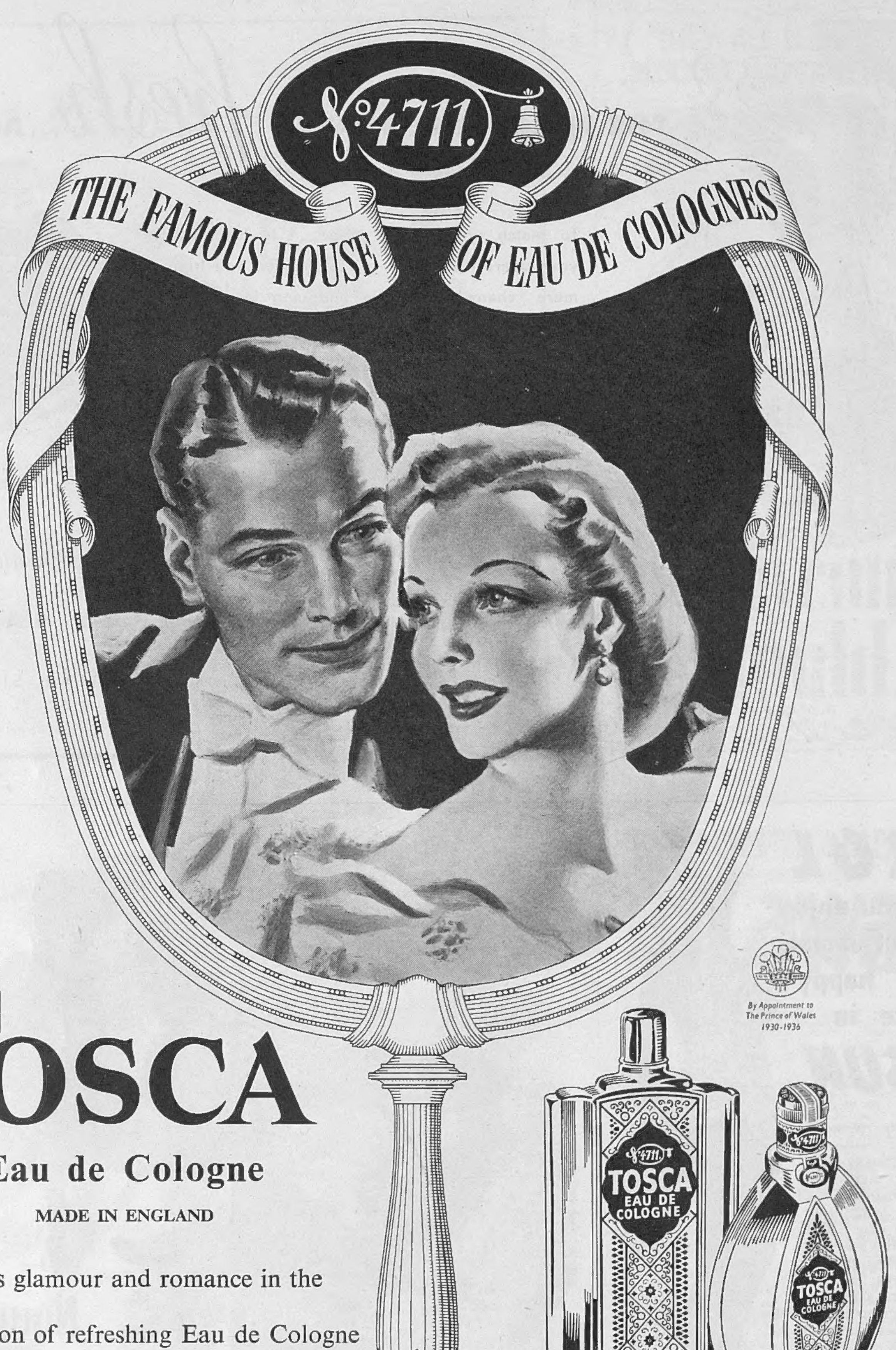

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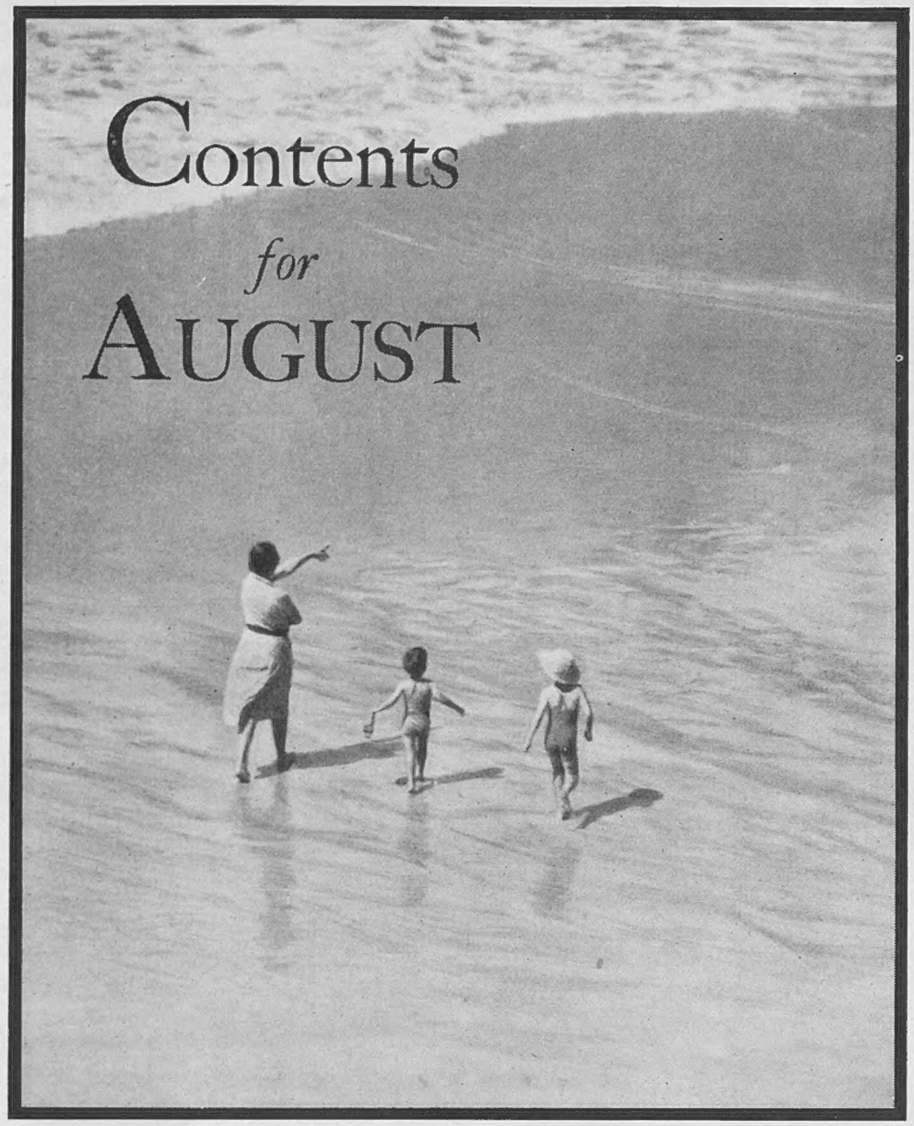
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 19, NO. 2. AUGUST, 1939.



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by *Carl Shreve*

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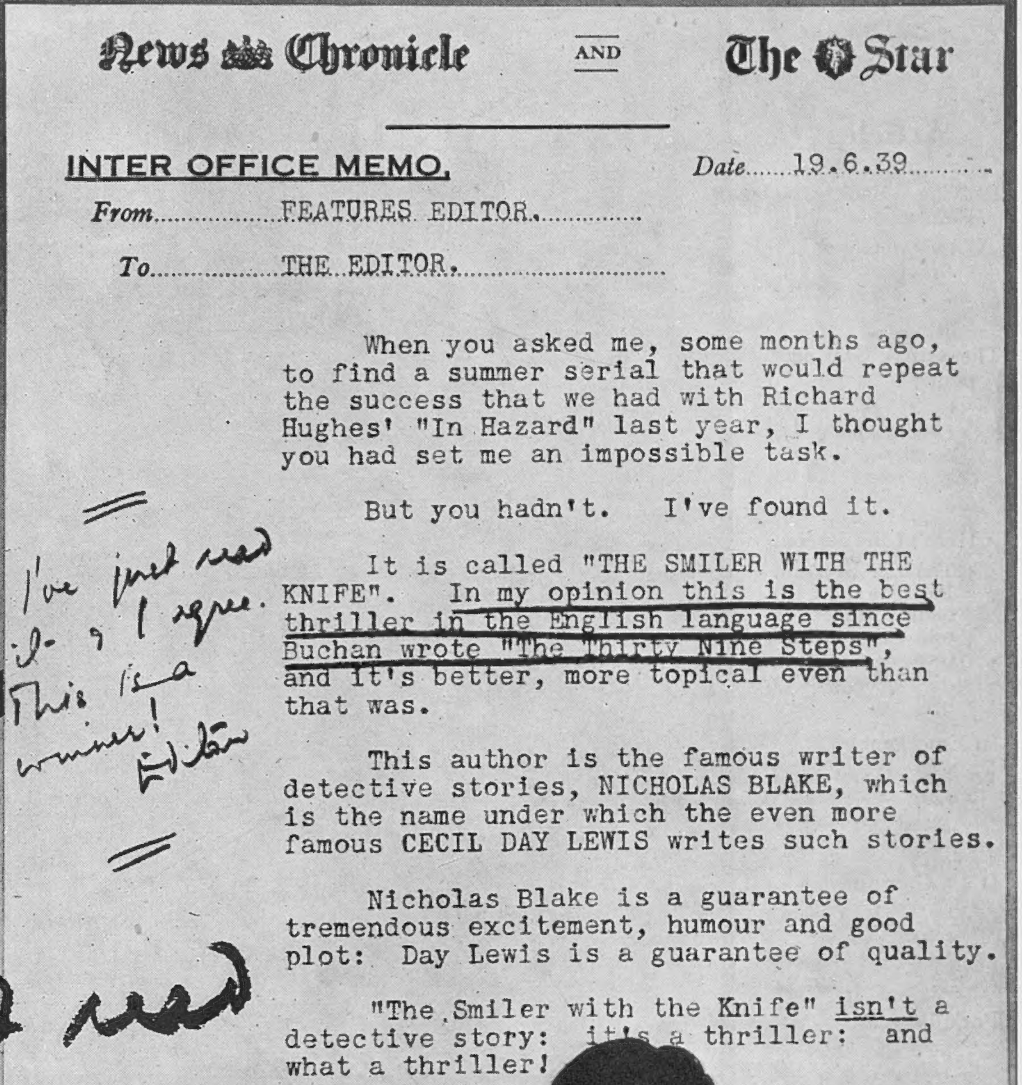
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 116. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

THE SMILER WITH THE KNIFE



News Chronicle AND The Star

INTER OFFICE MEMO. Date 19.6.39

From FEATURES EDITOR.

To THE EDITOR.

When you asked me, some months ago, to find a summer serial that would repeat the success that we had with Richard Hughes' "In Hazard" last year, I thought you had set me an impossible task.

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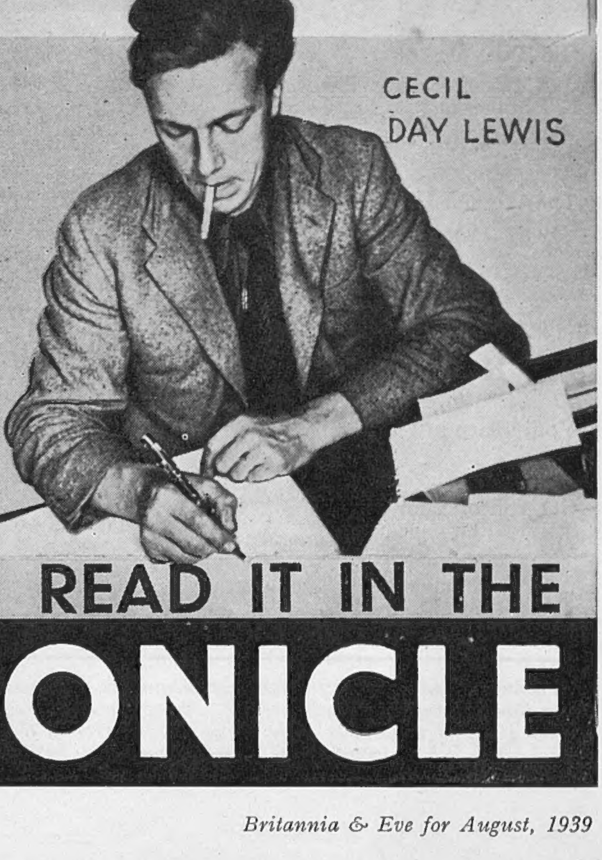
I've just read it & I agree. This is a winner! Editor

I've just read it & I agree. This is a winner! Editor



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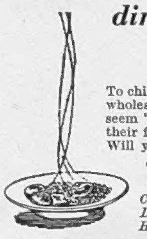

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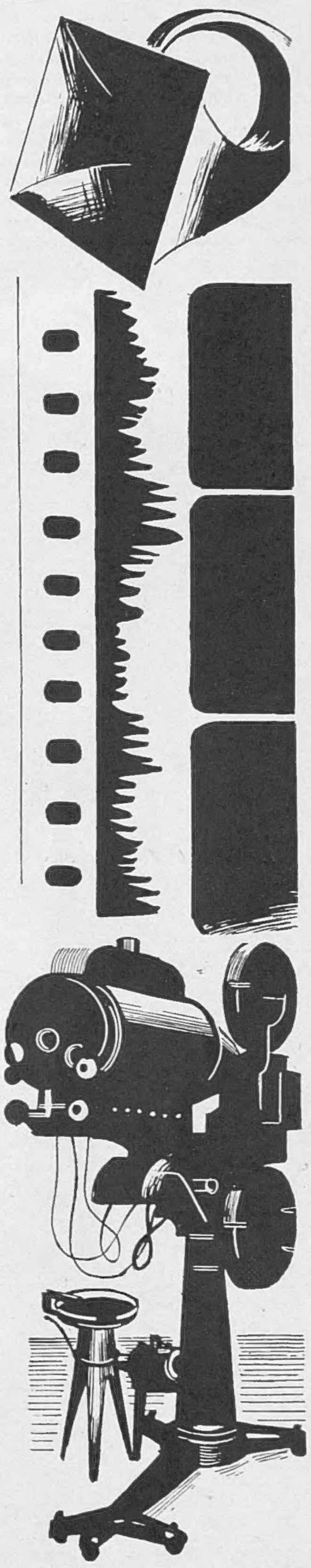


"I CAN turn light into sound, and sound back into light—but they won't grant me a patent!"

Mr. Fritts sat morosely at his rough desk-bench in his lodging; a secretive cripple, dour, poor, always inventing things that came to nothing.

Born in New York in 1838, he had become a watchmaker, written a standard work on watch repairing, turned to plant-raising and failed, wandered from city to city, sold one or two minor inventions, and settled down in a three-room lodging in New York, sustaining himself by doing a question-and-answer column for a jewellers' trade paper while he devoured books on chemistry and physics, and tried to invent something that would make his fortune.

But he had no commercial talents and while other men concentrated on mechanical devices of immediate practical utility, Fritts, in the dim light of his lodging-house laboratory, was lost in a dream of the future.

He cut a little slit in a black box. Then he fixed a roll of sensitised paper (another decade had to pass before Eastman invented photographic film) so that a crank would move it past the slit, like the film in a modern movie camera. Finally, he attached a telephone diaphragm (Bell had invented the telephone four years earlier).

Fritts spoke at the diaphragm and wound the paper. The diaphragm vibrated, varying the amount of light admitted into the box through the little slit. The moving roll took the photographic impression of the varying bits of light, each bit corresponding to a voice sound.

When the inventor took his paper strip out of the black box, he had a photographic record of all the sounds he had made. He had turned sound into light, and this light he could turn back into sound.

But he was ahead of his time. The patent office experts could not understand the principle of the interchange of the waves of electricity, sound and light; they refused Fritts a patent for his apparatus for photographing sound, recording it, transmitting it electrically, and translating the photograph back into the original sound.

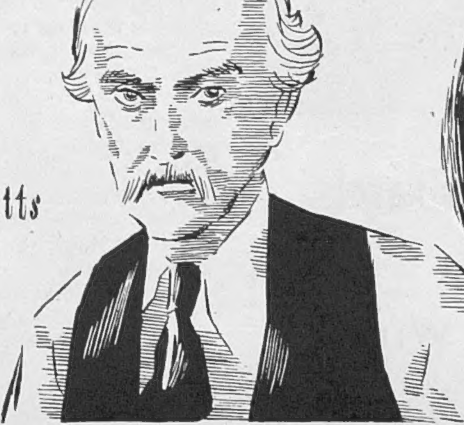
BY the time scientific knowledge and commercial opportunism caught up with the watchmaker and his ideas, it was 1916. New applications for patents caused a search to be made; the old papers were recovered from their dusty file; in August the patent was granted—the basic patent of the sound picture industry.

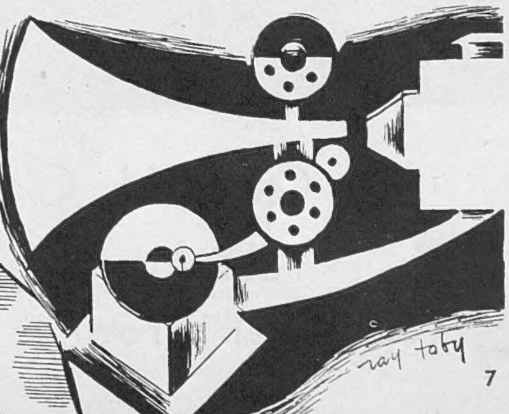
Where was the inventor? He was dead. Penniless and alone, he had passed away in a wretched lodging eleven years earlier.

A talking-machine company bought the patent from Fritts's heirs. From that basic patent—one of the widest ever granted an inventor, and one which would have made Fritts a millionaire, and famous—work went on in the laboratories of the great electrical telephone and telegraph equipment companies. Teams of scientific experts, backed by enormous resources, took up the job where Fritts left off. And one night in October, 1927, an excited audience previewed a sound film called *The Jazz Singer*—and a whole silent-film era died overnight, a new industry arose from its ashes, and, with it, one of the most potent forces in contemporary life.

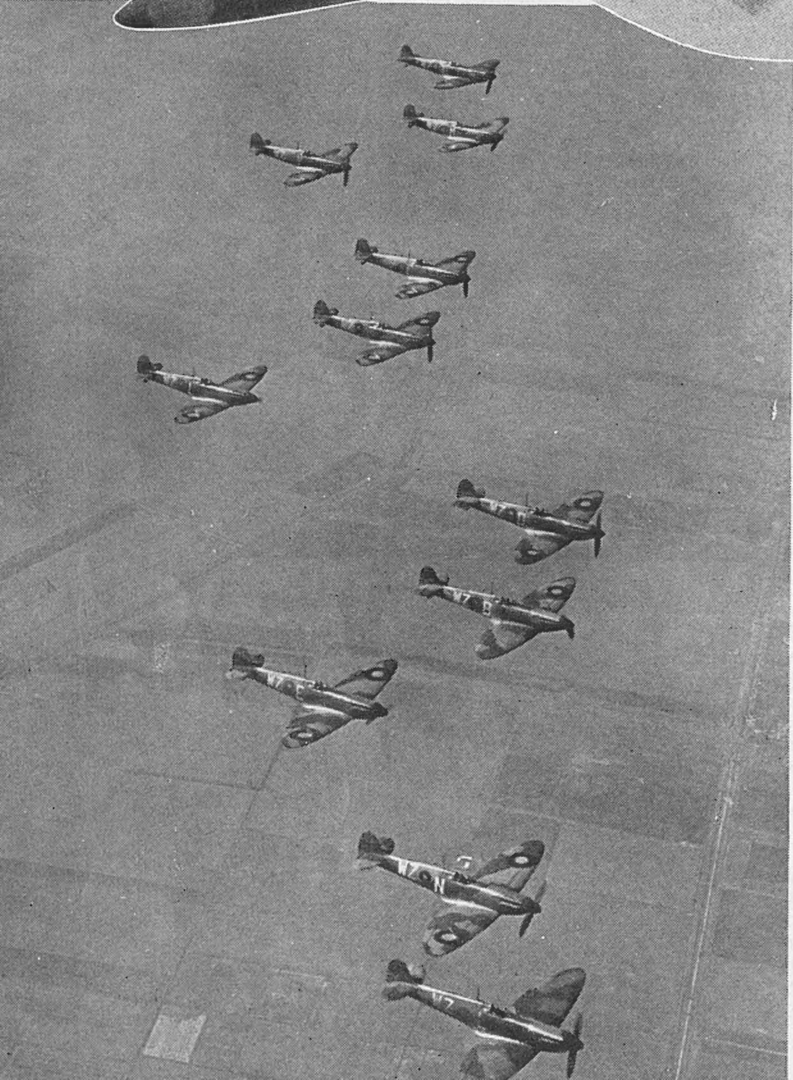
NOW, fourteen million people see and listen to sound pictures every day. A thousand million pounds is sunk in the entertainment side alone of this industry. To-morrow we shall have a perfect synthesis between beauty and sound; a hoarse-voiced Garbo will appear on the screen and sing with the voice of a Melba. Educational methods will be revolutionised. The ultimate development of this dream of an old watchmaker, who sought and found a way to turn sound into light and light back into sound, is beyond imagining.

Mr. Fritts





ONE of the types of machines which will fight raiding bombers. (Right) A close-up view of the Vickers Supermarine Spitfire. (Below) Twelve Spitfires flying in formation. These machines are fitted with eight machine guns, and the aeroplane is designed on the experience gained in building the Schneider Trophy machines



BEATING BACK *the* BOMBER

By Capt. H. C. Biard

Test Pilot *and* Schneider Trophy Winner

AT this time of international strain, the possibilities of air attack have become every man's business. Quiet citizens with little thought beyond the day's work and a week-end in the garden are learning to serve anti-aircraft guns, becoming air-raid wardens, and taking their places in the vast civil machine that is to guard us from the Terror in the Sky.

Girls who tap a typewriter all the week are enlisting as Civil Air Guards. Mothers leave their babies in the care of a neighbour and go to ambulance classes.

To every real flyer's regret, the machines we have developed to speed up progress and bring the fruits of the earth more quickly to the people's breakfast table have been turned to the business of killing.

The modern bomber is the greatest triumph of man's conquest of the air—except for the modern fighter!

The big bombers of all nations nowadays can carry a ton of bombs apiece 500 miles, blow a city to bits with them, and return home, taking about three hours over the return trip.

Britain, Germany, France, Russia or Italy could send out a fleet of 1,000 bombers to ring up the curtain on a new belligerent drama that might wreck civilisation as we know it before the last dread act was played.

And what could the defence forces do against the raiders? Could they beat back the bombers? That is what every one wants to know. From experience of war-birds dating back to 1911—I have tested thousands since 1919—I will tell you some of the secrets of the new defence technique.

FIRST, there is the balloon barrage. We have all seen pictures of the enormous kite balloons, looking like visions from some H. G. Wells romance, but not much has been disclosed about their performance.

Yet there are over 1,000 in a Midland depot, all ready for use, and several hundreds more round about London. Great factories are working day-and-night shifts turning out more still.

Each balloon unit consists of a thirty-h.p. six-wheeled tractor, carrying an enormous winch round which is wound about four miles of heavy steel cable.

Behind the tractor is a four-wheeled trailer carrying thirty-six steel cylinders of hydrogen. With a crew of ten picked men, and secret apparatus for quick filling of the balloon, the unit weighs ten tons, and has a top speed of about thirty-five m.p.h.

In the event of a crisis with fear of air raiding, hundred after hundred of these balloon units would wait, with engines turning over, ready to race to the danger points where enemy bombers were expected.

The order would come through; a fleet of tractors with their trailers would roar away into the night; having reached their destination, the balloons would be laid out, filled and would be sluggishly rising into the air *within twenty-five minutes*.

Up they would go, this vast, silent fleet of gigantic black shapes, at the rate of 600 feet a minute, spinning behind and beneath them a veritable spider's web of death.

Arrangements can be made to electrify the steel strands of the web—but what need of that! Imagine the fate of a night-bomber squadron, tearing through the clouds at upwards of 300 m.p.h., suddenly striking ropy trailers of heavy steel.

Wings would be sheared away; fuselage would be sliced as if with a knife; the sky would flicker and gleam with enormous flashes as petrol exploded and hundreds of goggled gunners and pilots hurtled and twisted downwards, flaming as they dropped from their burst and shivered machines.

For an airman to fly into a big bird is sometimes enough to wreck a heavy, steel-built aircraft. I remember my pal Bert Hinkler's tragic death in the Alps—it was always supposed that he had crashed through some big bird flying into his propeller.

To fly into the steel cables of a balloon barrage would mean instant wreck, without even the chance of using parachutes.

The latest development of the balloon barrage is to use air mines.

Very small balloons are used, with a diameter of about three feet. They look almost like toy balloons from some fun fair—until you see the pound or so of high explosive dangling at the end of a longish cable.

Thousands of such balloons could be released when a raid was expected. Any machine touching one of them would instantly be blown to glory.

Germany believes in the efficacy of balloon barrages. All along her powerful Siegfried Line of fortifications there are balloon stations. General Kitszinger, in command of the air defences of the Fatherland, recently said: "I have put a fence across our Western Frontier that bears the sign—'Foreign fighting aircraft—KEEP OUT OR FALL!'"

French experts recently estimated that 3000 balloons could girdle Paris and make it comparatively safe from air attack.

The great drawback of the balloon barrage at present is that balloons cannot rise to more than about four miles high; while modern bombers have a ceiling a good bit higher than that.

What would happen if bombers flew right over the top of the spider's web of steel? For there is no need, nowadays, for a raider to come down low and

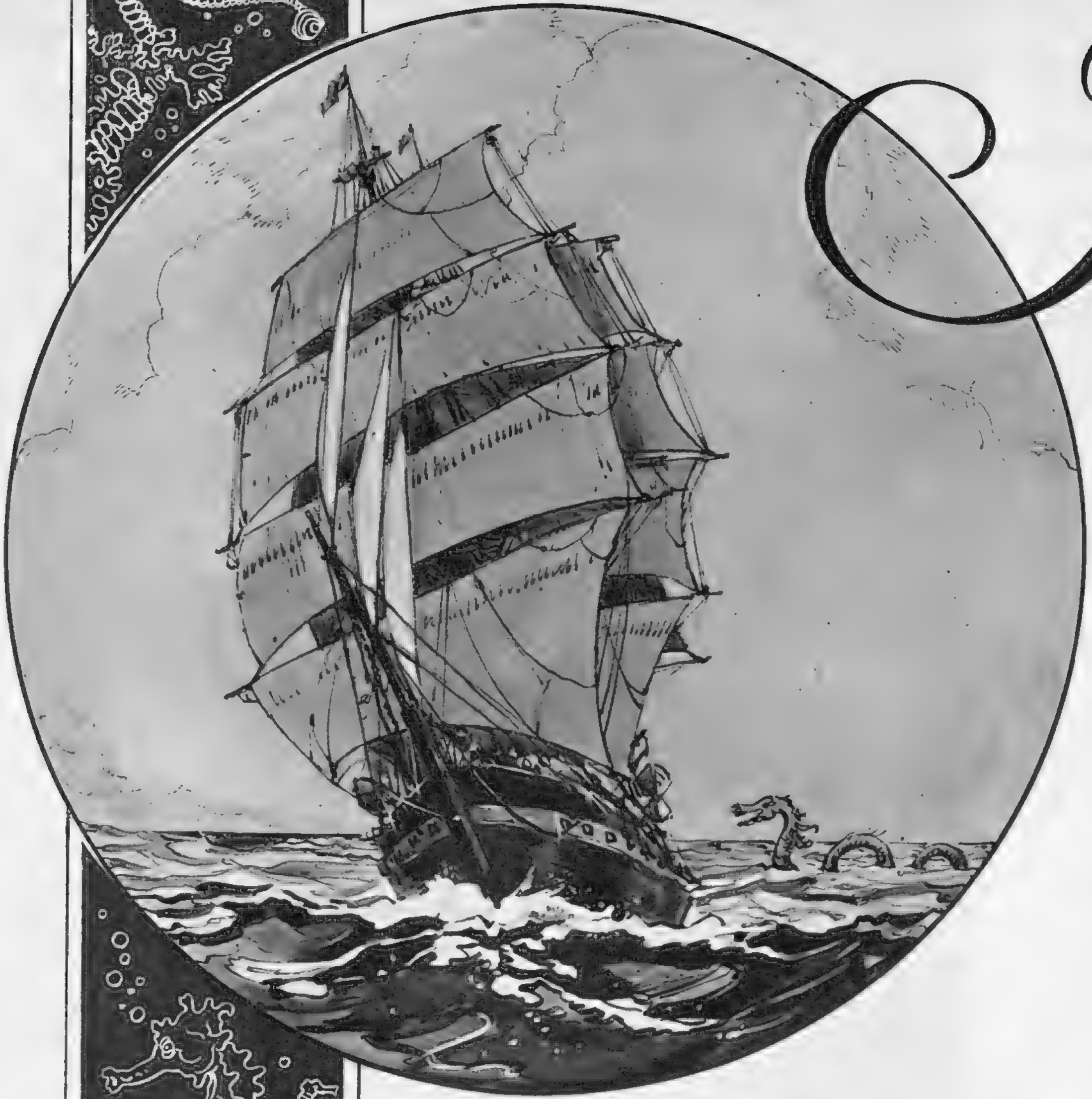
(*Continued on p.* 82)

Sending up a Balloon Barrage. This barrage is mobile, and on reaching their destination the balloons can be laid out, filled, and rising in the air within twenty-five minutes. To fly into the steel cables which hang from these balloons would mean instant wreck, without a chance of escape. Although they cannot ascend more than four miles, this is sufficient to make accurate bombing very difficult

Another method of repelling attacks from the air is the use of anti-aircraft guns which have a height range of 32,000 feet. Here is Mr. Hore-Belisha, M.P., examining one of the latest type at a demonstration on the Horse Guards Parade

The

And



THE "debunker"—that most depressing product of modernity—has been by no means idle where the wonders of the deep are concerned. He was, indeed, hard at work on the task of demolition in that connection long before it had become the fashion to tear one's forefathers' reputations to tatters, and pour contempt on the great names of the past. So much has this been the case that there is, unfortunately, little doubt of the fact that a good many highly interesting and authentic examples of the sighting of unusual marine monsters have remained unrecorded because of the storm of incredulity and derision certain to follow in the wake of any mention of them.

The captain of a ship, whether naval or mercantile, can—perhaps less than anyone outside the ranks of the clergy—ill afford to risk his reputation for sobriety; and since the reporting of the sighting of that discredited phenomenon, the Great Sea Serpent, is almost certain to be followed by facetious remarks as to splicing the main-brace, and the position of the sun with reference to the foreyard at the time, that more than one worthy commander has refrained from alluding to the occurrence outside the circle of his own acquaintance.

It was not, of course, always so. The early seafarer might see what he liked and say what he liked, and few were ever found to gainsay him. Dragons, nicors, mermen and mermaids peopled the mysterious and unsailed seas across which he ventured with so incredible a daring and so childlike a trust. In a world so full of wonders, anything might be true.

A Bishop Describes the Sea Serpent.

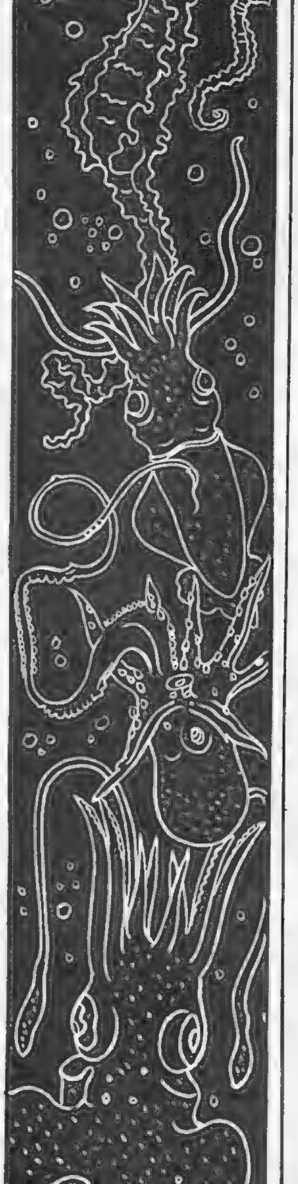
Moreover, the marvels of the deep had as vouchers for their existence the highest of ecclesiastical authority. One of the earliest accounts of the Great Sea Serpent is to be found in the worthy Bishop Erik Pontoppidan's description of the natural history of his native Norway. True, the good Bishop had not actually seen the monster himself; but he had conversed with many seafarers of repute who had, and who were able to describe it in detail. Its head, according to one of his informants, "which it held more than two feet above the water, resembled that of a horse. It was of a greyish colour, and the mouth was quite black and very large. It had black eyes, and a long white mane that hung down from the neck to the surface of the water. Besides the head and neck," the account continues, "we saw seven or eight folds, or coils, of this snake, which were very thick, and as far as we could guess, there was about a fathom distance between each fold."

Hans Egede, the Norse missionary to Greenland, also testified to having himself seen a monster, whose head, he says, "reached above our maintop." This creature, before disappearing in the sea, lifted its tail into the air, and then let it fall with a tremendous noise—a phenomenon not unlike the "lob-tailing" of whales, by which, it is surmised, they warn each other of the presence of potential enemies.

The Case of H.M.S. "Dædalus."

From Pontoppidan's day onwards, encounters with the sea serpent have often been recorded. The difficulty with regard to many of these is, frankly, first the reputation of seafaring folk—a reputation not always undeserved—for liking to impress their hearers with what are generally termed "travellers' tales"; and, secondly, the vagueness of the narratives in cases where there seems no reason to doubt the good faith of the teller.

There is, for example, the sea serpent seen by Samuel Townshend, Esq., J.P., as recorded in the pages of the *Skibbereen Eagle*, in 1861, that journal which once added to the gaiety of nations by solemnly announcing that it "had its eye on Europe." Mr. Townshend was sailing in Whitehall Harbour at the time, and "being in a small boat, endeavoured to keep as respectful a distance as possible from the monster, which appeared to him to be a sea serpent about 25 or 30 feet in length." Another boat which was in the harbour, in which were



Decorations by J. Nicolson.

Great Sea Serpent

Other Marine Marvels

By C. Fox-Smith

Mr. Samuel Hingston, his brother, Mr. John Hingston, of Trinity College, Dublin, and a party of ladies, also sighted the creature, and Mr. Hingston, of Trinity College, displayed his prowess as a shot by firing at it. At the time it had raised its head about six feet out of the water, and "the females were greatly alarmed." Mr. Townshend, adds the *Eagle*, "informs us that the serpent presented a beautiful appearance, having large, brilliant scales of a yellow hue"; but since Mr. Townshend does not seem to have stopped long to look at it, his description is not altogether to be relied upon.

The best-authenticated instance of the sighting of a sea serpent is, however, that reported by the captain of H.M. corvette *Dædalus* on the ship's arrival in England on October 4, 1848, which was duly included in the Naval Intelligence column of *The Times*. The paragraph runs as follows:

"When the *Dædalus* frigate (Captain M'Quhae), which arrived on the 4th inst., was on her passage home from the East Indies, between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, her captain, and most of her officers and crew, at 4 o'clock one afternoon, saw a sea serpent. The creature was twenty minutes in sight of the frigate, and passed under her quarter. Its head appeared to be about 4 feet out of the water, and there was about 60 feet of its body in a straight line on the surface. It is calculated that there must have been under water a length of 30 or 40 feet more, by which it propelled itself at the rate of 15 miles an hour. The exposed part of the body was about 16 inches in diameter, and when it extended its jaws, which were full of large, jagged teeth, they seemed sufficiently capacious to admit of a tall man standing upright between them. The ship was sailing north at 8 miles an hour."

The Admiralty then directed the Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, to call on the captain for a report on the matter (which, incidentally, did not appear in the official log), with the result that the dignified records of the Admiralty at that time received an unexpected accession of variety in the shape of a file with the heading "Sea Serpent."

Captain M'Quhae's report "for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty" was in essentials much what had appeared in *The Times*. At five o'clock in the afternoon of August 6, he stated, in lat. 24.44 S., long. 9.22 E., the weather being dark and cloudy, with a long ocean swell from the S.W., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, and later by Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, the officer of the watch, Mr. Barrett, the master, as well as the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate and the man at the wheel.

If it had been a man of his acquaintance —Captain M'Quhae asserts—he could have easily made out his features with the naked eye. It kept steadily on its course the whole time it was in sight, "apparently on some determined purpose." Its colour was a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or, rather, a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back.

Captain M'Quhae's story was corroborated by Lieutenant Drummond, and by an anonymous officer, possibly Midshipman Sartoris, who, however, considered it looked rather more like a huge lizard than a serpent.

The matter aroused widespread interest, and Professor Owen, in a letter to *The Times*, laid himself out to demolish the whole story altogether, flouting the idea of the existence of the sea serpent as a mere old wives' tale, and suggesting various common-sense explanations of the phenomenon—if, indeed, it had ever been seen at all. This drew a spirited response from Captain M'Quhae, in which he stuck stoutly to his story, and disposed effectually of Professor Owen's suggested explanations, such as that the supposed serpent was merely a school of porpoises moving at regular intervals, and thus giving the impression of being one large monster.

The gallant captain pertinently remarked that these and similar sights, which might be new to landsmen, were commonplace enough to seamen of long service, and were not in the least likely to cause them either surprise or bewilderment.

A Sea Monster at Close Quarters.

As a matter of fact, Professor Owen's suggestion, which is very often put forward by the sceptical as a possible explanation for stories of sea serpents, is much less convincing than that contained in the account given by Captain Smith, of Messrs. T. and W. Smith's East Indiaman *Pekin*, of his own inspection of a sea serpent at close quarters.

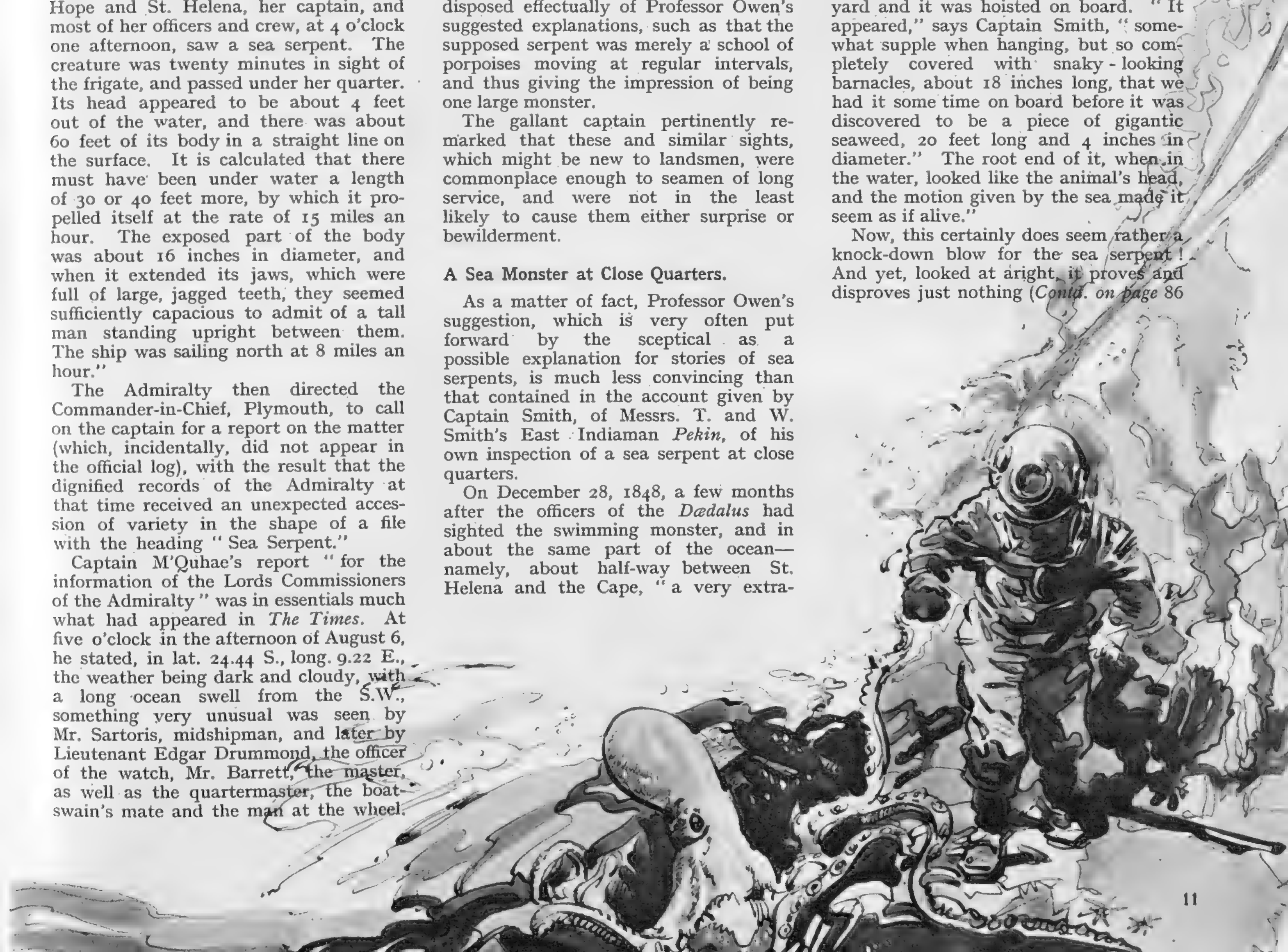
On December 28, 1848, a few months after the officers of the *Dædalus* had sighted the swimming monster, and in about the same part of the ocean—namely, about half-way between St. Helena and the Cape, "a very extraordinary-looking thing" was seen in the water. Viewed through the telescope, it appeared to have a huge head and neck, covered with a long, shaggy-looking kind of mane, which it kept lifting at intervals out of the water, and all on board were firmly convinced that here was nothing less than the Great Sea serpent himself.

As it happened, the weather was perfectly calm, and Captain Smith, being of an inquiring turn of mind, decided to lower a boat and have an investigation made at close quarters. Accordingly the chief mate and four men went away, taking with them a long line in case it should be required. Captain Smith, from the ship, watched with some anxiety. Who knew whether or no the monster would attack the boat?

However, it took no notice, even when it was made fast with the line, other than ducking its head and showing the whole length of its huge body, and presently the boat began pulling slowly back to the ship, with its prize towing in its wake. In about half an hour it was alongside; a tackle was got on the mainyard and it was hoisted on board. "It appeared," says Captain Smith, "somewhat supple when hanging, but so completely covered with snaky-looking barnacles, about 18 inches long, that we had it some time on board before it was discovered to be a piece of gigantic seaweed, 20 feet long and 4 inches in diameter." The root end of it, when in the water, looked like the animal's head, and the motion given by the sea made it seem as if alive."

Now, this certainly does seem rather a knock-down blow for the sea serpent! And yet, looked at aright, it proves and disproves just nothing

(Contd. on page 86



A Hero *of the* SCREEN

"SOON afterwards I got a hell of a good part in a film. It didn't look much, but it was actor-proof and the public liked it. It was the part of the younger brother of Iris March in Michael Arlen's book, *The Green Hat,* though they called it *A Woman of Affairs* in America. Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert were the stars, and I became a great friend of Jack's, for I had snapped out of my eccentricities by then. You couldn't help liking Jack. He had a vital, vibrant personality. He would laugh all the time, but sometimes one would wonder what he was laughing about. He was always either extremely gay or extremely morose. Jack had no in-betweens. Still, he was very likeable, good-looking and dark, hard-headed and independent.

"Gilbert and Garbo were the famous team of the day. I had known Garbo for some time, and had often met her at Emil Janning's home. Then, as now, she was one of the best actresses in the world without knowing how she does it. She has no conscious knowledge of technique, but she looks, moves, and does things unconsciously, and they always turn out right. Why all the fuss is made about this supposedly strange, inhuman person I don't know. Nobody is more natural than she is. She cavorted around the set, and was always gay, good-natured and good fun.

"But about Joan Crawford. We made a picture called *Our Modern Maidens.* My stock had gone up and I was playing juvenile leads. The next picture that helped me was *The Barker.* It was so early a talkie that half the sequences were silent. All the family thought that I was too young to marry Joan, and, of course, they were right. But their opposition just caused my spirit of rebellion to flare up again, and I made myself most objectionable, I am sorry to say. The chief thing I regret is the assertive way in which I went about it. Joan and I more or less eloped to New York. Then we lunched with mother, and the subject of our getting married came up. Mother said: 'Well, it is clear that you have made up your minds, and that nothing we can do will stop

In "Catherine the Great," Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, played the part of the Grand Duke Peter opposite Elisabeth Bergner

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as The Amateur Gentleman. Elissa Landi was the leading lady, and Clemence Dane wrote the dialogue

The fight scene from "The Amateur Gentleman" showing Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Norman Barnes

(Below)
One of the scenes from the recent film, "Gunga Din," in which Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, played, together with Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Sam Jaffe

The Life Story of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as told to Charles Graves

(Part II Conclusion)

you, so you might just as well go ahead and do it. Joan and I jumped up from the table right away, got the licence and were married the same afternoon. Only half a dozen people were there, and we never had a honeymoon as we had both to go straight back to Hollywood. That was in 1929. It was terrific fun at the beginning, but I am afraid that I was too irresponsible and did not take to responsibility very well. The result was a constant clash of independent people unable to respect each other's independence. I was pigheaded and liked to travel and move about. Joan was the most conscientious girl I ever knew about her work. But I will tell you about that later.

"The first thing we did on our return from New York was to buy, or rather to build a house half-way between Hollywood and the beach. It was a place called 'Brentwood Heights' and cost too much money. Besides the house there was an acre of ground, and Garbo and Barbara Stanwyck were our nearest neighbours. Joan and I never worked in the same picture again. I had signed a long-term contract with First National, who merged with Warner Brothers, and a number of indifferent pictures ensued, some good and some bad. Joan was with M-G-M, but neither company would loan either of us. In those days film companies guarded their own prominent players very jealously—unlike to-day. And fortunately I had now become prominent, playing anything from light comedy to desperate tragedy, but usually cast as an Englishman because I had lived over here and could give at least a suggestion of an English accent. Those, I must remind you, were the days of the earliest talkies, but my stock was rising, and Joan and I could never make a real trip together. Either she was finishing a picture or I was just beginning one. Besides, fittings, costumes, interviews, conferences and the reading of scripts always interfered on the rare occasions when both of us were between pictures.

"I know that a marriage between a film actor and a film actress is supposed to be heavily handicapped from the start, just because both husband and wife are in the show business, but really the success of a marriage of this sort depends entirely on the adaptability of the husband and wife; and unfortunately I was not adaptable. Even then I was always the rebel, fighting the company for whom I worked and thinking I knew more than anybody else about the game. Also I wanted very much to come to Europe, and after each picture I promptly pretended that I was completely exhausted, though if I saw a particularly good part coming along I somehow always snapped out of it.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Junior, as he appeared in the successful film "The Prisoner of Zenda," in which Ronald Colman also starred

DANIELLE DARRIEUX, the famous French film star, had Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as her leading man in "The Rage of Paris"

"AT this time Joan and I did a lot of entertaining. Noel Coward, for example, visited Hollywood and we gave parties for him and for Ivor Novello, too.

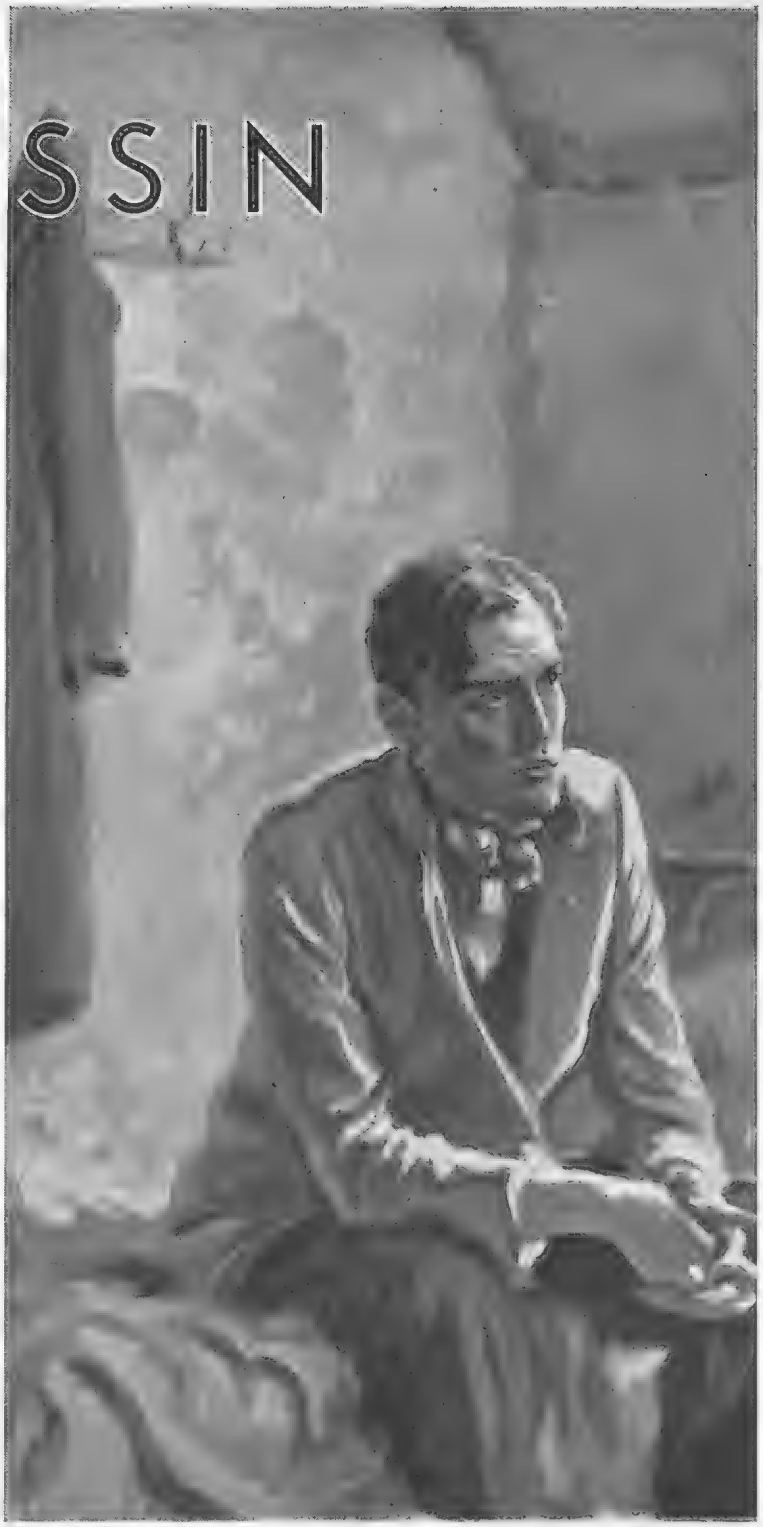
"Finally, I reached the stage where I was betwixt and between. In other words, I was neither a star nor a leading man. It was at this period that I was cast to play John Barrymore's brother in *The Sea Beast* (alias Moby Dick). Thinking of my early hero worship for Barrymore I was greatly excited at the prospect, and thought that I would learn a great deal from him. He, too, had been an artist before he became an actor, and I used to take great pains in showing him the new drawings that I had done. Yes, the idea of working with him was most exciting.

"Unfortunately, the part offered to me was not so good. Then along came *Dawn Patrol* with Richard Barthelmess in it. Not surprisingly I was very unpopular with Warner Brothers-First National (my company), and they were fanatically anxious not to give me the part that seemed to me ideal for me. The truth, I think, was that they were bent on my playing secondary parts in order to give them the excuse of allowing my option to lapse at the end of the year, particularly as my recent pictures had not been sensationally successful. I, however, had fallen in love with the part of Scotty, an R.A.F. officer in the film, and I knew I could do it. It was obviously going to be a magnificent picture, with a novelty value thrown in because there were no women in the cast. I absolutely fell over myself to get it. I got hold of Howard Hawkes,

(Continued on page 97)

MR. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, leaving the church in Westwood, California, just after their recent wedding. Mrs. Fairbanks was, before her marriage, Mary Lee Hartford, a prominent figure in New York society

THE ASSASSIN



The soldier turned round. "I guess you're all right," he said, starting for the door

To himself Mansac often said: "It's a wonder someone has not killed Him." When he did say it, it was behind closed doors and behind walls, for in His country a man had uttered his own death sentence if such words were overheard. Mansac knew the gossip in the city: that He was heavily guarded, that beside Him night and day were sixty picked men, sworn to suicide were He harmed; but Mansac repeated his thought, not because he doubted the gossip, but because he was young and still believed that justice was as mathematically certain in the universe as the accuracy of sun and stars. And justice must overtake men who ruled as He did, who put themselves, as He did, so far above the cries of human pain.

The steps by which "I should like to see Him killed" became "I should be willing to kill Him" were subtle, built on bedrock hatred. He had reason to hate Him. Mansac's father had been a professor of biology in a little town. He had said in a lecture: "Animate forms, like political systems, are the products of their environment and their time. No one is perfect. No one endures beyond its time. That is natural law." Too late the little professor remembered that He claimed perfection for His political system, and freedom from law.

That night His police and His agents came to the apartment, and dragged the professor away. When the mother protested, His police smashed her in the stomach so that she died at nightfall. Eight weeks later His newspapers announced that the old man had been shot while trying to run away. They did not announce that the professor had been a cripple for twenty years, scarcely able to walk.

MANSAC fled to the city because one small man can scurry to obscurity among three million. He stole new identification papers from a room mate in a cheap lodging house. He was now one Mansac, a name he had never heard before. From this time on no man would know who his father was nor what his background had been. He knew no one in the city. No one knew him. No one would look a second time at this thin young man whose grey overcoat hung slab-like on bony shoulders, whose boyish face, from which wistfulness was gone forever, was hardened by something besides time.

He found work, wrapping parcels in a department store. He lived in a small room, in the poorest part of the city. Having little money did not matter. What he lacked, and he felt the need deeply, was any reason for wanting to continue to live. He was still young but he had nothing to hope for, nothing to dream of. In his father's library he had once read: "There will come a time when it shall be light and men shall awaken from their lofty dreams and they will find the dreams still there and nothing gone but the sleep." That was something for a boy to think of and believe in, but not in His country.

On all sides were men who wore His uniforms, who obeyed His orders. Every newspaper carried His speeches. But gossip spread tales of His activities that His newspapers never printed, of exile camps, of misery spreading like moss on sour ground. Towards Him, whom Mansac had never seen, whom he did not want to see, the hatred deepened. "It is not right that a man should be allowed to govern so," he said to himself.

Then, walking with a fellow employee in the store, one Kordin, he said it aloud. Kordin, an older man, with a quiet patient face, looked up sharply. "Do you believe that? You need not be afraid of me," Kordin said in a warm friendly voice. "I believe it, too. Many people do, more than you might think."

"What can they do?" For the first time he could ask another man the question he so often asked himself. "Why doesn't someone kill Him?"

Kordin nodded. "Many people ask that, but they know that for His life ten thousand innocent people would have to pay." The price would be too dear.

Illustration by
W. Smithson-Broadhead

"That is true," Mansac agreed.

"And who knows if His death would really do any good? There are so many under Him, miniature copies of Him, men eager to take His place."

ON a summer night, while Mansac lay in his room trying to sleep, he heard gruff voices, and then a woman screaming "Don't take my son!" That was Mrs. Kremposi, an old widow on the floor below. And while Mansac shivered in midsummer heat, he heard a window open and a moment later the thud of a body on the cobbles in the courtyard and the woman's voice moaning: "My son, my son!" until she could moan no more."

"What can I do?" Mansac asked the darkness. Once again he asked it of Kordin as they walked through an autumn fog.

"A few men have tried to organise," Kordin answered slowly.

"Do you know some of them?" Mansac asked timidly.

"I know one group," Kordin said. Then, bluntly: "I am putting my life in your hands now."

"No, you need not fear. I shall never tell!"

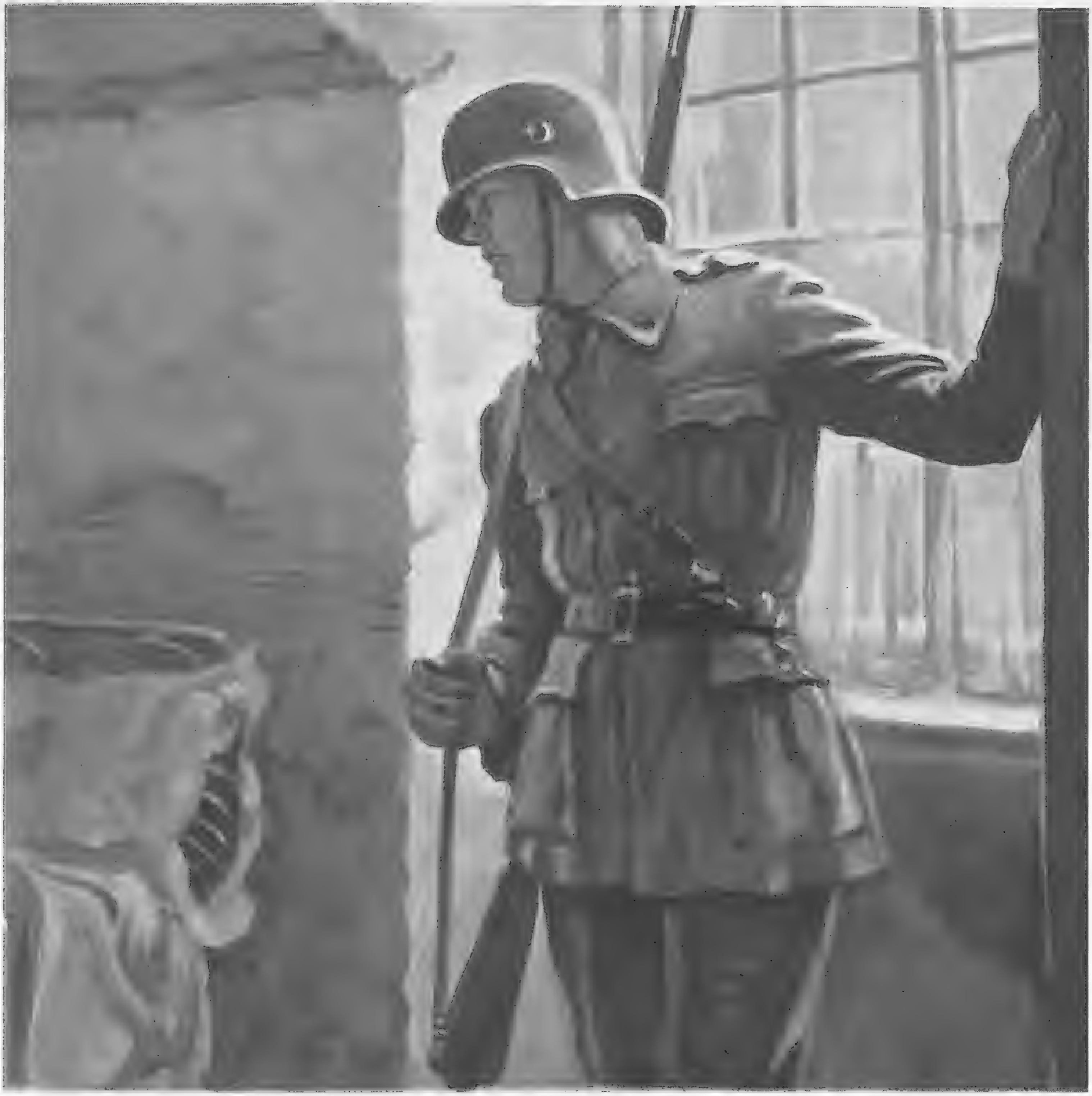
"I am a member of one group," Kordin said.

"What does the group do?"

"We are sometimes assigned work," Kordin continued. "Three times I have had to tack up placards. Once I had to put leaflets in every locker in our store."

"I should be glad to do anything."

"We are always at the mercy of traitors. One member who was betrayed lived in your house. His mother jumped out of the window when he was arrested."



He often asked himself the question, why does not someone kill Him?

By William C. White

Mansac nodded. "What does your group hope to do?"

"To be ready when the time comes," Kordin said simply. "It will come."

"I should like to be a member, very much." Hurriedly, with his breath catching, he said: "Then I should know, I should know why I continue to live."

ON a spring evening Kordin said: "We shall walk together." They walked side by side silently for some time. Then: "You have told me that you would be willing to take part in something desperate?"

"Gladly," Mansac said sincerely.

"It has been decided to do something. Possibly terror is futile but things could not be worse and something done might make them better."

Mansac asked no questions.

"You have had some experience with firearms?"

"As a boy hunting rabbits. I was a pretty good shot."

"I have recommended you to our group," Kordin said. "I should like to take part myself but I have a wife and children." He lowered his voice. "Go to-night to a little tobacco store." He gave the address. "Ask the storekeeper for cigarettes and offer him more money than they cost. He will then give you change. . . ."

In a little store where a kerosene lamp was the only light, Mansac asked for cigarettes and put down a bill. The storekeeper handed him his change.

"Not every one who wants change gets it," Mansac said, repeating what he had been told to say.

The answer came slowly. "Not every one is willing to work for it." Then silence, and Mansac thought he heard his own heart beat. After a minute, the old man said: "Open the door in the rear of the store."

(*Continued on page* 87)

In Emer

Medicine Chest on Holiday

Two ounces Soda Bicarbonate.
Good for washing burns; piling on insect stings; taken internally for indigestion.

Tube of Tannifax Jelly.
For burns or scalds.

Oil of Cloves, one ounce.
Stops toothache if soaked on a plug of cotton wool and jabbed in tooth.

Dettol.
An excellent antiseptic for bathing wounds and cuts.

Tube of Dr. Bengue's Balsam.
Draws inflammation out of bruises; relieves headaches.

Hydrogen Peroxide.
Excellent mouthwash; disinfectant for scratches or pimples.

Epsom-salt.
Reduces swollen feet—one dessert-spoonful to every pint in a foot-bath—swallow this amount if you are suffering from suspected heat-stroke.

Aspirin.
It is wisest to lie down for twenty minutes after taking it.

At any moment any one of us is likely to be confronted with a case of concussion, fracture or "shock," either owing to an accident in the street or in our own homes.

Few things make one feel so helpless! Happy are the people who do not panic at the sight of blood, and who, if they can do nothing else, make the patient comfortable until the doctor comes. They go far towards preserving his strength and life, even if they only spare him from additional pain this spares him from additional "shock," and "shock" is one of the danger

HÆMORRHAGE

The first help that is given to an injured person is to stop "bleeding" if this is present.

A flow of blood alarms the uninitiated, and what is merely a large graze can cause a considerable show, although, as all surface blood vessels or capillaries shrink and close down automatically, this will cease when bandaged. If bleeding continues to seep through it will mean that a larger vessel has been injured, and a constricting bandage will have to be placed round the side of the wound, *when this is on a limb*, farthest from the heart. (In the event of a varicose vein being cut on the leg, a bandage above and below the hurt will be necessary.)

Lie the patient down as less blood is lost in this position than when sitting or standing, and try to remove any debris from the wound before bandaging.

ARTERIAL BLEEDING.—This cannot be mistaken, as pillar-box red blood spurts out and forward with each beat of the heart, and unless it is stopped within a few minutes will prove fatal. That is why every living person owes it to themselves to procure a manual of the St. John Ambulance Association and learn which are the pressure points on the body at which arterial bleeding can be stopped.

There are thirteen main ones, easily discerned, because the blood pulses clear and near the surface at these points. Pressure can be applied through the hands, the thumbs jam the artery against a bone behind, or by means of a pad screwed in by a bandage called a tourniquet.

A pad the size of a billiard ball screwed into the armpit by means of a tourniquet, for instance, will stop bleeding in the upper arm. One, the size of a tennis ball screwed in under the knee with the knee flexed, will stop bleeding in the leg. The femoral artery in the thigh, which is frequently severed in accidents, and which must be stopped bleeding within four minutes if the person is to live, cannot have a tourniquet; the thumbs of both hands are used, one above the other, to press the artery down against the edge of the pelvis, until a doctor arrives.

Pressure points should be memorised from the manual, as should the making of a tourniquet, and applications of a tourniquet should be practised, providing they are not kept on longer than two minutes, as a game between inmates of the house.

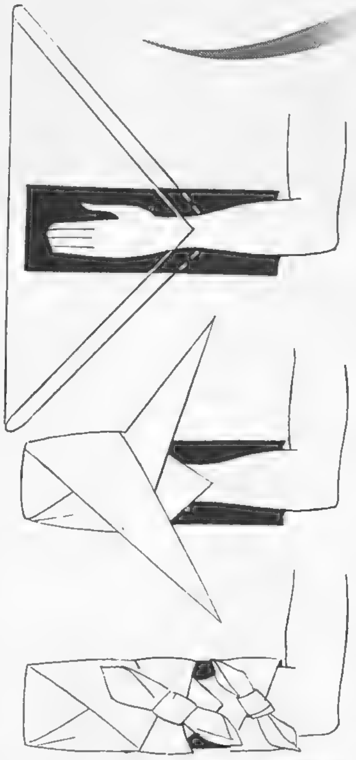
TO ARREST BLEEDING FROM THE PALM OF THE HAND.—Have the patient clench a pad the size of a tennis ball, and bind the closed fist firmly.

TO ARREST BLEEDING FROM THE SOLE OF THE FOOT.—Press a pad in tightly and secure by a bandage over the arch.

Neither of these pads can be applied if a fracture is present. But this can be discerned by:

(*a*) Deformity: the bones will either jag up or veer under the skin.

(*b*) Loss of power in the dependent limb. For instance, if a bone along the back of the hand has been broken, the finger operating from the joint with that bone will not be able to move.



How to Bandage a Crushed Hand

Hand placed on padded splint, handkerchief folded diagonally, one end under splint, one over hand

Handkerchief ends crossed

Handkerchief ends passed under the splint, brought back and tied off. Note second bandage up the forearm to secure the splint

TO ARREST BLEEDING FROM A BADLY CUT THUMB.—Fix a tight bandage over the knuckle below the cut, and a pad and tourniquet over the arteries at the wrist, till the doctor comes.

All tourniquets must be loosened after fifteen minutes.

Cases of severe bleeding should be treated for "shock," kept warm and quiet, given a little tea to drink. *Except in cases of abdominal wounds, say in a motor smash, when nothing should be given by the mouth.*

ABDOMINAL WOUND.—If this is *vertical*, keep the patient flat on his back with the lower limbs straight. Keep warm and quiet until an ambulance comes. Place a clean handkerchief over the wound to keep clothes away from it.

If *transverse*, lie patient down but draw the knees well up and raise the head and shoulders. Transport in this position at the back of any car to the nearest hospital. Place a clean handkerchief over the wound to keep clothes off, and cover patient with a rug or coat to keep warm.

FRACTURES

The aim in affording first aid to a fracture is to immobilise the bone in its correct position.

So often in cases of less serious

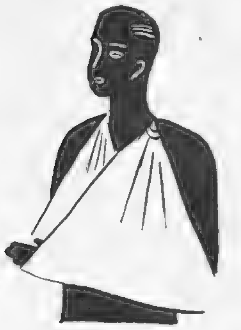
gency

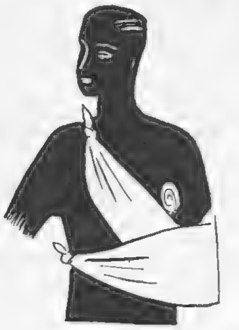
By Winifred Loraine

factors in every accident which must be minimised at any cost.

How good it would be if we were armed with a little knowledge to give us power to do the right thing in an emergency.

Critical moments seem to be doubled on holiday: mishaps occur in lonely spots as well as on crowded promenades, and a doctor may be fatally absent from either. The following are some of the simplest and latest treatments for tiding over emergencies; read them, they may add to your resource, lead you to inquire further, and so equip you with self-assurance.


Wide Arm Sling

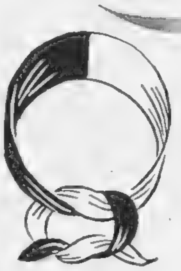

Bandage for Simple Fracture of the Collar-bone

fracture it is not immediately known that a bone has been broken. The snap may have been absorbed in the general shock of the fall, a period of insensitiveness supervenes, pain and swelling do not come on till later.

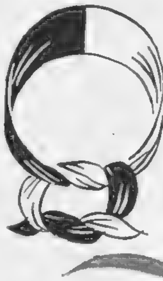
Of course, if a thigh or leg bone has snapped, the patient cannot stand on it. If an upper arm has gone, it is unlikely that the forearm below it can move. These are obvious instances, and you can always suspect fracture when you see a person nursing a limb in a protective way.

FRACTURE OF THE COLLAR-BONE.— This is frequently caused by a slip on to the hand or shoulder. The arm on the injured side is partially helpless and the patient inclines his head towards it and seizes his elbow in a self-help measure of support.

If this accident occurs in the house, sit the patient in a stiff-backed chair with his lower arm at right-angles across his body, supported by a hard cushion underneath his elbow. Wait for the doctor.


Reef Knot

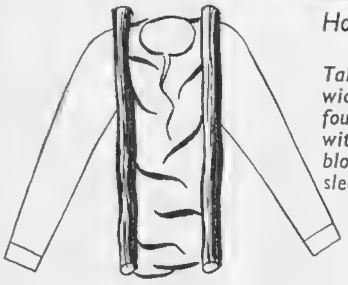
The reef knot is always used in securing slings or bandages, because it does not slip. Practise making it with your handkerchief


Granny or Bad Knot

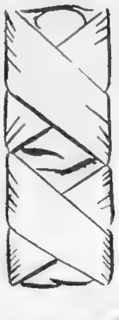
If it happens on a country ramble, improvise a pad with the help of handkerchiefs, two inches thick, two inches wide and four inches across, and jab it firmly under the armpit. Then place the lower arm at right-angles across the body in a wide sling, and tie it over with a horizontal bandage round the body.

FRACTURE OF THE UPPER ARM.—Lift forearm at right-angles across the body and place it in a wide sling to afford support. If the patient is otherwise uninjured, let him clap his free hand over the broken part to hold it. But if the patient is a stretcher case, immobilise the upper arm by tying it over the fracture to and round the body, with two wide bandages.

FRACTURE OF THE FORE-ARM.—Place the limb in a wide sling at right-angles across the body. Secure this more firmly by running a horizontal bandage over the forearm round the body.


How to Improvise a Splint

Take two sticks if a wide one cannot be found. Pad in between with a cloth, shirt or blouse, tearing out sleeves as long ends


Wind sleeves or cloth-ends firmly round and present a padded splint

A CRUSHED HAND should be extended on a wide and carefully padded splint reaching from the middle of the forearm to beyond the fingers. A handkerchief should then be whipped under the splint and over the hand diagonally, so that the hand is evenly in the middle. The two outer kerchief ends should then be crossed over the wrist, passed under the splint, and back on top, where they should be tied. There should be a second narrower bandage higher up forearm to keep splint in place. Place the whole in a wide arm-sling.

A CRUSHED FOOT should be extended on a padded splint like a crushed hand and enclosed in a handkerchief. In this case, the handkerchief ends cross in front of the ankle, pass round the back of it, re-cross in front and then tie under the foot.

There should also be a splint along the back of the leg for a crushed foot, and the patient must be carried if no stretcher can be got.

FRACTURE OF THE THIGH.—This is by no means an uncommon breakage among elderly people. Do not move the patient. Straighten the body and keep it lying flat on the ground; clasp the foot of the injured leg firmly and turn it upright—it will probably be lying on its outside and failure to lift it from the ground will indicate fracture—then exert a firm and gentle pull upon it. If possible, exert this pull, keeping the foot on a level with the foot of the uninjured leg, until the doctor comes, as shortening in the case of a thigh fracture varies from half an inch to three inches in the first half-hour.

If there is no one to send for the doctor, however, pull and tie the foot to the leg of a heavy chair, cover the patient, give a warm drink, and go for help. *Do not stay away long.*

The danger of shortening applies to any leg injury, and if a leg should be snapped on a hike, leave the patient lying down covered up, with the foot of the injured leg tied to a stone or other heavy object, and go for help. Again, do not stay away long, and give the victim a drink before you go. Bring a warm drink back with you, if possible tea, not alcohol. Try to obtain expert assistance. It is not for amateurs to go fixing leg splints, and a stretcher with an ambulance at the nearest point is very necessary.

Remember, when improvising, to press everything into service; shirts and blouses off the uninjured can be folded into slings. Spare handkerchiefs should always be carried on a hike. Attend to bleeding, if present, before attending to the fracture; and always wrap the patient up and try to give a long warm drink.

CONCUSSION

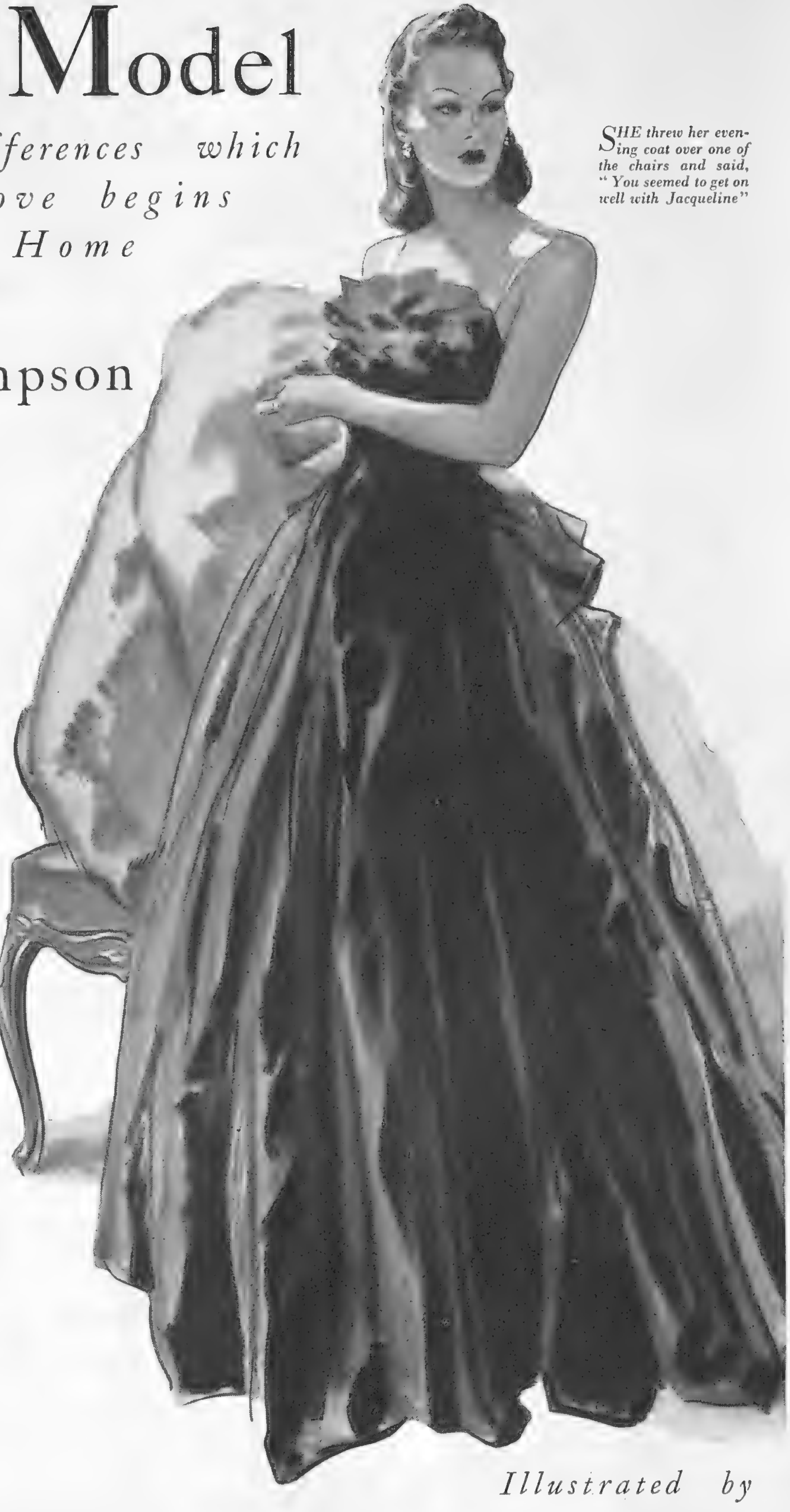
This is a disturbance of the function of the brain and results from a blow or fall on the head, or a fall on the feet when the heels jar and there is a jar to the lower part of the spine. (*Continued on page* 94)

French Model

Matrimonial Differences which proved that Love begins and ends at Home

by

Sylvia Thompson



SHE threw her evening coat over one of the chairs and said, "You seemed to get on well with Jacqueline"

Illustrated by

WHILE they were driving across Paris close together in their taxi, she began again about that girl on the ship. That girl—Jane! Her words came out with a suffocated unhappiness—an increasingly desperate hostility.

And while they were passing the lit arcades of the rue de Rivoli, and then through the unbelievable loveliness of the dusk and the lights and the shadowy trees in the Champs Elysées, she began saying that she was sure now that that girl wasn't the first! That no doubt there had been others! That she'd been a fool ever to imagine that he loved her—that he cared in the very least about her!

Close beside him, and fragrant, her face had a pale bloom like flowers at dusk. He could have taken her in his arms.

But he couldn't. Because every minute, every second, her words, however unjust (for that girl had meant nothing—the whole episode had been so slight, so utterly unimportant), made him feel more stupid and wrong and clumsy—and then, gradually, angry.

"I suppose two years is as long as one can expect any marriage to last," she said, her voice hard, moving as far from him as she could, pulling her coat across the satin gleam of her knees.

"——anyway," he said, "you'd better not arrive at the Vaudoyers with you looking mad at me. It'll seem a little odd if you behave to your husband in front of your old school friend Jacqueline, as if you hated him."

"When I wrote Jacqueline that we were coming over I — naturally didn't think that——" She broke off.

"What?"

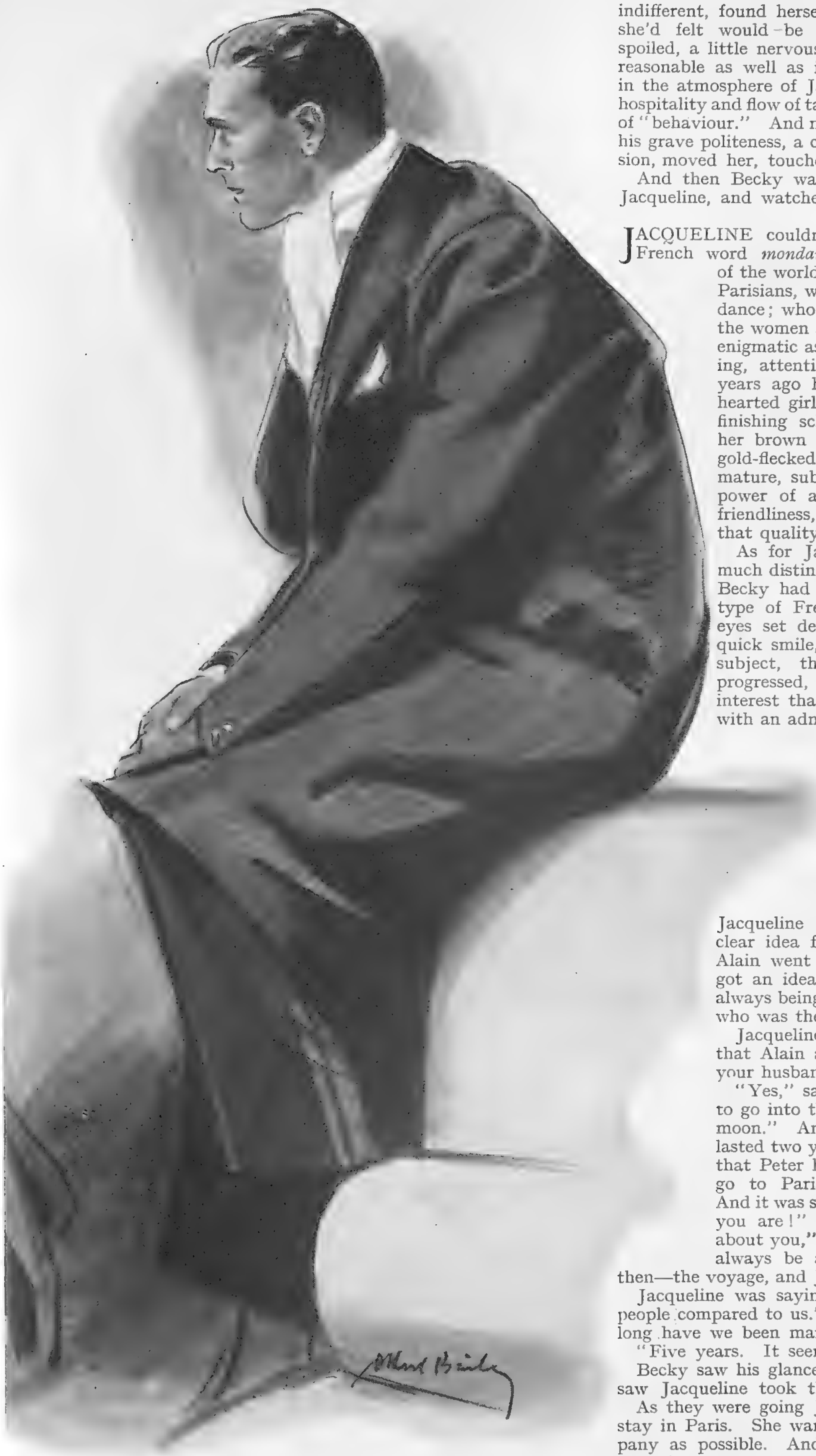
"That you—oh *well*! Don't let's start again. You're quite right to care about —appearances, for the moment anyway, especially with French people."

They crossed a bridge—lights quivering deep in the dark water. He tried to change the subject: "What does Alain Vaudoyer, her husband, do?"

"He's important in some sort of ministry—very distinguished, I believe. And according to Jacqueline's letter extremely attractive." She added, "Jacqueline has a marvellous time I should think, altogether." There was bitterness and anger in her tone. And now she turned in the light of passing lamps and met his bright, hurt gaze. He said suddenly, catching her hand, "But, Becky——" and stopped. And then, "My dear——"

But the taxi stopped. And they went up in the narrow *ascenseur* not looking at each other.

Now they were in the vestibule of an elegantly and characteristically Parisian apartment. Aubusson carpets on the floor, small gilt mirrors, tapestry. Two doors were opened as they were announced, and Jacqueline Vaudoyer came forward to embrace Becky "after six years!"—to introduce



Albert Bailey

Alain, her husband; to be "enchanted to make the acquaintance of the husband of her dear Becky"—and give Peter a smile that was quick and radiant—and then left her features serious again.

During dinner Becky, who had determined to seem gay and indifferent, found herself behaving with an easier grace than she'd felt would be possible. For Becky—young, lovely, spoiled, a little nervous, was adaptable as well as emotional; reasonable as well as irrational—and perhaps, what she felt in the atmosphere of Jacqueline's house, behind the charm of hospitality and flow of talk—was some hidden, but real, standard of "behaviour." And now, seeing Peter across the dinner table, his grave politeness, a certain nervous constraint in his expression, moved her, touched her in spite of everything.

And then Becky was fascinated, even a little puzzled, by Jacqueline, and watched her.

JACQUELINE couldn't be better described than by the French word *mondaine*. For she was worldly—a woman of the world. Indeed of that special Paris world of Parisians, who dine and talk and sup and talk, and dance; who are elegant in habits, witty in mind—the women alluring and, it seemed to Becky, oddly enigmatic as to their private lives; the men charming, attentive, discreet. Jacqueline, who so few years ago had been the wayward, clever, warm-hearted girl that Becky had known at their Swiss finishing school, had become not only prettier—her brown eyes seemed larger and more brightly gold-flecked between their mascara'd lashes—but mature, subtle, chic. She had a mature woman's power of attraction; and behind her welcoming friendliness, some hidden quality of reserve. It was that quality that puzzled Becky.

As for Jacqueline's husband, Alain, he had as much distinction and a great deal more charm than Becky had expected. A well-built, fair, Norman type of Frenchman with a moustache, grey-blue eyes set deep under his square forehead, with a quick smile, and a slow glance that stayed on its subject, thoughtful, amused. And as dinner progressed, his glance stayed on Becky with an interest that was more personal than amusement, with an admiration that she could feel. She drank champagne, and saw Peter, less nervous now, smiling at Jacqueline, not caring if Becky was so hurt and wretched—probably falling for Jacqueline too—that would be the next thing! Becky's mood changed from accepting her host's gallant and courteous attention to encouraging it and hoping that Peter saw. As for the momentary notion that Jacqueline might "mind"—Becky had a pretty clear idea from Jacqueline's letters that she and Alain went about separately. And she'd already got an idea that of these two it was Jacqueline, always being photographed at balls and first nights, who was the most detached of the two.

Jacqueline turned to her to say, "What a pity that Alain and I were in Morocco when you and your husband were in Paris two years ago."

"Yes," said Becky, and added, as they all rose to go into the *salon*, "we were here on our honeymoon." And thought—"That was a dream that lasted two years." For wasn't it only ten days ago that Peter himself had said, "Let's go back—let's go to Paris and have a second honeymoon?" And it was she who'd said, "How absurdly romantic you are!" And he'd kissed her, saying, "Only about you," and then kissing her shoulder, "I shall always be absurdly romantic about you." And then—the voyage, and Jane.

Jacqueline was saying, "Yes, you're quite young married people compared to us." She turned to her husband. "How long have we been married exactly, Alain?"

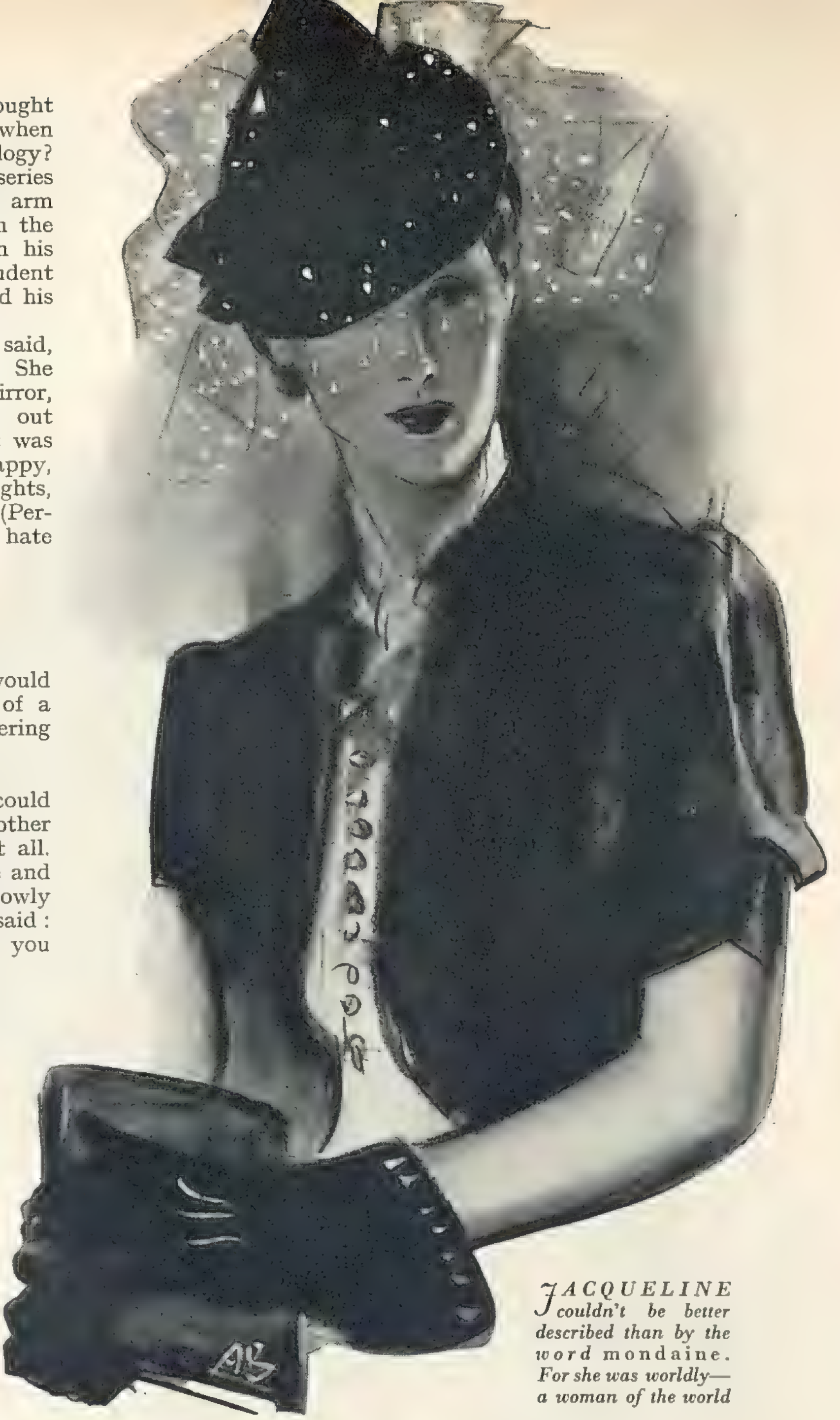
"Five years. It seems like—five minutes!"

Becky saw his glance change as he looked at his wife, and saw Jacqueline took the tribute—with a grave little smile.

As they were going Jacqueline asked how long they would stay in Paris. She wanted to have as much of Becky's company as possible. And Alain said, "Yes, indeed, when are we going to see you again?"

Becky answered, not looking at Peter, "I shall be over here some time, I expect"—a just perceptible emphasis on the "I." When they left Alain insisted on driving them back.

When they were alone in their hotel room again, Becky lost the sense of angry confidence, the bravado that she'd had when they were with Alain Vaudoyer who had kissed her hand as he said good-bye and asked, "When shall we see you again?"



JACQUELINE couldn't be better described than by the word mondaine. For she was worldly—a woman of the world

Somehow the renewed sight of the roses that Peter had bought her this morning brought back the sharp pain she'd felt when he'd opened the box and she'd said, "Is this a sort of apology?—or what?" Now, again, her imagination became like a series of mirrors multiplying that glimpse of him and that girl; arm in arm on the top deck; shoulder to shoulder leaning on the rail and thinking no one was noticing them—and then his putting his arm round her; and her small, gay, impudent profile lifted to his; and her brown curls blown back and his mouth suddenly on hers.

She threw her evening coat over one of the chairs and said, "You seemed to get on pretty well with Jacqueline." She added, "*He's* very attractive too." She went to the mirror, and looked in it at his reflection. She couldn't make out what he was thinking. But she knew that whatever it was that made his mouth hard and his look dark and unhappy, he wouldn't tell her. He had fewer words than thoughts, and was so much simpler in action than in observation. (Perhaps that was one of the reasons she loved him enough to hate him so now.)

All he said was:

"How stupid."

"What is?"

"*All* this—you and me."

"*Stupid!* And whose fault is it?" But when she would have gone on, he broke in, checking her working up of a "scene," exasperated and yet frightened by the gathering force of her emotion:

"Becky, it's useless talking any more."

For he knew now that there was no way in which he could make her feel that the girl on the ship, and any and all other women, couldn't ever really exist in his consciousness at all. "Utterly useless," he repeated. He went up to the table and stood by it and, his eyelids sullen, his face blank, stood, slowly breaking one of the rose blooms off its stalk. Then he said:

"I've come to the conclusion you were right in what you said this morning."

Her breath came short.

"About what?"

"That we'd better get a divorce."

She sat down in front of the glass. Her forehead felt hot and her pulses jumped, sickening her. She heard her own voice say "Yes."

"I shall sail to-morrow night on the *Normandie*. When I get home I'll start fixing it all up. You can stay here—meanwhile."

"Yes." As she spoke she realised an appalling inertia taking possession of her. She stayed sitting still; shocked into a kind of choked stupidity, staring at the room in the mirror and at Peter in the mirror, who was moving now across the pink carpet and taking his hat and gloves off the bed. Now he stood still, his hat and gloves in one hand, his other hand in his pocket, the expression quite blanked off his face—like he was when he was feeling violent inside. His voice was gentle and chill.

"I'll fix up about money and all that for you."

Their looks met in the glass now. His glance was dark and indifferent.

"Thanks." But now she felt such a hollow where her heart had been. "Peter——"

"What is it?"

"Nothing!" But then she veered about to face him: "I hope you have a good time on the boat going back!"

His reply was perfectly gentle, coolly indifferent. "I hope you'll enjoy yourself too."

PETER'S note that he left for her didn't make being so alone, hour after hour, any better.

"I'm going because I haven't any right to make you unhappy. And I seem to, by staying. At the same time I still don't think *you* have the right to wreck us on that incident. Anyway I can't stop loving you. And I never will.—P."

She would have gone straight back to him when she first read it; if he'd been there to go to. But then she started arguing how easy it was for him to write that. And then she started thinking again; and hating him; and then deciding she wasn't going to care anyway.

She spent the first evening after he'd gone with some American friends. They stayed out on a party until four, going from one night club to another. She told them Peter had been called back to New York on business.

The next morning she called up Jacqueline. She had to tell somebody! to talk to someone. The maid answered and said that madame was never called before midday. Becky asked if she could speak to monsieur.

A moment later Alain was asking if she and her husband would give him the pleasure of lunching with him? He was afraid that Jacqueline was lunching out.

"I'm sorry—but Peter's—gone back—to New York."

"Ah! I am so sorry!" He went on to hope that no bad news—or trouble? And then, "But if it would not bore you, perhaps—and are you free?"

Becky met him at Fouquets and during luncheon he devoted himself to amusing and entertaining her. He asked no questions about Peter. She realised that he would have thought it bad manners to do so. She, on her side, deliberately took up their relationship as she had begun it two nights ago—an emphasis of light but deliberate flirtation in her manner. (Hadn't she every right to have a good time too? Two years since *she'd* thought of any other man!)

After luncheon Alain suggested that she should go back to his apartment—if she wasn't in a hurry—perhaps Jacqueline would be back.

But when they got in and Jacqueline wasn't there Becky was sure that he hadn't expected her.

Becky took off her hat and sat down on the sofa and he brought her a cigarette and lit it. As he did so he looked at her with his amused enigmatic glance that hinted and censored his thoughts in the same instant.

She said:

"Do you spend *all* your afternoons amusing Jacqueline's friends?"

He snapped his lighter shut and put it in his pocket.

"Alas! No, madame. Usually my afternoons are spent at the ministry——"

"Tell me about your work."

Curiously bright blue his eyes were, under his heavy fair eyebrows.

"What a—dull subject. And when there are so many other things that—perhaps I could tell you!"

"What—for instance?"

He hesitated. His gradual smile showed beneath his moustache.

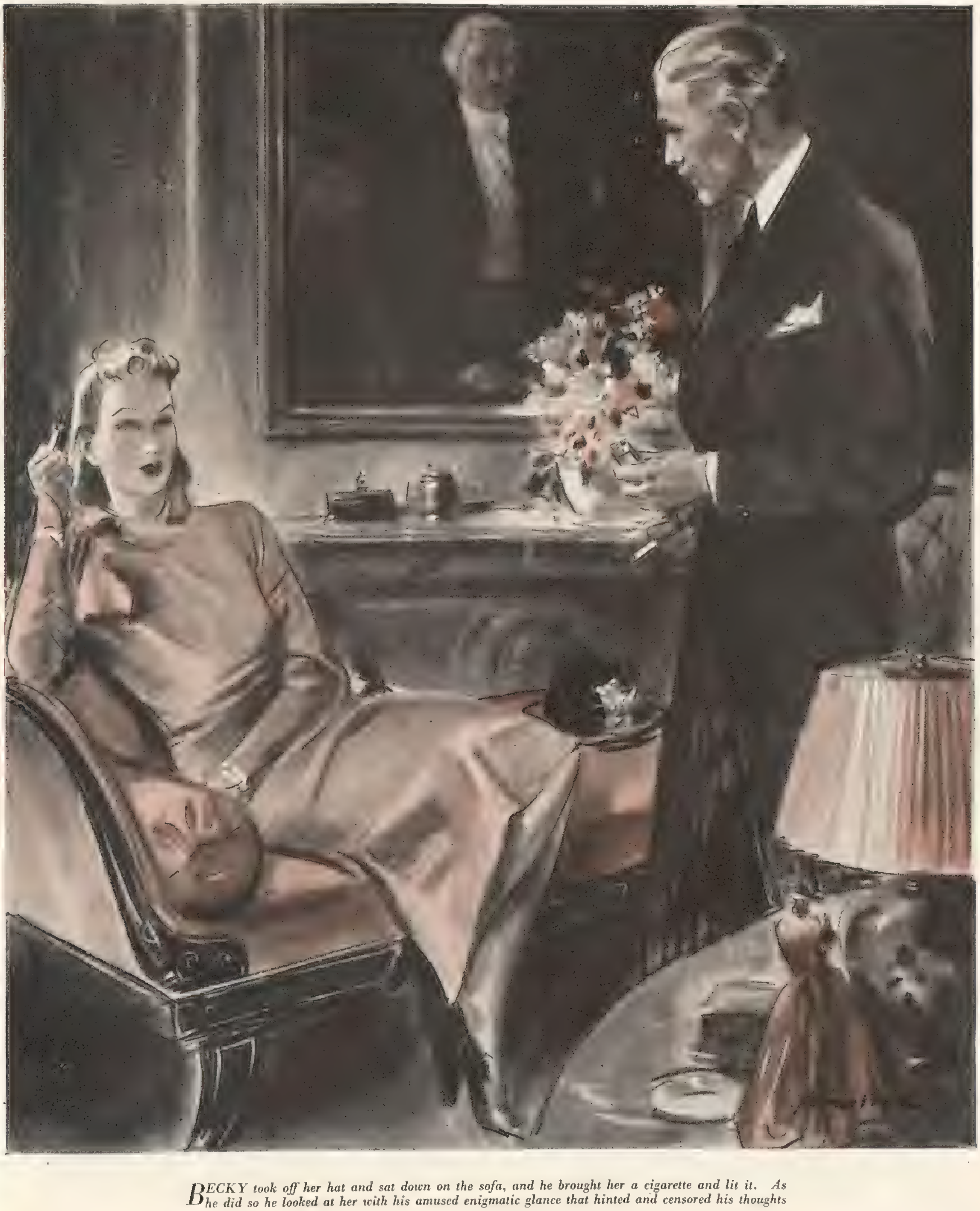
"Well—to begin with—the most obvious of all perhaps, that you, madame, are extremely charming — and exquisitely pretty, and hands like an angel's." He broke off. "Ah! Jacqueline!" He got up as his wife came in and went towards her. "I have just brought your beautiful Americaine back with me."

As Becky rose from the sofa Jacqueline, gracious and warm hearted, came to embrace her.

"My little Becky! What a lovely surprise! My maid told me afterwards, that you had telephoned. You must forgive me—for if I don't sleep in the mornings I can't survive my late nights! But now, Becky, you will stay and talk to me, won't you?"

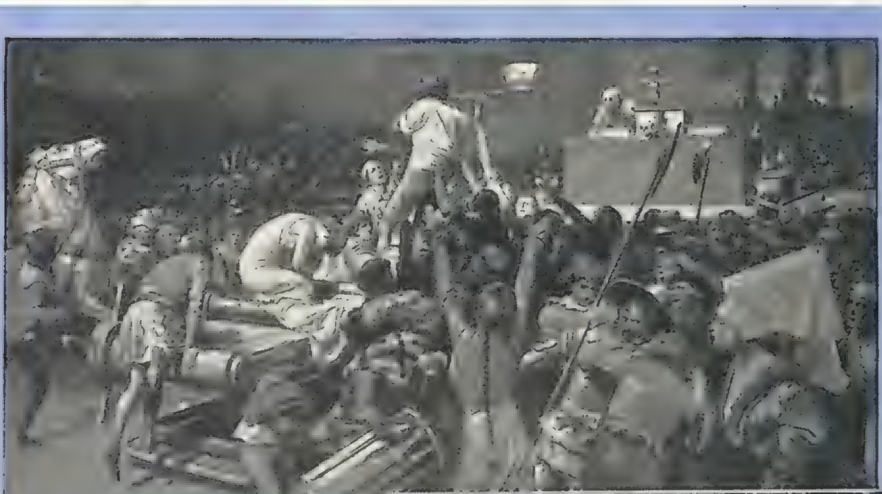
When Alain had gone out Becky began telling Jacqueline about Peter.

She had scarcely started when Jacqueline's gaiety went. And as she listened she looked sad and thoughtful, and at the same time severe. And then, abruptly she interrupted (*Continued on page* 105)



BECKY took off her hat and sat down on the sofa, and he brought her a cigarette and lit it. As he did so he looked at her with his amused enigmatic glance that hinted and censored his thoughts

It's a Gamble .

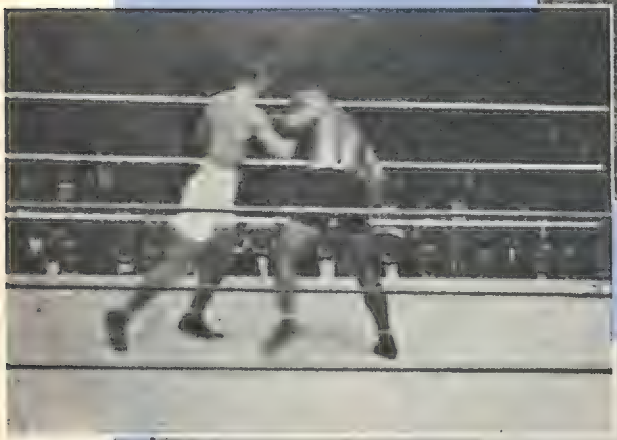


A scene from "The Miracle," drawn by F. Matania. This was produced by C. B. Cochran at Olympia and was at first a financial failure, but later took £13,000 a week

"The Women," a play that has already netted the author, Mrs. Henry Luce, the sum of £70,000

(Below) The famous Carpentier–Beckett fight at the Stadium in 1919 promoted by C. B. Cochran, who is reputed to have made as much as £30,000 profit from it

The Tex Austin rodeo staged in the enormous arena built for the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley would have made £50,000 profit for the promoters if it had gone over big



"The Farmer's Wife" at first drew very small audiences, and was to all intents a failure, but eventually played to full houses for three years

Peggy Wood and Ivy St. Helier in "Bitter Sweet." This popular play cemented the foundation's of Noel Coward's fortune

Some Stories of Fortunes made and lost in Entertainment Ventures

By C. Patrick Thompson

Robert Harris and Celia Johnson in "The Wind and the Rain." Written by Merton Hodge to amuse himself, it had one of the longest runs on record and made profits which probably aggregated about £40,000

"Ten Minute Alibi," turned down by every manager in London, had a run of two years in the West End

(Left) Leslie Banks and Gillian Lind in "Clive of India," which was first produced by a north-country amateur

"Journey's End" was bought by Maurice Browne, produced in London, and the owner made £80,000

"IS the theatre industry going to make or lose a million this season?" The theatre magnate grinned. "You tell me whether I am going to wind up my own accounts with a profit or a loss," he replied, "and I'll answer your question—or, rather, I won't. Your guess is as good as mine—or his," and he nodded at the *maître* approaching with a flower spray for the blonde dancer lunching with us.

The theatre people—like brokers, business men, generals and politicians—are saying that this 1939 year is the chanciest in two decades. But then—unlike the after-mentioned folk—the entrepreneurs of the theatre live in and for the hour. The time spot they happen to find themselves in is always the most hazardous and exciting in their personal career, and the history of the theatre.

This expert spoke of Mrs. Henry Luce's play, *The Women.* His tone was that of a horticulturist who sees a great tropical orchid thrusting its gorgeous calyx and corolla above the modest blooms in a garden in the temperate, the very temperate, zone. In the romantic, mysterious and baffling world of the theatre, a play like this happens only about once in a decade. It must already have netted the author—a beautiful, witty and poised woman—over £70,000. The expert sighed. He would like to find such a play!

But where is one to be found? What is the magic formula for a successful play? Nobody knows. Managers and playwrights are aware of this. But they continue eagerly chasing after it like children who believe in fairies, and dream one day of spotting where the rainbow ends and getting there in time to locate the shard of gold.

A STRANGE industry, the Theatre. Run mainly by guessers and gamblers. I used to think this queer. But that was before I had met many theatre people or heard the stories behind failures and successes. It was C. B. ("Cocky") Cochran who started my education in this bizarre realm, back in 1924. I was sitting with him on a stockade gate at the Tex Austin rodeo. The British Empire Exhibition was on. The rodeo, staged in the enormous arena built for the exhibition, was hogging all the limelight. The King's sons were up in the five-shilling seats. Rudyard Kipling, small, spare, brown, stood just in front of us, observing the champing broncos with interested eyes behind thick glasses.

Cochran looked around the wide arena and grinned. His brown and vigorous eye gleamed. His jaw was more bull-doggy than ever. He was enjoying the familiar sense of large and spectacular achievement. He said, "If this goes big, I shall be in fifty thousand pounds."

I said, "And if not?"

He shrugged. "The showman's business is a gamble. So is life."

He told me about some of his ventures. He was in Berlin one day, having a drink in the Bristol, when the bar-tender told him he must see Reinhardt's *Œdipus Rex* at the Circus Schumann. He went, and was enthralled. Why should Reinhardt not do a spectacle for him at Olympia, the biggest hall in London? Hurrying home, he got an option on the hall for Christmas, and then dashed back to Berlin, only to find that Reinhardt had left for Budapest. He took train for Budapest.

Reinhardt was at a supper party when Cochran arrived, but afterwards they got together in a café and stayed talking over steins of beer until dawn. C. B. knew what he wanted—a medieval mystery play in a cathedral—a vast rose window at one end of Olympia, great soaring columns, mysterious lighting. As neither had a story, Reinhardt sent Cochran to Vollmoller, in Berlin, and in twenty-four hours the poet produced a scenario, borrowing from the Legend of Provence, which tells of the life of a nun in the world.

Finance was easy. There was even a rush to put up the money. Cochran was to get a fourth of the profits. There were 1,500 people in the spectacle, and an orchestra of 200. After months of work, the show opened. Ten thousand people a week saw it. But it was not enough. Twenty thousand a week were needed. The promoters were dropping money on every performance. Then Northcliffe came, brought by his wife and mother. The Press lord eyed the empty seats and decided to do something about *The Miracle.*

All the Northcliffe batteries were turned on to make a huge success of the spectacle. Receipts (*Continued on page* 113)

The Last

PEOPLE thronged the house for the last time. These stately rooms, which had echoed the laughter of society and the vauntings of great artists, now suffered a wandering crowd of curiosity-seekers. The auctioneer was arranging his platform. In five minutes, everything here would begin dispersal to the four winds.

Jeanie May Wells was dead. The Titian-haired actress, greatest Camille of a past generation, greatest star of all time, had made her last exit, and now her belongings were under the hammer.

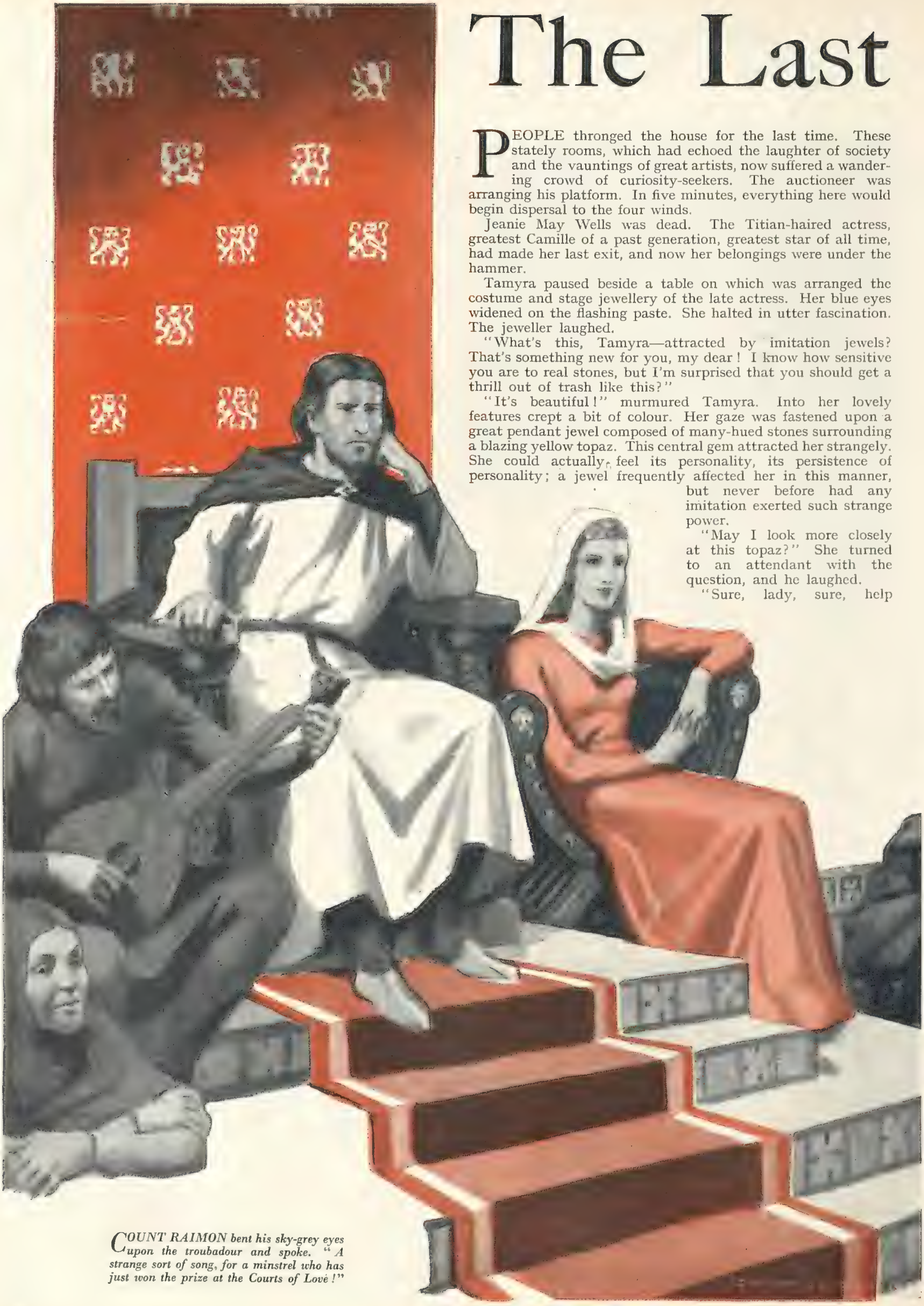
Tamyra paused beside a table on which was arranged the costume and stage jewellery of the late actress. Her blue eyes widened on the flashing paste. She halted in utter fascination. The jeweller laughed.

"What's this, Tamyra—attracted by imitation jewels? That's something new for you, my dear! I know how sensitive you are to real stones, but I'm surprised that you should get a thrill out of trash like this?"

"It's beautiful!" murmured Tamyra. Into her lovely features crept a bit of colour. Her gaze was fastened upon a great pendant jewel composed of many-hued stones surrounding a blazing yellow topaz. This central gem attracted her strangely. She could actually feel its personality, its persistence of personality; a jewel frequently affected her in this manner, but never before had any imitation exerted such strange power.

"May I look more closely at this topaz?" She turned to an attendant with the question, and he laughed.

"Sure, lady, sure, help



COUNT RAIMON bent his sky-grey eyes upon the troubadour and spoke. "A strange sort of song, for a minstrel who has just won the prize at the Courts of Love!"

Troubadour

By

H. Bedford-Jones

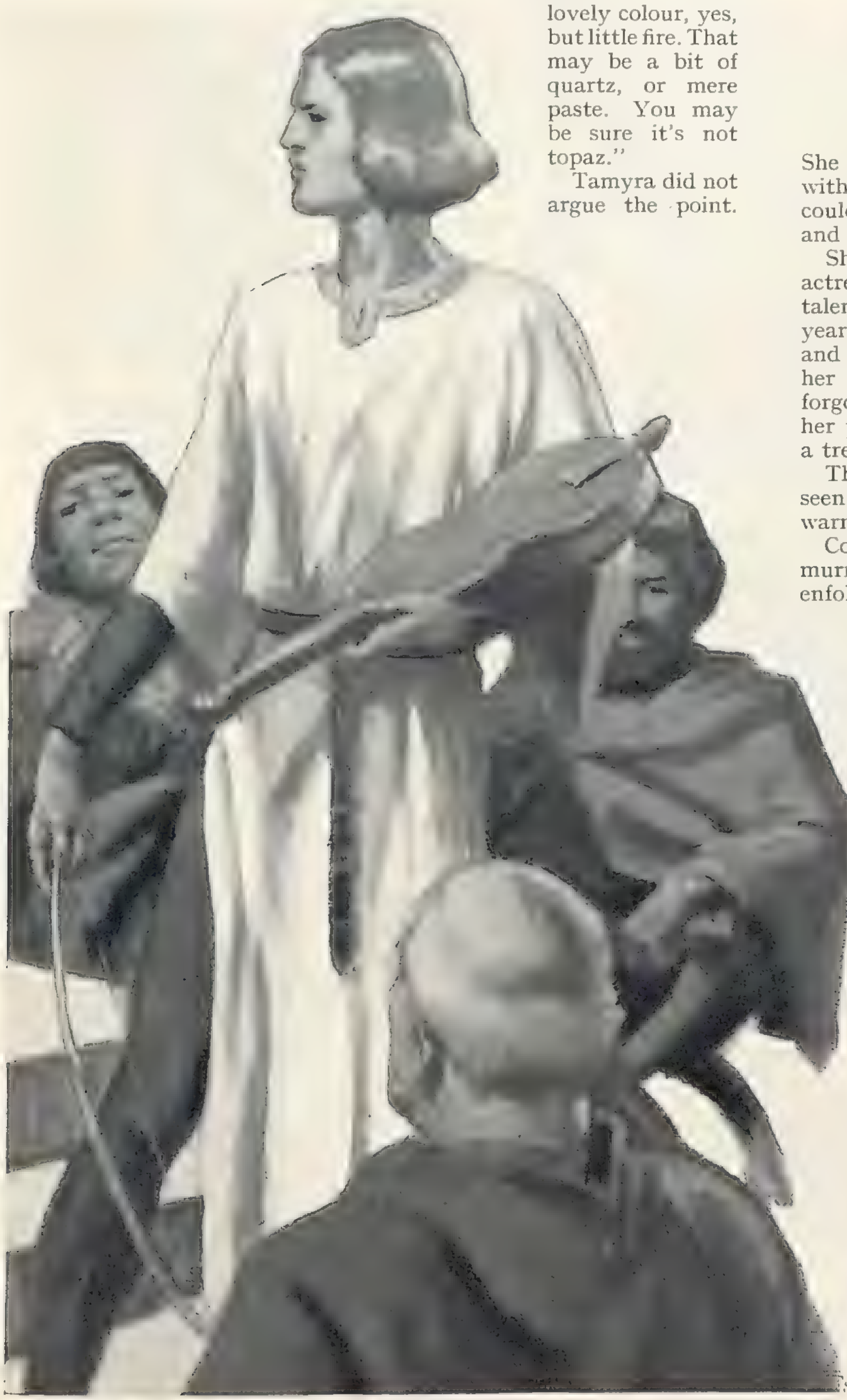
When Tamyra held the jewel it revealed to her a medieval story of love and passion

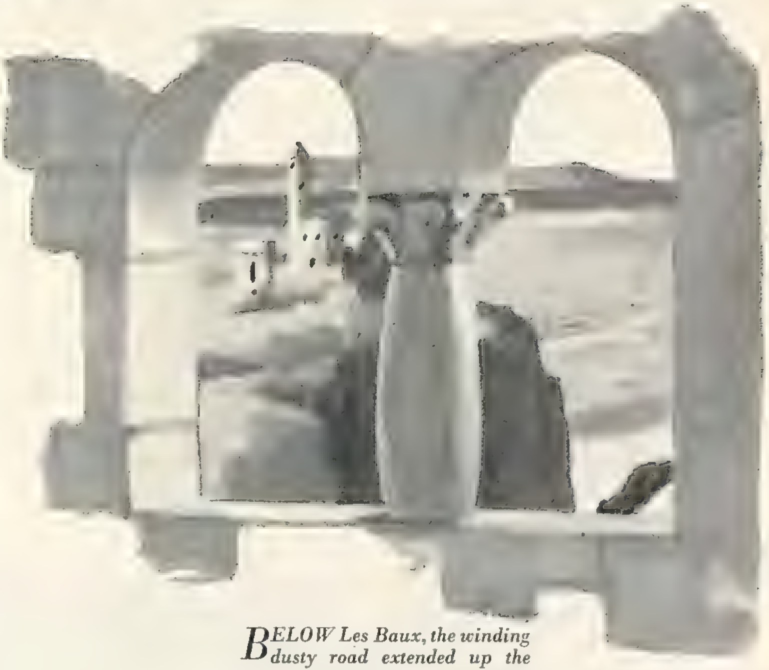
yourself! We ain't worried about any one taking any of this cheap stuff! Here, take a chair and be comfortable."

Tamyra lifted the jewel from the table, took the proffered chair with a murmur of thanks, and, smiling, glanced up at the amused jeweller.

"Whatever you may say, I think it's lovely!" she said, her finger-tips touching the yellow stone, caressing it, feeling it.

"But it's not a topaz," the jeweller rejoined, with a careless look at the object in her hand. "A real topaz is rarely found; almost never, in fact. What passes for it under the trade name of topaz is merely yellow quartz, a much softer stone. Topaz scratches quartz, but quartz can't scratch topaz. Also, like a ruby, topaz is almost never perfect, but contains many tiny flaws. It has a lovely colour, yes, but little fire. That may be a bit of quartz, or mere paste. You may be sure it's not topaz."





BELOW Les Baux, the winding dusty road extended up the fertile, lovely country of Provence

Tamyra did not argue the point. She knew better. She could sense the pulse of life in this jewel; with that queerly sensitive perception far within herself, she could feel the unusual, she was aware of a strange fascination and charm that had whelmed her at the very first glimpse of it.

She thought vaguely of the dead Jeanie May Wells, the actress who had attained the very heights of fame, whose talents had been outspread before kings and queens. Many years had she lived abroad in the land of Provence, in Avignon and other places. Noted for her superstition no less than for her supreme beauty and gifts, Jeanie May Wells was all but forgotten these days. Only very old men, who had seen her in her prime, still murmured at her name and ecstatically threw a trembling-fingered kiss to heaven.

The yellow of the stone was glorious. Tamyra had never seen so brilliant, so truly golden a colour. It held an astonishing warmth that flowed into her veins.

Contemplating the gem she became lost to all around; the murmurous voices died away and a spell of golden loveliness enfolded her. Slanting golden light, like the faceted light within the topaz. Spreading until she felt herself sinking through it, caressed and warmed by it.

About this golden light was something miraculous and eerie, a singular penetrating quality going through the very soul, touching everything around and in and about her. . . .

Through the golden aura suddenly appeared two figures. One, which struck her with an oddly familiar air, was that of an old grey-haired woman, tall and stately, clad in a tattered cloak. Looking at her was a man, scrawny, his scant hair white, rags cloaking his lean body, his face seamed and wizened with age. They stood on a naked knobby rock; it rose sheer into the sky. Above were vast ruins of a castle, below were ruins of a town within the walls.

The golden light poured down, and its miracle changed not only those two aged figures, but everything around. The little town became alive, the ruins became houses, children were playing in the streets, women were singing in the windows, men in shining armour walked the walls. Above, the castle towered glorious and perfect, a touch of the Saracen in its architecture, men-at-arms about the open gates and the gay touches of women's robes here and there. The two figures on the knobby rock changed also in that aureate glow. With a little gasp, Tamyra recognised the woman—all youthful now, splendid in gorgeous robes, and it was herself. Her own aquiline, delicately-carved features, her slender fragile loveliness, her wide eyes, blue as the blue depths above. And the man, young, handsome, laughter in his face, sword at his side and a queer sheepskin case above his shoulders, a gallant singing gentleman with the golden spurs of a knight on his leathern heels.

The country changed, too, in this miracle splendour of golden light. Tamyra knew this was the high rock of Les Baux, and outspread below the winding dusty road extended the fertile, lovely country of Provence, stretching away to the sea. Not the bleak and sparsely habited Provence of to-day, but that of six hundred years ago, before wars and plague laid it waste—Provence, crowded with gay people, the land of troubadours, the home of all romance and song and the richness of the world.

Provence, where a troubadour sat with kings as an equal.

"Welcome, Peire Daniele, youngest and gayest of troubadours!" said she, laughing. All laughter and joy was Lady Desirée, Countess of Les Baux, whose husband Raimon ruled this spire of rock. "What news?"

Peire touched his lips to her hand. "News? Three gifts for you, my lady; three gifts to lay before your feet, spoil of Arles, of Toulouse and of Avignon!"

"But what news of the world, my troubadour?" she exclaimed. "Is it true that Richard the Lion of England comes to go on crusade? Is it true that King Alfonso of Aragon and half his knights have been killed by the Moors? Come, come! Give us news of the world, for my lord Raimon is very eager after it!"

The troubadour looked blank. "Faith, madonna, I've been too busy on my own affairs to bother with the world! I've proclaimed you queen of love and beauty in the three greatest cities of Provence—come to think of it, King Alfonso was at Toulouse, so he's not dead. In fact, he did me the honour to change coats with me while I was there, and gave me a fine Spanish barb because he loved a song I made for him. And the knight whom I killed at Avignon was English, so Richard the Lion must be somewhere about."

"You killed a knight?" she exclaimed sharply. Peire's eyes danced.

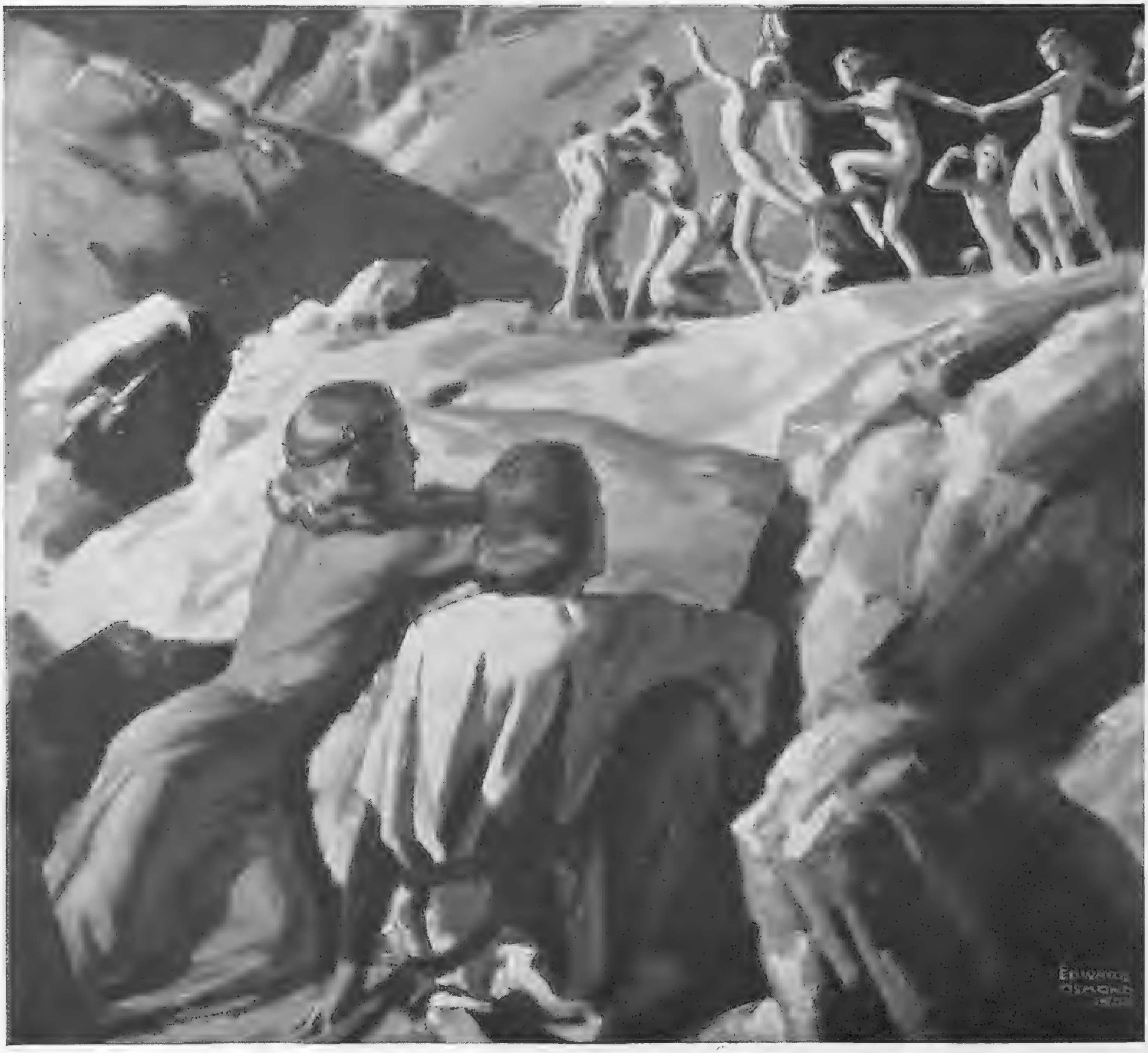
"Aye; there was a tournament, and I needed the prize, and he interfered. A Court of Love at Toulouse, a Court of Song at Arles, and A Court of Sword and Spear at Avignon—ha! There comes my lord now."

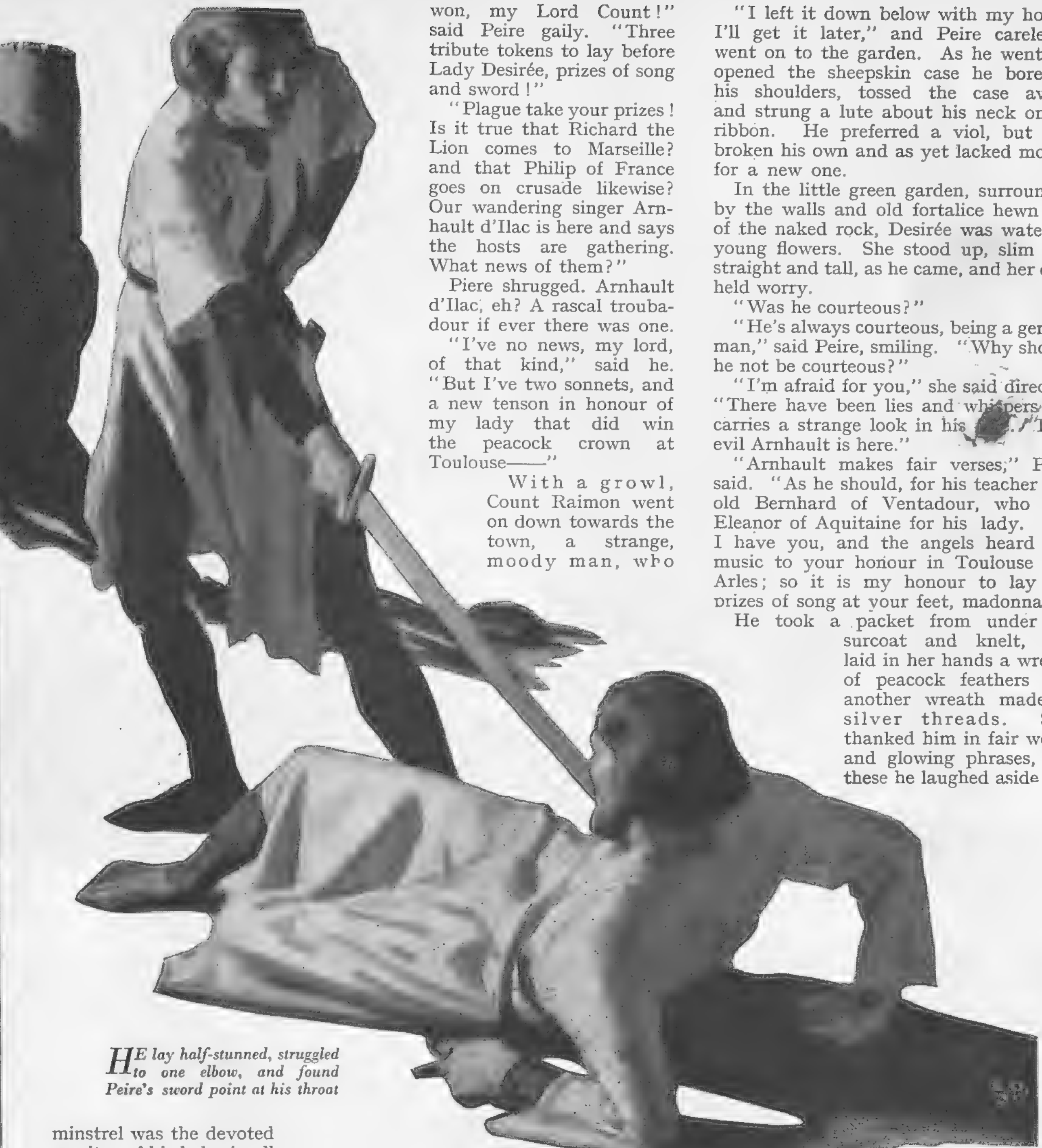
"When you've satisfied him and your own thirst, you may find me in the garden," said she, and turned away with a strange look of warning.

"Watch your tongue, for you have many enemies here; and the grey sky holds storm."

There was shock in the words for Piere Daniele. Grey sky—that was the poetical expression he himself used for Count Raimon. Storm? Enemies? Why, in the name of heaven? For the past year, he had worshiped at the shrine of Lady Desirée, madly and passionately in love. It was no secret. It was the custom, an honourable one, every word, gesture and thought ruled by the Laws of Love; the

Illustrated by Edward Osmond





HE lay half-stunned, struggled to one elbow, and found Peire's sword point at his throat

THEY began to dance around and around the fountain, slim white shapes that capered and sang and laughed in delicious abandon

minstrel was the devoted servitor of his lady, in all respect and honour.

Count Raimon came striding down upon him, a stern, proud, dark man with large and intolerant grey eyes—the grey sky in person. Now his hands were outstretched, a warm laugh upon his lips, and he gave Peire the greeting due to the noblest and most famous troubadour of Provence.

"Welcome, Sir Peire! By Sant Damatz, I'm glad to see you! Now I'll have a chance for some hawking, since you're here to keep my lady occupied. What news bring you?"

"Three tournaments won, my Lord Count!" said Peire gaily. "Three tribute tokens to lay before Lady Desirée, prizes of song and sword!"

"Plague take your prizes! Is it true that Richard the Lion comes to Marseille? and that Philip of France goes on crusade likewise? Our wandering singer Arnhault d'Ilac is here and says the hosts are gathering. What news of them?"

Piere shrugged. Arnhault d'Ilac, eh? A rascal troubadour if ever there was one.

"I've no news, my lord, of that kind," said he. "But I've two sonnets, and a new tenson in honour of my lady that did win the peacock crown at Toulouse——"

With a growl, Count Raimon went on down towards the town, a strange, moody man, who respected Peire as a belted knight and a great troubadour, but who had scant love for song. A man grim and harsh as the naked rock hereabouts, deep as the deep gorges around.

"Storm back of his eyes, and enemies here!" reflected Peire, as he climbed on to the castle. "That'll be Arnhault the Envious. Bah!"

He laughed as he entered the gates, and the men cheered him, and the seneschal brought him a silver flagon of wine. Spring was in the land; the May moon was at full, and blood ran hot in sword-hand and lover's heart. Down below in the town, maids were dancing and singing, a shrill lilt of song coming now and then to the castle. Peire wiped his lips and grinned at the soldiers.

"So Les Baux still has a few virgins to seek the Fount of Venus, eh?" "This must be the night, for the moon is full."

"A dozen of them, poor dears," jested an old man-at-arms. "Has your lordship no baggage?"

"I left it down below with my horse; I'll get it later," and Peire carelessly went on to the garden. As he went, he opened the sheepskin case he bore on his shoulders, tossed the case away, and strung a lute about his neck on its ribbon. He preferred a viol, but had broken his own and as yet lacked money for a new one.

In the little green garden, surrounded by the walls and old fortalice hewn out of the naked rock, Desirée was watering young flowers. She stood up, slim and straight and tall, as he came, and her eyes held worry.

"Was he courteous?"

"He's always courteous, being a gentleman," said Peire, smiling. "Why should he not be courteous?"

"I'm afraid for you," she said directly. "There have been lies and whispers; he carries a strange look in his [illegible]. That evil Arnhault is here."

"Arnhault makes fair verses," Peire said. "As he should, for his teacher was old Bernhard of Ventadour, who had Eleanor of Aquitaine for his lady. But I have you, and the angels heard fair music to your honour in Toulouse and Arles; so it is my honour to lay the prizes of song at your feet, madonna."

He took a packet from under his surcoat and knelt, and laid in her hands a wreath of peacock feathers and another wreath made of silver threads. She thanked him in fair words and glowing phrases, but these he laughed aside

"Wait! The third tribute—from Avignon."

He looked quickly up at her with glowing eyes and all the fiery urge of youth that belied his polite and polished words of chivalry. "The city of the mystic seven; seven gates has Avignon, seven parishes, seven colleges, seven monasteries, seven hospitals! But only one queen of beauty, my fair lady, for in your name I won this prize, which is now yours."

He laid in her hand a jewel upon a thin gold chain.

If women looked down from the castle windows, or grim-eyed soldiers, or the thin-lipped Arnhault d'Ilac, they saw no wrong, heard no wrong; there was none to see or hear. The love of lady for troubadour, and of troubadour for lady, was a high chivalric thing which brooked not so much as a touch of a hand or the touch of a lip. Yet, beyond all denial, youth might sometimes strain at the barrier. Desirée, (*Continued on page 110*)

PARK PARADE

by RALPH STOCK

First comes the parade of the Lifeguards . . .

. . . then of the perambulators

LIFE in the parks is a never-ending parade—of trees and flowers and babies and dogs and ducks and dukes and . . . But to itemise such a parade is as endless as the parade itself.

First come the Lifeguards, in the traditional formation of advance, main and rearguard, and their sheer magnificence of colour, men and horses, impels the most blasé onlooker to stop in his tracks and wonder if they can be of this earth and age. There is no doubt of this, however, in the mind of the policeman who has to stop the traffic for them. He has neither illusion nor envy on the subject. "Too much spit and polish," is *his* verdict.

This cavalcade has no sooner passed, than another descends upon the unwary at the charge. As many as five matrimonial fruit-carts (otherwise known as "prams") advancing in close formation is a formidable sight, and there is nothing else to be done but sidestep on to the forbidden grass while the best-mannered and prettiest children in the world are wheeled by.

A grim reminder of things present and practical is next forced on the attention by a parade of wheelbarrows, hillocks of London clay, men shovelling with an air of resigned boredom, and serried (*Continued on page* 31)

As for this parade of wheelbarrows, it takes place under the auspices of the sturdy park trench-diggers

Pictures by Ralph Stock

Hiker-lovers and those who love hiking are two different things. Which are these?

The Scottish shepherd and his dog who hold park pastures in contempt, and pine for the activity of their native moors

An aerial view of shipping at rest in calm waters

Right: The modern park band believes in microphones and nautical sopranos rather than the soulful brass of the past

Below: Boat parade in the shadow of a towering gasometer

A park beach and steps that Whistler loved to paint

Below: Miniature golf in the lee of a power station

For a penny you can circumnavigate an island . . . with a varied passenger list

For nothing at all, you may watch the "young idea" launching a parade of speedy aeroplanes . . .

. . . or listen to twenty different orators being good-humouredly heckled on their twenty different opinions

"She's only a beautiful picture, in a beautiful wooden frame" . . . but she takes a delight in teasing the penguins—then running for her life

Left: Smile on the face of the baby elephant as she accepts a welcome gratuity

In circle: A ducklin that isn't lonely. In fact, he is the King of all the Parks

Pictures by
Ralph Stock

ranks of trenches. On a peaceful summer day it is almost impossible to imagine that these could ever be filled with terrified humanity in gas masks, but there it is—or rather, there they *are*.

Past hiker-lovers, and those who love to hike (which are two very different things), you may come to a Scottish shepherd and his dog who treat park pastures with unveiled contempt. There's nothing to be done in them, they say, but sit and smoke and watch their equally smoked charges keeping the grass down.

The stretch of water a little farther on is quite a different matter. Here we have young men, old men, middle-aged men and boys (never the usually all-invading feminine element—why?) wading in hip-boots to their various possessions—a topsail schooner, a yacht, a tug, an ocean-going liner—all earnestly intent on showing off their paces. "Look at that!" an elderly chartered accountant explodes as a speedboat, belching flames from its exhaust, heads at the rate of knots for his outmoded sailing craft. "No consideration! . . . Machines, machines, machines! . . . Speed, speed, speed!" Suddenly he bursts into a peal of accountancy laughter. The speedboat has unaccountably changed its course in mid-ocean, rammed the concrete shore, and shattered its propellers to fragments. "Hell!" roars its owner, a youth with pimples and little else. "She saw that blank windjammer coming!"

Nautical feelings run high in the parks.

Then there is a parade of bands. One I encountered is tricked out in nautical attire, though it is doubtful if any of its members have been nearer deep water than the fountain in Temple Gardens.

The conductor puts on funny hats and noses, swings on the bandstand rail, and exhorts his lunch-time audience through a microphone to join him in a deep-sea ditty. And through a mouthful of ham sandwich, it does.

Time was when solemn and soulful brass, conducted by someone who looked (and possibly may have been) an Army Corps Commander, brayed "O Star of Eve" to the heavens in these parts. To-day it is different. And why not?

Where one park juts into the river, there is a tiny beach of real sand, a place that Whistler loved to paint. Here you may see every type of craft from the steam-yacht to the sailing dinghy moored off-shore against a five-knot current: weekend sailors, hot from the office, painting and refurbishing their most precious possessions on "the hard": boys doing what they have always done—making a supreme mess of themselves and others with dogs, stones and what-not, or staring out over the river with adventure-craving eyes.

And adventure there is in some of the parks. For a penny you can circumnavigate an island populated by jungle creatures and flowering shrubs that rival the South Seas. Your captain and crew will be a park-keeper who sits at the tiller while a two-cylinder engine propels you, and a varied assortment of passengers, through water two feet deep at the rate of two knots—which gives you a real chance of studying the scenery.

The faithless nurse-maids

For those who prefer speed, there is a parade of aeroplanes. These are in the habit of going up—and often coming down—in the same place—making it quite possible to receive an aeroplane in your ear. But nobody seems to mind. The owner merely curses you for getting in the way of a happy landing, rewinds his propeller for a solid five minutes, and launches his juggernaut again.

There are turbaned Indians in the parks, playing tennis with Chinamen and negroes. There are orators of widely divergent views who propound their doctrine with such energy that you cannot help agreeing with practically all of them.

"I could do that if only you'd let me," says the Scottie to his master, as a Dalmatian is put through his paces

Left: From war to peace. The entrance to a park

Then there is one park where small children and small beasts meet on a close and friendly footing, and if there is any happier sight I have yet to see it. Here there are baby pigs and penguins, ostriches and even elephants. Also a chimpanzee escorted by a young lady in virginal jodhpurs. I asked her if it were not a trifle tiring to follow her charge throughout the livelong day while it investigated ash-bins, threw garbage at the penguins, clasped her with abominably human hands while performing acrobatics on her sturdy anatomy, and gazed amiably through its hind legs while walking backwards on its head. The lady of the jodhpurs said: "Yes, but she's such a darling!"

Such is the parade of the parks.

Old Tales Re-told

Murder in Auld Reekie. The Crimes of Burke and Hare

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

IN the past no other branch of science has been hampered by so many difficulties as the study of human anatomy for the advancement of medical and surgical knowledge. It is quite astonishing how, with all the wholesale killing that has taken place all over the world in all ages, and the low value repeatedly placed upon human life, there has at the same time often been such a dire shortage of human material for conducting the necessary investigations. Indeed ever since the time of the Pharaohs superstition and religious belief have combined to make it extremely difficult for the disciples of Æsculapius to pursue their studies.

At varying times it has been deemed quite in order to sacrifice soldiers by the million, slaves by the thousand, to blind and mutilate them whilst still alive, but if a lifeless body was employed for instructional purposes the learned culprit was in danger of losing his head.

Yet, be it noted as exceptions that, in about 320 B.C., in the reign of Ptolemy Sophes and Ptolemy Philadelphus, permission was given to two privileged doctors, Erasistratus and Herophilus, to use the bodies of criminals who had been condemned to death. This was, of course, an important step forward upon the theory of Hippocrates and others whose knowledge was gained only by experimenting on animals.

Amongst the ancient Romans knowledge of human anatomy remained very superficial.

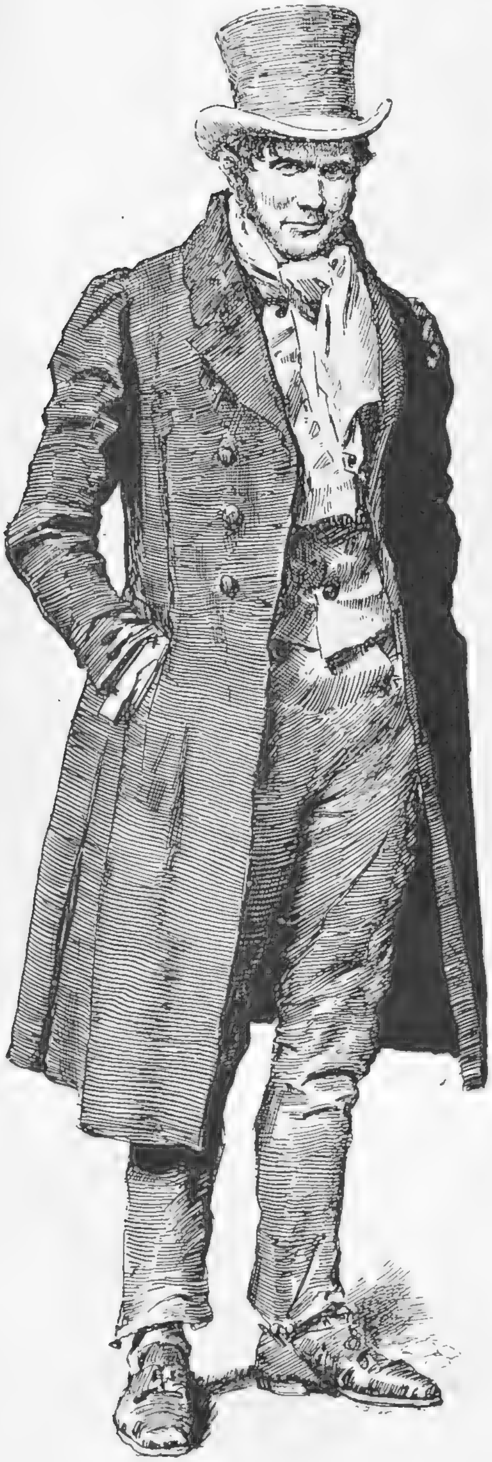
Julius Cæsar was the first to encourage doctors, giving them the right of citizenship, whereas until then they had invariably been held in the position of slaves. Later Augustus exempted the doctors from taxes.

In Rome the noble profession was generally exercised by women, and chiefly for the benefit of their own sex. Knowledge of obstetrics had indeed grown apace, as witness the perfection and variety of the surgical instruments still to be seen in the National Museum of Naples.

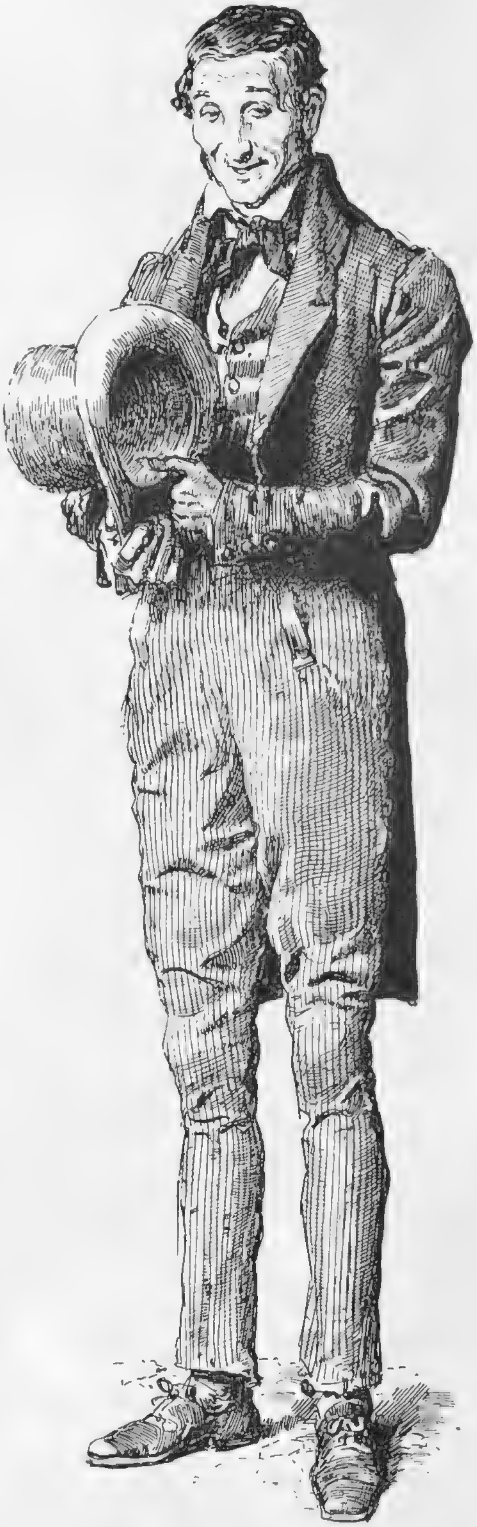
IT was in A.D. 130 that a great anatomist came into the limelight and carried out researches of a most remarkable kind. Claudius Galenus was his name. His curative methods enabled him to preserve the lives of many famous gladiators who in ordinary circumstances would have succumbed to their wounds. At a time when, apart from the enthusiastic attachment of the people to the heroes of the arena, the monetary value of certain gladiators reached astonishing figures, it is easy to understand what importance was attached to the work of Galenus.

With the fall of the empire, and the advent of the chaotic state, brought about by the invasion of the barbarians, medicine, like every other science, was hopelessly neglected.

The so-called Dark Ages lasted a long time. Not only in Europe, but also in Asia, the counter blow of decadence was intensely felt. The Arabians were the first to recover, but, in spite of their widespread conquests, medical science, and chiefly anatomical research, did not go very far. On the contrary, we may easily deduct what the conditions were when we see that the Koran most severely denounces as unclean any one who touches a corpse. In addition, the operation of dissecting was forbidden by all the rules of the Islamic faith. Every now and then a voice arose protesting against so many prejudices. For instance, the Egyptian analyst Abdallatif maintained that learning anatomy



WILLIAM BURKE



WILLIAM HARE

from books was an absolute impossibility, and that even all the teaching of Galenus was of very little value without personal and practical inspection.

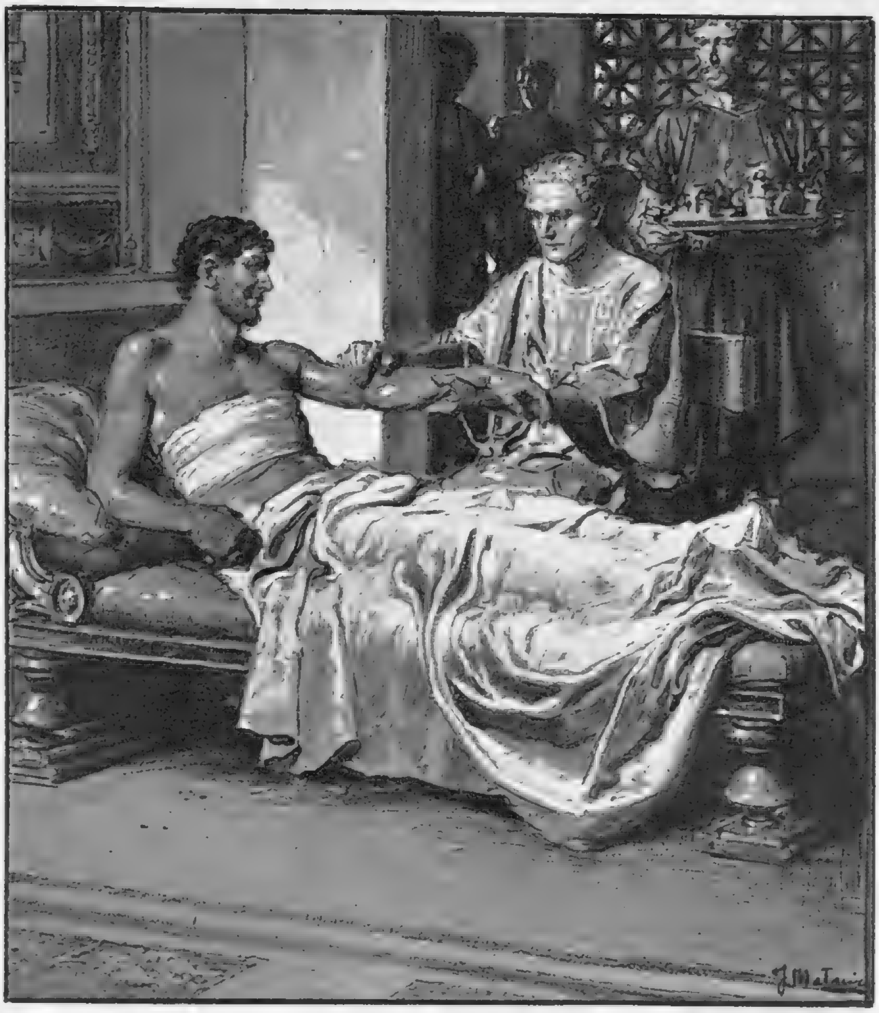
Those isolated opinions, however, proved to be quite ineffective in face of the obstinacy of the masses, who failed to see in those attempts of science anything other than sacrilege.

IT was only from the fourteenth century onwards that in Italy art and literature, together with the science of anatomical research, gave clear signs of waking up and that the medical school of Bologna became a centre where serious studies were carried on.

Thereafter ensued in Bologna's annals a long list of illustrious names, and a rich library of treatises was built up. The medical Renaissance had arrived. Leonardo da Vinci, in spite of not being a doctor, clarified many points in medicine and surgery.

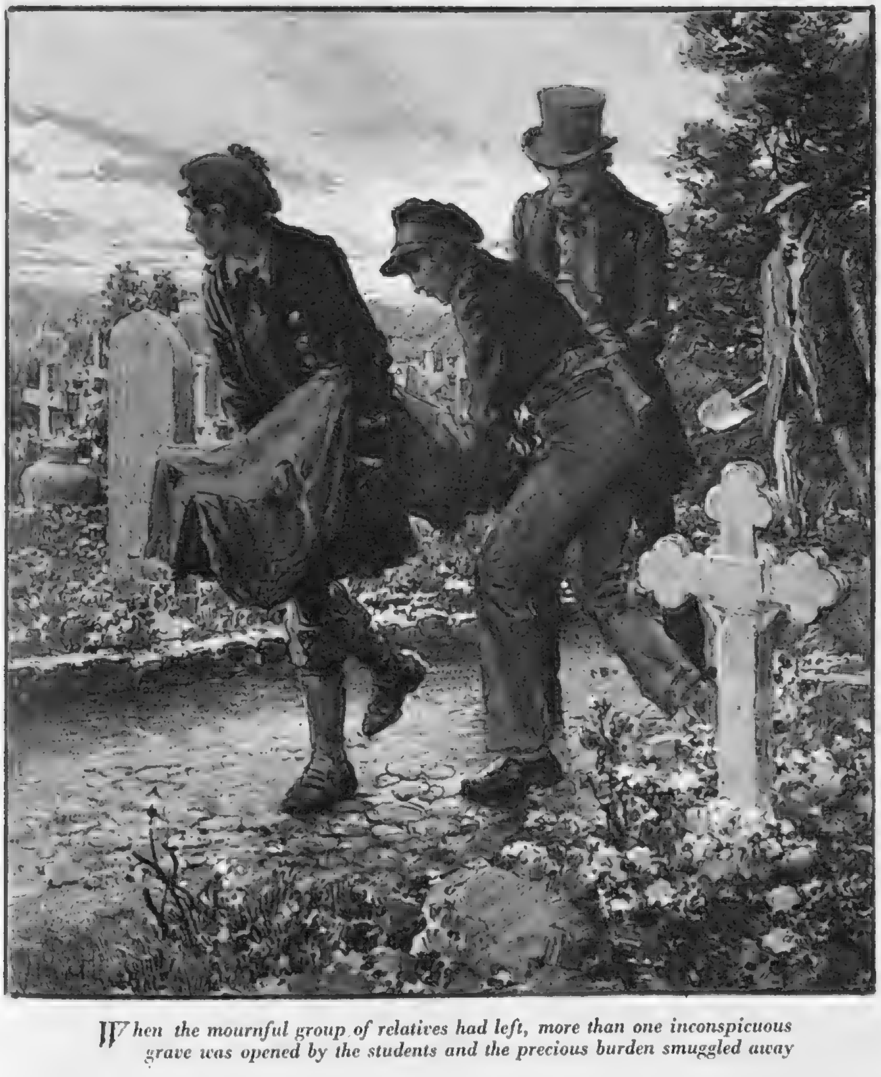
In England, towards the end of the sixteenth century, there were published the first three treatises in human anatomy by John Halle, Master Thomas and John Banister, but the difficulty in pursuing this kind of study was great. Greater still in Scotland were the obstacles set up through the conservative nature of the people and their determination not to imbibe foreign ideas.

Even in the sixteenth century the difficulty in obtaining sufficient material for dissecting was still paramount. Things continued thus right down to the eighteenth century, though the anatomists Valsalva, Santorini and Morgagni laboured hard to overcome the many fanciful suppositions they found to be still existing.



The curative methods of Claudius Galenus enabled him to preserve the lives of many famous gladiators

THE almost complete impossibility of obtaining human bodies for the purpose of study was naturally a cause of the deepest dissatisfaction in the medical profession. The only chance of getting this kind of raw material was when a criminal, guilty of exceptional brutality, was sentenced to death, and after the sentence had been carried out, was abandoned to the tender mercies of the medical students. A competent and practical knowledge of anatomy was, of course, essential to any student who aspired to become a surgeon. The consequence was that every time a brutal crime produced shivers of horror down the spines of normal people, medical students were dancing with joy in the hope that the judges would grant them the coveted subject for their anatomical theatre. In this connection it may be mentioned that the legal allowance for the medical school of Edinburgh was one criminal every year.

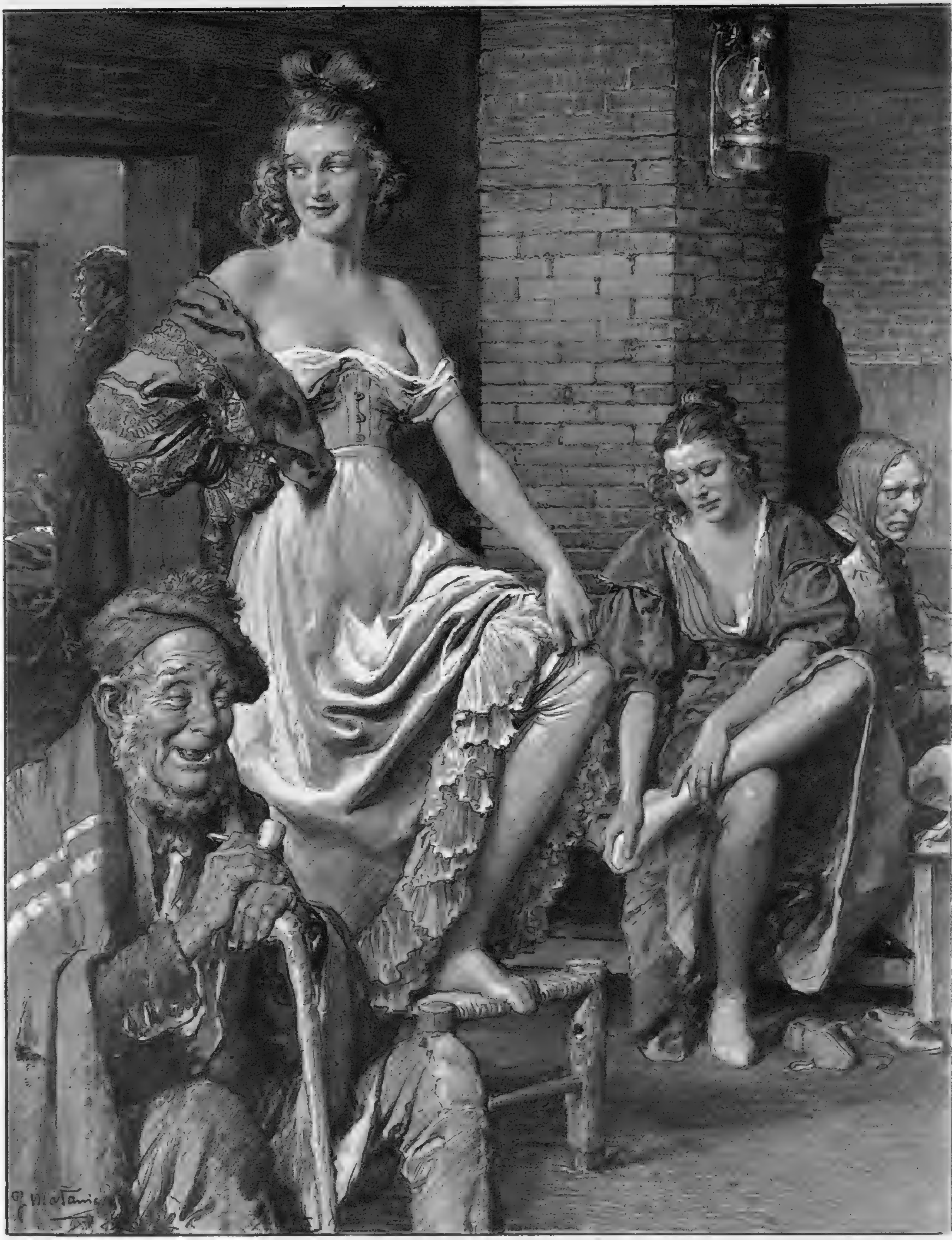


When the mournful group of relatives had left, more than one inconspicuous grave was opened by the students and the precious burden smuggled away

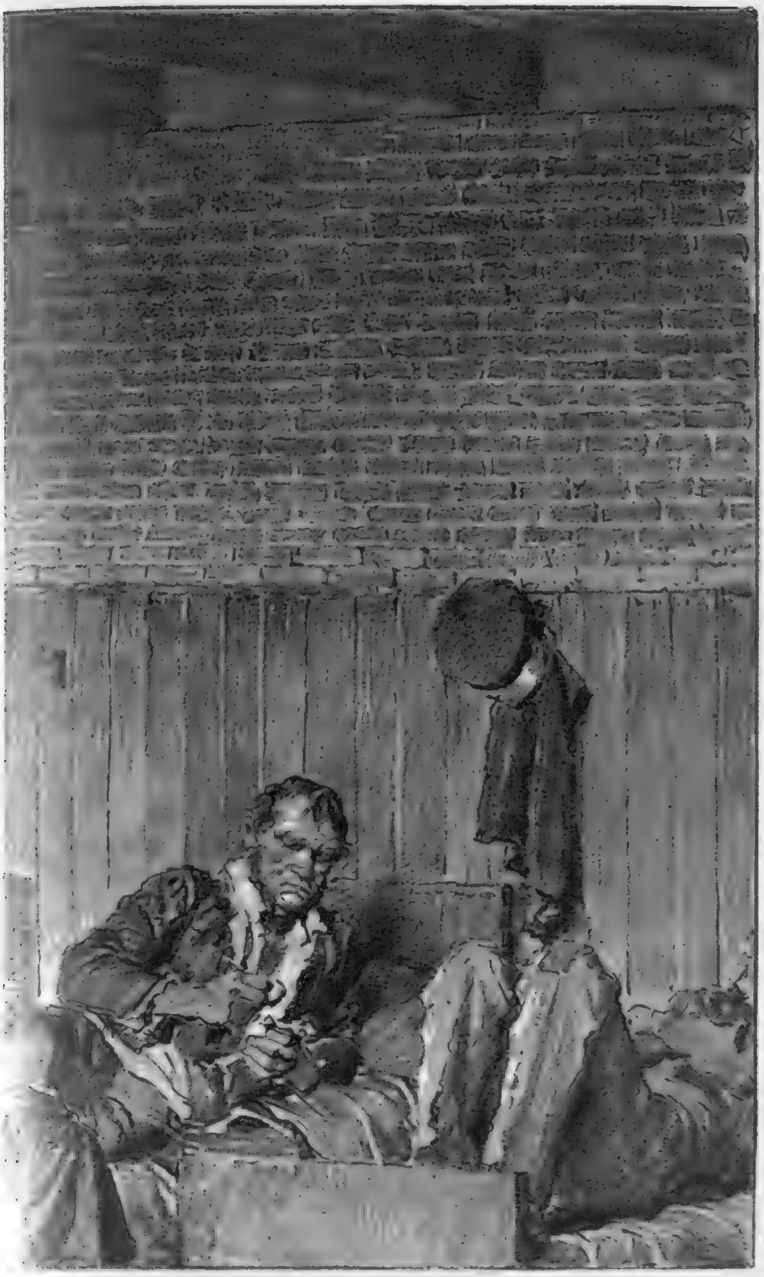
For a school of such repute the allowance was too little, and this process of slow motion imposed on medical learning was the cause of the deepest dissatisfaction. By law, everyone should receive Christian burial, and the allowance, it was argued, was a great concession. Evidently the world on that point had not advanced very much between the time of Ptolomy Philadelphus and the time of George IV.

In every case where the front door is shut, human nature tries to reach its object through the back door, and so it happened that medical students began to be seen hovering in the vicinity of cemeteries, and, when the mournful group of relatives had left, more than one inconspicuous grave was opened by the students and the precious burden smuggled away. At the school no questions were asked, and a handsome reward was paid to anyone who had taken any risk or trouble for the benefit of science.

At that time Dr. Knox was the most learned lecturer and preceptor in Edinburgh. He had over 400 students in his class, and they all knew that only by observing the most rigid discretion could they secure an adequate supply of material



Occasionally the wretched hovel was brightened up by a certain girl of remarkable beauty. Mary Patterson was her name. Everyone knew her and everyone wondered how such a superb specimen of the fair sex had not yet fascinated some decent man to the point of taking her away from the life of degradation that she was living



for the theatre. However reprehensible these acts of the students may have been in reality, there was no real crime committed, but every now and then corpses were brought to the school by unknown people, generally of the lowest social standing, obvious scum of humanity eager to get the six, seven or even ten pounds paid by Dr. Knox for each specimen. Still no questions were asked and the bargain was never spoiled by inquisitiveness.

AMONGST those suspicious types who devoted some of their obscure activities to such horrid traffic were two men and their supposed wives, who gained the most heinous reputation. The first was called William Burke, an Irish labourer of about thirty-six years old, rather short and strong. He affected a jolly disposition, but he could not altogether disguise a sinister expression that every now and then flashed across his features, revealing a cruel and brutal nature. He had left his wife and children, and in the beginning of the year 1827 he had gone to Edinburgh. There he had found a wandering woman, Helen M'Dougal, with whom he linked his sordid destiny.

Edinburgh was already a great city, and, like all great cities, not only had fine streets and imposing buildings, but also lurid slums where every form of human misery goes hand in hand with every degradation and immoral promiscuousness.

William and Helen found a way of earning their living by collecting old boots, and after a superficial embellishment presented them again for sale. After some time they became acquainted with another couple by no means above their own level: William Hare and his alleged consort. They, too, came from Ireland. This William Number Two was of the same age as William Number One, but was tall and lank, and had on his lips the constant mirthless smile of a half-idiot. He was ready for any kind of transaction that could bring him some cash.

Hare had secured the lease of some premises which were hardly fitted even to be used as a pigsty. There he had placed a quantity of beds, which he let out to vagrants of both sexes who might be seeking a night of rest under cover after a day of wandering, or needing a day of rest after a night of mysterious and questionable activity.

Vagabonds of every age, silent brooding youngsters, old and talkative beggars extracting one at a time the few coins that would secure the luxury of a palliasse, and young women scantily dressed, who fell dead tired on the benches and took off their shoes before saying a first word—these all came to the Hare *ménage*. It was in this house of ill fame that Hare and his " wife " received their worthy friends, William Burke and his Helen. No place, incidentally, was better suited than this for meeting the demands of the eager anatomists.

Occasionally the wretched hovel was brightened up by a certain girl of remarkable beauty. Mary Patterson was her name. Everyone knew her and everyone wondered how such a superb specimen of the fair sex had not yet fascinated some decent man to the point of taking her away from the life of degradation that she was living. Always gay and kind with everybody, Mary reappeared, obviously when her resources had reached the very end, and then she too occupied one of the filthy beds of Hare's " palace." It was a strange sight to see a sleeping beauty worthy of the palace of Titian side by side with the repulsive and distorted body of an old witch or a snoring brute hopelessly drunk.

ONE day the keeper of Dr. Knox's Museum opened the door to Burke and Hare. They were bringing something for the Doctor. " Good; bring it in. . . ." They knew the way to the anatomical theatre very well, and they deposited their burden on the table, took their reward and went away. When it was unwrapped Dr. Knox and his students remained spellbound, for they were beholding for the first time in their experience the body of a real Venus. The body was still warm, nor was there the slightest sign of the girl having suffered any illness or apparent violence. In the very flower of her youth, death had impressed on her only its immobility.

At the sight of such an unusual subject the cold and impassive behaviour characteristic of the medical man gave way to an intense emotion. Someone recognised the well-known Mary Patterson, and so impressed were they by her beauty that they agreed between them to have her painted. In fact, soon afterwards easels and boards were placed round the motionless model and several artists busied themselves in transferring to canvas this vision of beauty. This act of reverence was probably the only one ever paid to this human being so maltreated by the world.

Further examination proved that poor Mary Patterson was free from any ailment; moreover, that she was in such a strong and healthy condition that her death should have caused active steps to be taken by the doctors who examined her body. And yet, not a word was said.

On another occasion again, nothing was said when the body of a notorious idiot called Daft Jamie was brought in. Another person whom everyone knew, but no one claimed. There seemed no limit to the stock of Burke and Hare. They were becoming real specialists.

Everything pointed to the fact that these two ruffians, in order to increase their gains, were manufacturing the wanted article and so maintaining a steady supply for the advancement of science. But trouble was at hand.

One day, in a grocer's shop, Burke met an old woman. He got into conversation with her and pretended to be a relation of hers. They left the shop together and he took her to his house, promising her a bed and supper.

Later the same day Burke returned to the shop and bought a tea-chest. In the evening there was a party, to which Hare and his wife had been invited. At a certain moment a fight arose between Burke and Hare. The old woman was terrified and screamed for the police, at the same time trying to escape from the room. But Helen M'Dougal prevented her from doing so and pushed her back. As if by mistake, Burke knocked the old woman down and held her firmly where she had fallen. It was then that the two wives ran out of the room, leaving the men alone with the old woman.

Some of the neighbours had heard shouts of " Murder! " and " Help! " but did not pay much attention to it.

Towards midnight Burke paid a call on the keeper of Dr. Knox's Museum and invited him to his room. Pointing to a bed totally covered with straw, he said that there was something for the doctor. Hare was still there with his wife and Helen M'Dougal. The next day a tea-chest carried by Burke, Hare and the porter was left at the Museum. Five pounds was paid, and this was shared by the two men. This time the affair had been a little too noisy. Ugly rumours had been circulating for some time and the police were only waiting their opportunity. It was evident that long immunity from trouble had made the two Irishmen over-confident and rather clumsy. They were sure that the medical school would shield them from any trouble. After all, passive acquiescence does not seem to be a form of complicity, and the protection of such a powerful institution would not and could not fail them.

This fallacious illusion received a staggering blow two days after the last transaction. The law at last stretched out its claws and arrested the two scoundrels and their paramours. At the same time the newspapers published the news and some nasty hints against the school of anatomy. The short but resolute paragraphs of the Press reacted on the public like a match placed to a barrel of gunpowder. The hue and cry aroused in Edinburgh spread in no time throughout the land.

It had happened that the police, informed of the suspicious disappearance of the old woman, had gone to the University and claimed the last purchase. The tea-chest was opened, and there, before the authorities, the doctors admitted a doubt existed that the passing of the old woman was due to natural causes. That, of course, was quite enough for the police to take further action.

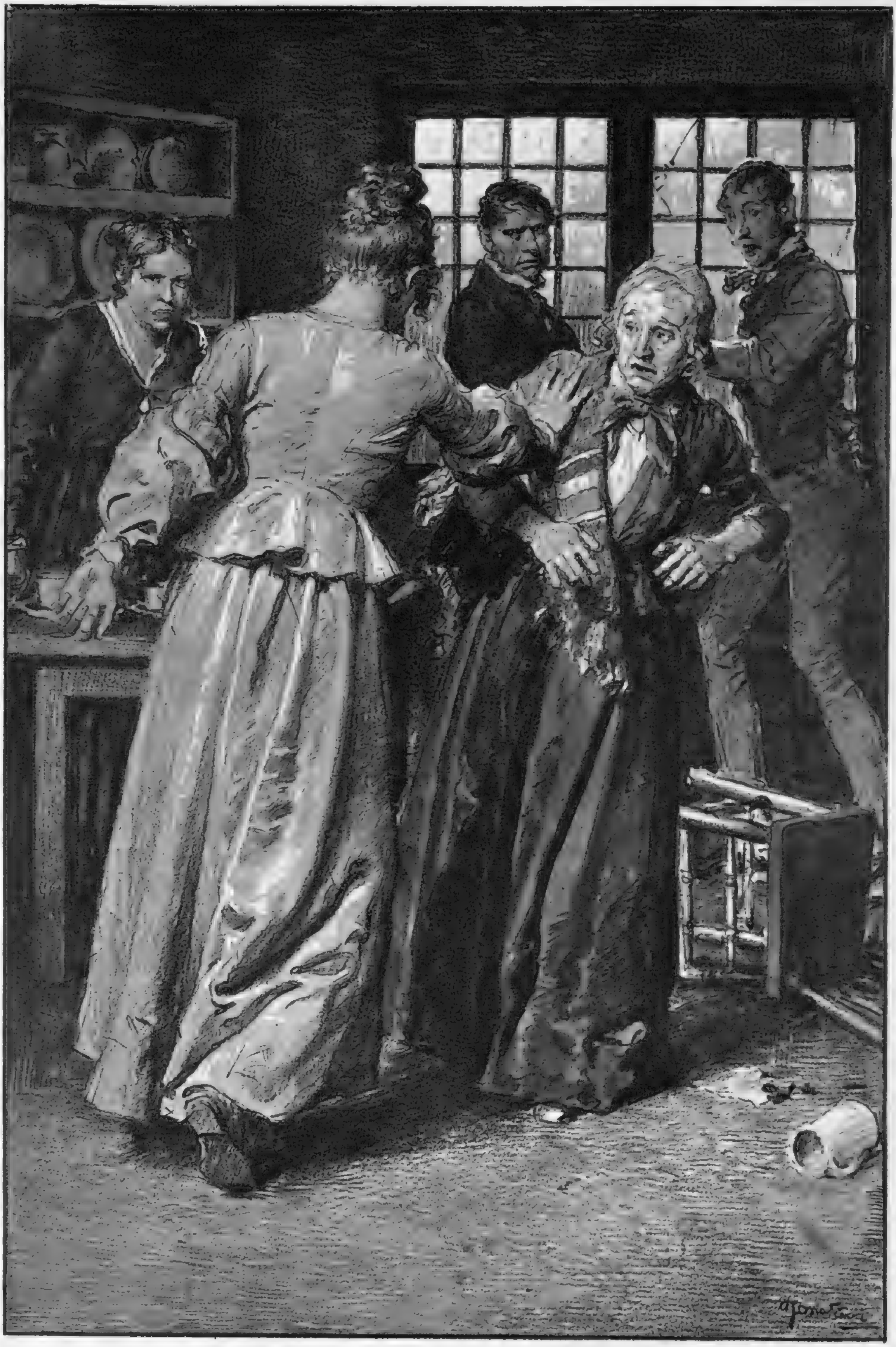
ON Christmas Eve of the year 1828 the trial of Burke and Hare began, but not before special arrangements had been made to keep in order the amazing number of people assembled around the court of justice. Even military forces were kept in readiness in case of trouble.

The trial belongs to the category of *causes célèbres*, and anyone fond of going into details would find the records extremely interesting reading.

The proceedings were conducted in a very clever way, mainly to save as much as possible the reputation of the famous University.

IT was arranged that Burke should be tried first. At the same time, immunity was promised to Hare if he would tell all the truth, and Hare, far from being the hero who would defy the scaffold for a point of " honour among thieves," did tell everything, without omission. For fear that he might implicate those whom the court desired to spare, he was made to confine his confession exclusively to the murder of the old woman.

In this case, the box containing the body of the old woman having been opened by the authorities before the doctors had examined the contents, the University was automatically exonerated from any responsibility. One crime was



The old woman was terrified and screamed for the police, at the same time trying to escape from the room. But Helen M'Dougal prevented her from doing so and pushed her back sufficient to send a man to the gallows, so the previous crimes were only mentioned as additional charges. This intentional exclusion of the more celebrated names from the drama was a disappointment to the public, but we shall see in the end how, what is generally called divine justice in diverse ways reflected upon the fate of every one concerned.

As the details of the gruesome affair came to the public knowledge indignation reached a really threatening pitch. In fact the crowd that the police kept at bay outside the court of justice was definitely hostile.

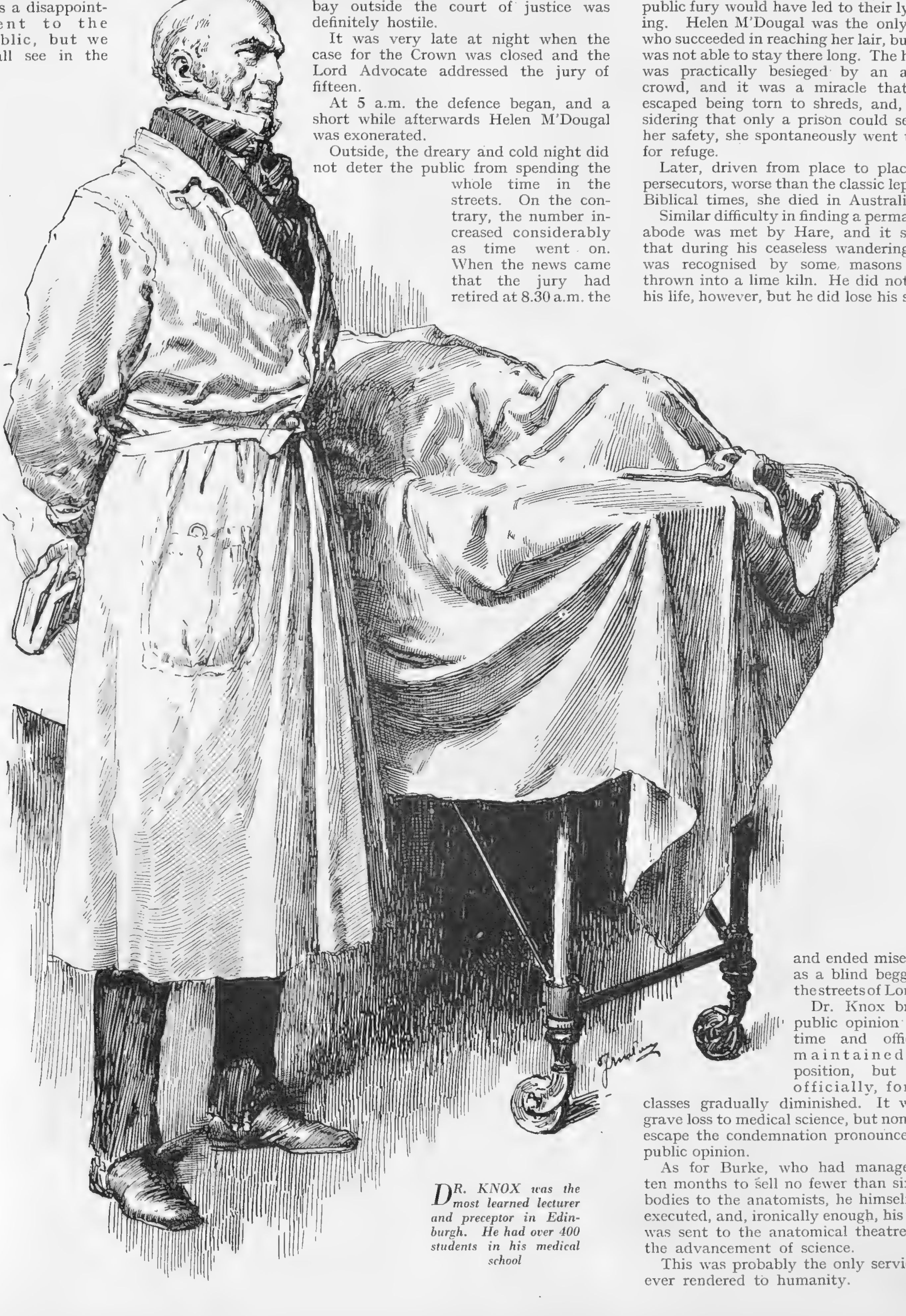
It was very late at night when the case for the Crown was closed and the Lord Advocate addressed the jury of fifteen.

At 5 a.m. the defence began, and a short while afterwards Helen M'Dougal was exonerated.

Outside, the dreary and cold night did not deter the public from spending the whole time in the streets. On the contrary, the number increased considerably as time went on. When the news came that the jury had retired at 8.30 a.m. the excitement knew no bounds, but public patience was only taxed with another hour of waiting. At 9.30 the verdict was announced. Burke was found guilty and sentenced to death, Helen M'Dougal discharged, thirteen votes against two. The others were kept in prison chiefly because public fury would have led to their lynching. Helen M'Dougal was the only one who succeeded in reaching her lair, but she was not able to stay there long. The house was practically besieged by an angry crowd, and it was a miracle that she escaped being torn to shreds, and, considering that only a prison could secure her safety, she spontaneously went there for refuge.

Later, driven from place to place by persecutors, worse than the classic leper of Biblical times, she died in Australia.

Similar difficulty in finding a permanent abode was met by Hare, and it seems that during his ceaseless wanderings he was recognised by some masons and thrown into a lime kiln. He did not lose his life, however, but he did lose his sight, and ended miserably as a blind beggar in the streets of London.



DR. KNOX was the most learned lecturer and preceptor in Edinburgh. He had over 400 students in his medical school

Dr. Knox braved public opinion for a time and officially maintained his position, but only officially, for his classes gradually diminished. It was a grave loss to medical science, but none can escape the condemnation pronounced by public opinion.

As for Burke, who had managed in ten months to sell no fewer than sixteen bodies to the anatomists, he himself was executed, and, ironically enough, his body was sent to the anatomical theatre—for the advancement of science.

This was probably the only service he ever rendered to humanity.

Your place in the sun is ready for you. But have you made up your mind what you are going to do about it?

(*Do? Why, sun bathe, of course. Relax.*)

Yes. We know. But with what end in view? It seems (*vide* the experts) that you have three choices. Keep your Pastel Prettiness, go Romany, or try for a Californian Toast effect: very popular, this last shade, with the lovely ladies over there.

(*I hadn't really thought about it. Just get nice and brown, I suppose.*)

As we thought. Vague. Just as well, then, that we've devoted days to an extensive survey of every new thing to use under the sun. We trust our findings will help to make you make up your mind about making up your body. In any event, we don't intend you to get burned.

Sunbathe early in the day. Later on, the sun sends out its danger rays.

Use special sunproof preparations that filter out the dangerous rays and attract the kindly ones.

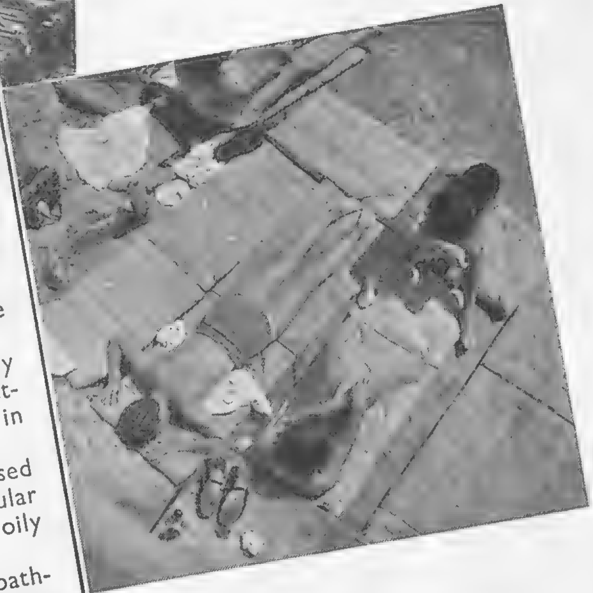
Make a second application of your sun-tan cream or oil before and after sea bathing.

Use soothing complexion milks or creams to cleanse the skin.

Eat and drink moderately and include plenty of vegetables, salads and cereals in your holiday diet.

Counteract dryness caused by wind and sea, by regular scalp massage with an oily tonic.

Graduate your sunbathing. A little the first day, a little more the next and so on.



Your Place in the SUN

If You Can Take It

Down with you to the beach goes *Jane Seymour's Sun Tan Bloc.* It's oval-shaped, non-greasy, made like a cake of soap, and fits neatly into the palm of the hand. Tear off the perforated paper that covers it and rub directly on to you. Your husband or the boy friend who thinks oiling up on the beach is Cissy, will like this grand stuff, too. *Barbara Gould's Sun Beauty Lotion,* in colour a pinky-tan, allows you to cook nicely without burning and ensures a lovely honey tan. Or maybe, you want your limbs to gleam in the sunshine! Then let *Adelaide Grey's Sun Glamour Bronze* be your ever-present help. Her *Brilliant Lipstick* and *Midnight Blue Longlash* for the lashes, complete a smart beach make-up. *Skol* formula is improved. This famous non-oily lotion is now stainless to dress. It accelerates tanning.

A week or so before your holiday, get busy feeding your skin. Use a richer skin food at nights, and plenty of it. Use it on arms and shoulders, too. Do this and you will tan without regrets. Serious sun-bathers must remember their cuticles and hair. *Elizabeth Arden's Nail O' Tonik* should be applied daily to toe and finger nails.

If You Can't Take It

Take with you creams that filter out the burning rays of the sun, like *Cyclax Sunproof Cream.* It's thin, and it goes straight down into the pores, leaving a slightly tacky surface. If you like to powder, this cream will hold powder in all circumstances, but does its job of protection equally well without. If you prefer a liquid for your sun shield, there is *Helena Rubinstein's Sun Tonic.* Rub well in in two applications and it will keep your fair skin fair to see throughout the summer. *Rubinstein's Rose Pink* is the perfect summer make-up for a blonde and can be worn with *Sun Tonic* as a foundation. Or, maybe, you would like to try something that is neither a cream nor a liquid. Then choose *Elizabeth Arden's Protecta Cream Lotion.* The advantage of this preparation is the quickness and smoothness with which it can be applied. Good for freckles, naturally.

Her *Oil Tonic* will look after your hair. Part the hair at close intervals, apply tonic to a piece of cotton, and work the oil well into the scalp.

If You Want To Go Half Way

Want to be a honey-blonde? Then here are a few things that will help you do the trick without you having to tan intensively.

Jane Seymour's Honey-Bloom Foundation, with powder and a clear pink lipstick and rouge (paste or powder). For greasy skins there is a special Honey Bloom lotion foundation.

Yardley's Suntan cream with powder to match is available in a neat red leather beach case, together with sun-proof lotion, rouge and lipstick, mirror, comb case and purse, or you can get it all separately.

Barbara Gould's Desert Rose make-up. The cream prevents burning but allows a delicate tan on face or body.

If You Want To Look Tanned Without Tanning

Cyclax Romany Tan and Cyclax Beauty Bronze between them, will turn you into a golden girl without your even looking the sun in the eye. *Romany Tan* comes in a complete range. Protective liquid or cream foundation, stunning lipstick, nail varnish. *Beauty Bronze* is meant for your legs and arms. In light and dark shades. *Helena Rubinstein's Rose Tan* make-up has been specially designed for wearing with the mauvy blues, lime, clear blues and pinks, that we like for sports clothes this summer. There is no yellow in Rose Tan; the creamy foundation goes on quickly and will not streak. Rose Tan nail varnish is particularly attractive, with brown hands. *Adelaide Grey* gives you a choice of two sun tone creams: *Sun Tan* (light) and *Sun Bronze* (dark) and recommends for a beach make-up to go with either shade, *Blonde* lipstick.

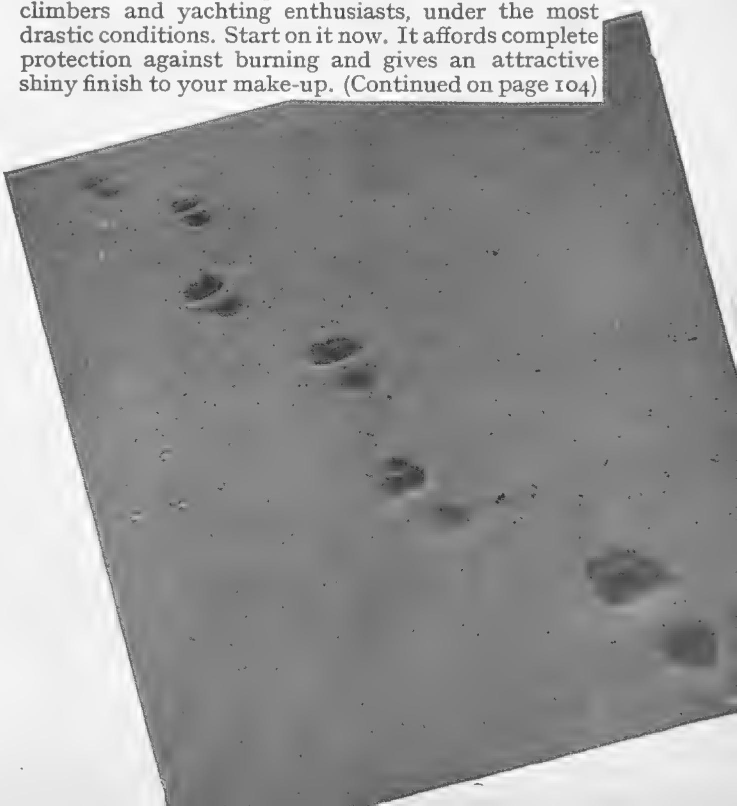
Leichner has a liquid body make-up that stays put even in the sea. Just smooth it on to the skin with the hands and let it dry. It won't come off on your swimsuit or light dresses and will prevent sun burn when you lie out on the beach.

If You've Got Caught

Make thin pads with cotton wool covered in gauze, or use strips of lint. Soak them in calamine lotion (you can get this from any chemist). Lay them over the bits of you that hurt and leave them on as long as you can, renewing when dry. *Barbara Gould* has a cream lotion that instantly takes the sting out of a burned skin. It can be used on the face as well as the body. Be sure not to wash at night but clean the skin. Keep out of the sun until the burning has subsided, and whether in or out of the sun, take more careful steps to protect yourself in future.

Elizabeth Arden's Sport Jelly is used by skiers, climbers and yachting enthusiasts, under the most drastic conditions. Start on it now. It affords complete protection against burning and gives an attractive shiny finish to your make-up.

(Continued on page 104)



Get Rid of Your Rival

There is no need for me to tell you what a grand world this would be if all women were gentle, tractable creatures, bent on being the legal helpmeets of man instead of predatory persons with an obsession for taking men away from other women.

It would be nice to close our eyes to this, but facts are facts and, illusions apart, a rival is an alarming thing to have around, so what can you do about it?

Inclinations being what they are, you would naturally prefer to use poison—and who wouldn't?—but though this was once a popular and permissible method of elimination, it is no longer advisable, except in your imagination. In fact, it is wise to deny yourself even this nebulous if soul-satisfying mode of expression, if only because it is not conducive to that self restraint which will completely flummox your rival, she being for certain an irresponsible party in some way or another.

No, poison would be out, even if it didn't help to enlist sympathy on her side.

Naturally, your impulse is to put your rival into a bad light and yourself into a dazzlingly good one, but this is a two-edged sword and efforts to get light focused where you want it are often known to have the reverse effect to the intended one.

Believe me, the whole process of getting rid of a rival is simplified by the knowledge that, in most cases, given time and the right brand of unsolicited encouragement from you, the lady will accomplish it herself.

You might almost call it giving her enough rope to hang herself with, the only complication being that during the time employed in achieving this desirable end you yourself must restrain every impulse likely to entangle you in the rope as well.

Of course, each rival must be treated on her merits, if any, and with due regard to the fact that even rivals have merits and that there are two sides to every shield, whether you like it or not.

As an illustration, if you are a wife who hasn't done a thing to deserve it and your rival is just a scheming woman, the dice is so heavily loaded on your side that the trouble is as good as over.

But before you start a celebration about this, be sure you are right in your conviction that you are not to blame.

Believe it or not, husbands worth their salt don't risk shattering the very structure of a happy domestic set-up merely for the sake of a siren's smiles; at least, not often. If they do, it is not the rival you should be worrying about but the husband.

So be very sure that your domestic picture is as perfect as you can make it before you play the injured party to your rival.

Maybe you have been taking your man for granted. Or you have slipped up on the physical allurement with which you sought so hard to dazzle him at first. It could happen that your pre-occupation with domestic matters has dulled your interest as a companion. Are you, in fact, the very same woman that he fell in love with?

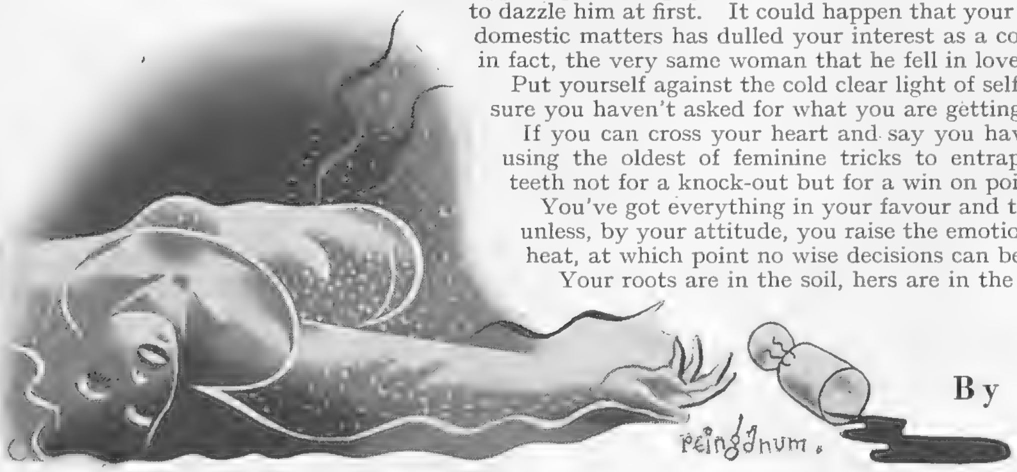
Put yourself against the cold clear light of self-analysis and be very sure you haven't asked for what you are getting.

If you can cross your heart and say you haven't and your rival is using the oldest of feminine tricks to entrap your man, grit your teeth not for a knock-out but for a win on points.

You've got everything in your favour and this storm will blow over unless, by your attitude, you raise the emotional temperature to fever heat, at which point no wise decisions can be taken.

Your roots are in the soil, hers are in the

(Continued on page 104)



By Caroline Page

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava

THE WOMEN I MEET

A Month to Month Commentary by

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

WITH London all a-shimmer with summer heat, the flowers in the window boxes drooping and the season's awnings and red carpets faded and vanishing into storage, some of the glamour seems to have disappeared. The traffic rushes with irritable haste, but the squares of Mayfair and Belgravia have grown silent and the houses with blinds pulled down behind blank windows seem to have lost interest. It is as if they were aware that those whose gay coming and going they welcomed, day after day, night after night, during these last months, will no longer cross their thresholds until the holiday weeks are over; like drowsy cats, they seem to shut their eyes in the sun to dream perhaps of those they have seen or in longing for the return of laughter and pretty clothes and parties.

Certainly there are people London must miss when August lures with holiday offerings and trunks are packed, plans are made, and well-known faces are no longer to be seen. One of those people must be the golden-haired MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, whose translucent eyes remind me of those aquamarine shadows one sees when one looks down from the Corniche Road to the Mediterranean.

Wherever Lady Dufferin is there is gaiety, wherever there is gaiety there is Lady Dufferin. She has a sense of mischievous fun which her friends adore, she has tireless vitality and has a talent for wearing hats of incredible provocation and frivolity.

She travels considerably, having only recently returned from a three-months' trip in America, but as a rule, when London misses her, it is because she is at Clandeboye, in Ulster, her Irish house. There for three or four months in the year she leads a simple life with her three small children, who have the enchanting names of Caroline, Perdita and Sheridan. She swims in the swimming pool, which has been a recent addition to the castle. She has her garden, in her case a rose garden, for it is almost a traditional custom at Clandeboye that each Lady Dufferin adds a garden to the others designed by her predecessors.

Traditional custom also is responsible for the very unusual table decoration in the dining-room of Clandeboye. It consists of a varying number of gold roses and gold spurs, given by the owner of Killyleagh Castle to the Lord Dufferin of the time, in settlement of a long-standing dispute between their families, and the roses (*Continued on page* 84)

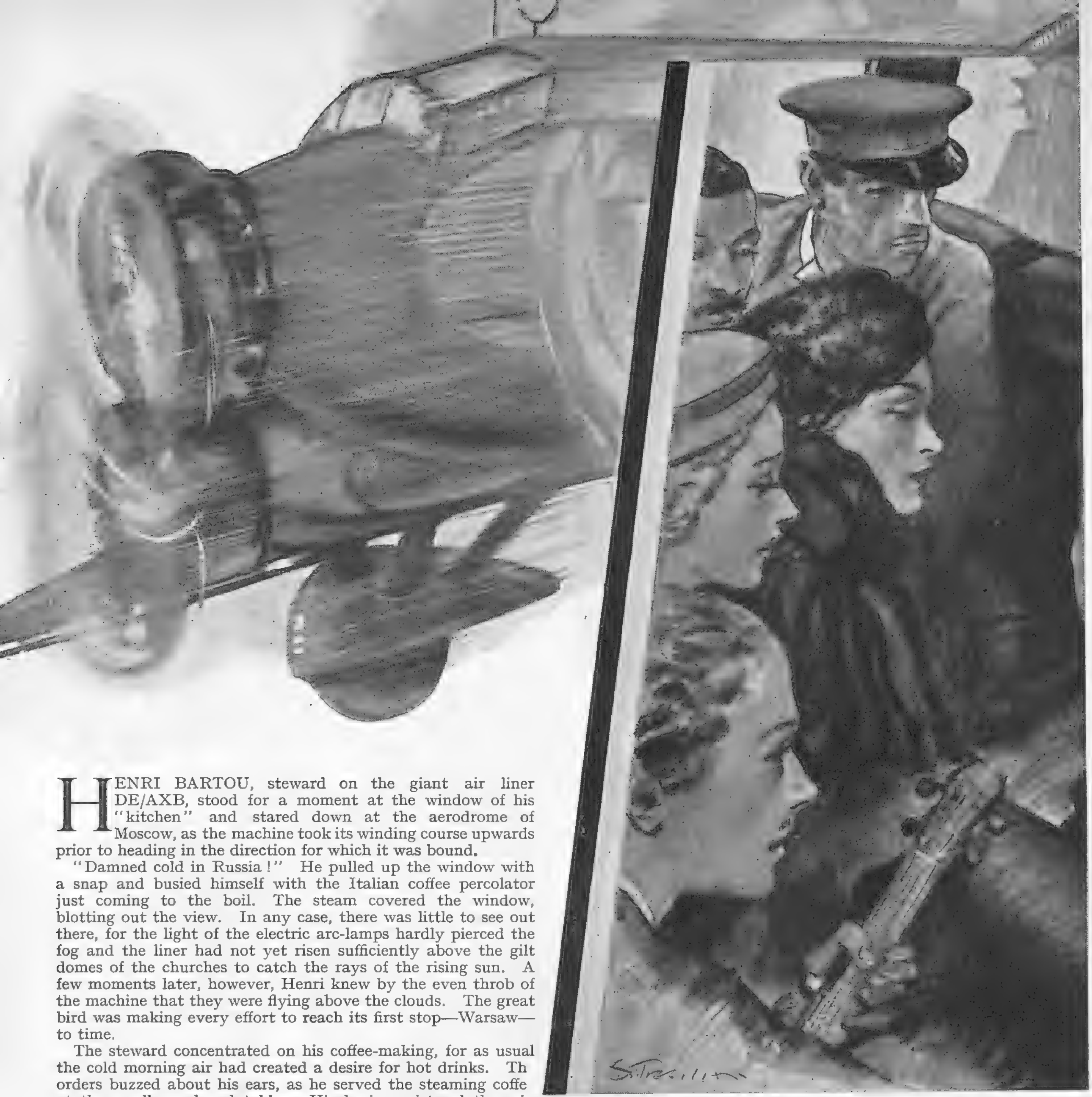
Miss Patricia Brand

Lady Gifford

Lady George Cholmondeley

Miss Diana Barnato

Viscountess Milton



Moscow

HENRI BARTOU, steward on the giant air liner DE/AXB, stood for a moment at the window of his "kitchen" and stared down at the aerodrome of Moscow, as the machine took its winding course upwards prior to heading in the direction for which it was bound.

"Damned cold in Russia!" He pulled up the window with a snap and busied himself with the Italian coffee percolator just coming to the boil. The steam covered the window, blotting out the view. In any case, there was little to see out there, for the light of the electric arc-lamps hardly pierced the fog and the liner had not yet risen sufficiently above the gilt domes of the churches to catch the rays of the rising sun. A few moments later, however, Henri knew by the even throb of the machine that they were flying above the clouds. The great bird was making every effort to reach its first stop—Warsaw—to time.

The steward concentrated on his coffee-making, for as usual the cold morning air had created a desire for hot drinks. Th orders buzzed about his ears, as he served the steaming coffe at the small numbered tables. His brain registered them in their proper order: toast for No. 3, eggs for No. 4, savoury for 5 and 6, syphon for 7 and 8, beer for 9 and 10, brandy for 15 and 16. He knew his job, and everything went smoothly once he had got into his stride. When every one had been served, he made a cup for himself.

"No wonder they all order some of this the moment they come on board," he thought, for he had tasted the dishwater that in Russia passed under the same name as this excellent brew of his. Only at the embassies and the Hotel de l'Europe did they serve the real thing.

His musings were interrupted by the tinkling of a bell. Evidently the pilot and the wireless operator were getting impatient, for they too wanted their coffee. On his way to the pilot's cabin, he caught a glimpse of the rising sun, which was turning the low-lying clouds into a sea of fire. A curtain of mist was swinging lazily in the great skies. It was hard to believe that they were flying at a speed of 350 kilometers per hour.

"Good heavens! What have you been up to?" he asked at sight of the bandaged head and reddened eyes of Franz, the wireless operator.

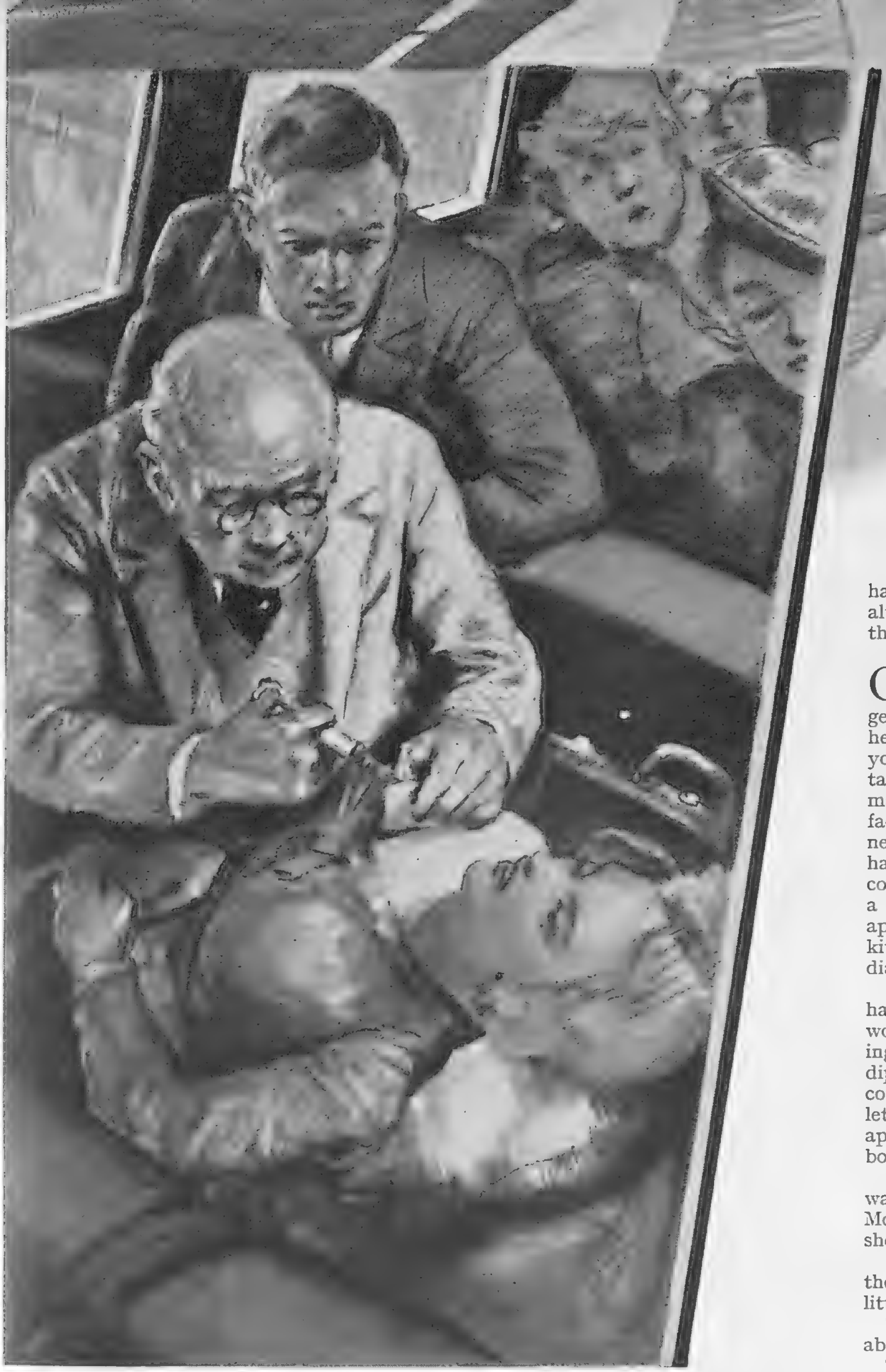
"Whose business is that?" retorted the other angrily. "Better get me a brandy."

The pilot turned towards Henri with a grin. "Well, I warned him of the Sonias and Maruschkas; but he wouldn't listen. I have for some time been expecting him to come home with 'decorations.'"

"Well, who the devil could have guessed that the proletarian, who usually takes my little sweetheart out, would turn up at such a swanky place as the 'Red Parrot' and stage a jealousy scene? But you just wait until I meet him again when I'm sober! Oh, my poor head!"

"Get him a brandy, Henri. He can do with a stimulant," said the pilot. "We must help him to pull himself together, in case there is a fog over Warsaw." Looking over his shoulder at the passengers for a moment, he added: "What's the circus we have on board this time?"

"Oh, much the same as usual," was Henri's laconic reply. "Diplomats, doctors, ballet dancers, a business man and his



HE took from his bag a hypodermic syringe and a phial and touched her arm, she soon smiled and gave a sigh of relief

— Paris

Tragedy Aboard an Air Liner

By Anders Jorlund

secretary, and a 'lady' about whom I have my own ideas. . . . Well, we shall see."

Franz swallowed a triple benedictine, which appeared to have the desired effect, and Henri left the cabin shaking his head. After all, he too had had to learn by experience; but that was many years ago. For his own part, he had always preferred the ladies of Paris, and he had never cared for alcohol. Mixing cocktails at Pigalle's Bar had made a total abstainer of him. He took an interest in his health, went in for sports, had muscles like iron and slept like a top, although he always took a beefsteak last thing at night.

OF the sixteen seats on the liner, fifteen were taken. While serving the passengers, Henri had had a good look at them and he was rarely mistaken in judgment. The young lady at No. 15 was officially the secretary of the man at No. 16. She smoked and manicured incessantly. Surely she had never faced a typewriter in her life! At the table next to theirs (Nos. 13 and 14) sat two black-haired gentlemen, both occupied with the contents of several small packages which had a way of disappearing the moment Henri approached. He could watch them from his kitchen. Once he caught a gleaming flash—diamonds! . . . Oho!

Two Scandinavians bound for Warsaw were having their third bottle of Pilsener. No wonder! Russian beer wasn't worth drinking. Near them (Nos. 9 and 10) sat the diplomats with their whisky—free of duty, of course. Too bad, the way these people were let off everything. The whisky was disappearing rapidly, and Henri had another bottle of "Johnnie Walker" handy.

No. 8 was a young Parisienne. Henri had watched her good-byes to her husband at Moscow. . . . When he cleared her table, she showed him two wonderful Russian dolls.

"Do you think I shall have to pay duty on them?" she asked. "They are for my two little girls who are waiting for me at home."

"No," he replied, "they never bother much about customs in Paris."

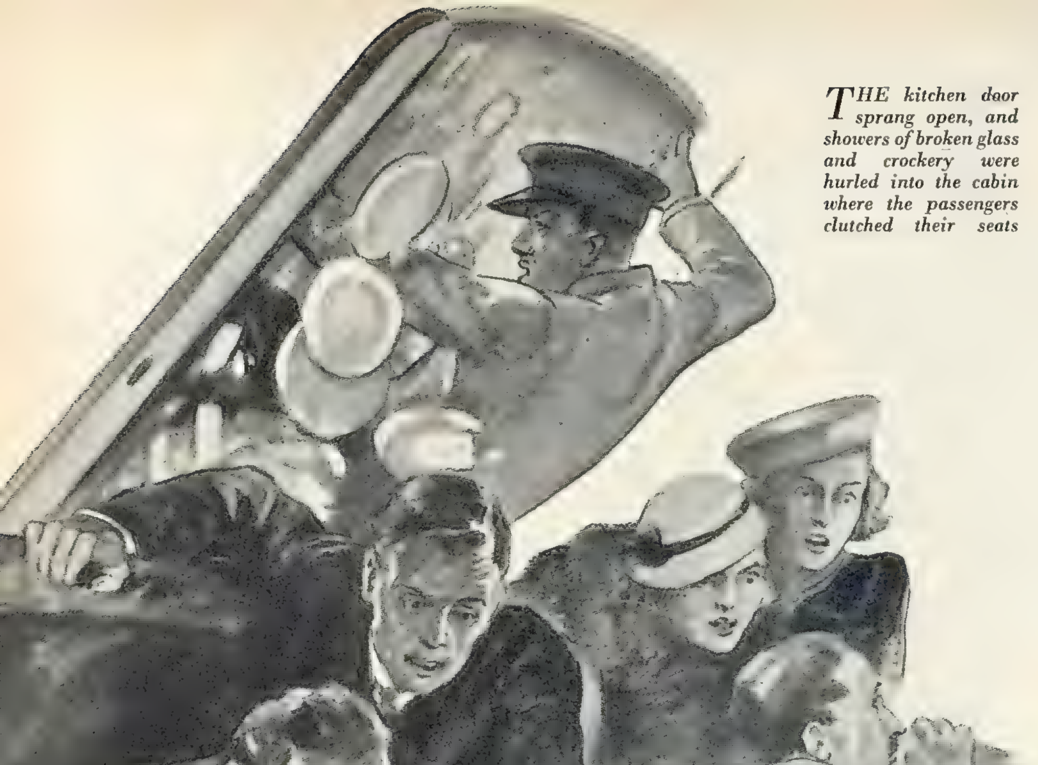
"If only we were there already," she sighed.

Henri looked at his watch. "We shall have to be patient for another eight hours, madame."

He agreed that it would be good to be home again. He would have two days' holiday. A long flight like this was exhausting. Paris–Moscow—then all the preparations for the return flight next day: washing, cleaning, reprovisioning, a few hours of sleep, and then again Moscow–Paris.

Nos. 5 and 6 were doctors who entertained each other with hospital stories. Some of them were really quite neat, so that even Henri could not refrain from laughing. No. 4 was the lady who had aroused his suspicions, and the remaining seats were occupied by three ballet dancers, who were soon to appear in a show in Paris. They could not sit still for five minutes, crunched sweets and practised their steps between the seats. They were two girls and one very young boy with blue-black curls, a delicate profile and the first faint indications of a moustache.

Buttered eggs, toast, two whiskies and one soda for the doctors . . . people were getting hungry earlier than usual. It was only ten-thirty. Henri prepared the eggs. He merely had to press a button to do them to a turn. The plates were always hot, and the bread toasted itself. Henri's electric kitchen



THE kitchen door sprang open, and showers of broken glass and crockery were hurled into the cabin where the passengers clutched their seats

was a marvel created by hundreds of clever brains.

"Could you—do you think that perhaps . . ." The two black-haired gentlemen began in some confusion to speak to him about three boxes of Russian cigarettes. Would it—would it be possible for the steward to get these through the customs for them? Henri remembered the mysterious little packets he had seen and now observed that one of the would-be smugglers was casually fingering a hundred dollar bill. As Henri hesitated, a fifty dollar bill was added. The steward was taken aback. "Well, gentlemen," he began, "we might come back to this after leaving Brussels. You are going on to Paris, I believe?"

THE clouds beneath them had dispersed. The liner had already crossed Poland half-way, and the landscape was dreary and monotonous. Scattered fields formed an untidy pattern, and farmsteads and villages looked like the imprints of a cat's paws on muddy ground. Rivers appeared like a grey-green design in a mountainous district. It all looked sad, lonely and desolate. Only an occasional sunbeam gave glad promise of the spring.

As they approached Warsaw, the two Scandinavians paid their bill. Eight bottles of beer in all. Far below lay the capital of Poland. The liner circled and prepared to land. The Frenchwoman, Madame de Créfort, closed her eyes. Henri saw her change colour and handed her a brandy. "Drink this, it will do you good, madame."

She gave him a grateful look, but shook her head. "No, it cannot help me. All I want is to get home. I am very, very ill."

At Warsaw, passport and customs officials awaited them. Every newspaper was confiscated. They came from Russia! One of the black-haired Americans turned green—and a moment later it was the next passenger's turn to be examined. The "lady" on whom Henri had had an eye produced a diplomatic passport! A detective examined this with particular care, then he saluted.

THE stop lasted fifteen minutes, and three new passengers got on—a diplomat with "Quai d'Orsay" written all over him and two Italians bound for Brussels. Their suitcases were plastered over with hotel labels; the latest, from the Grand Hotel, Vienna, looked as if they had not yet had time to dry. An official waved a flag, and they were off again.

Henri worked like a nigger. The standing menu: omelette aux champignons, cutlets with truffles, Camembert and fruit was being served in a manner worthy of the grill-room of a first-class hotel.

And always the bill was handed with the dessert. The ease with which the steward attended to his duties made every one forget that they were travelling at a height of 2,000 metres and that the floor beneath them was a metal sheet carrying them with incredible swiftness over German towns and forests. The loudspeakers of Tempelhofen now heralded the approach of the great silver bird drifting to the ground with graceful ease. The landing steps were hurried up to it.

"Steward! Steward!" Madame de Créfort's hands were pressed to her right side, the words came painfully to her lips. "Is there a doctor? I am feeling very ill."

Henri looked concerned. One of the doctors rose from his seat. "I will gladly assist you, madame."

"Oh, thank you! Have you any morphia?"

He took from his bag a hypodermic syringe and a phial and touched her arm. She soon smiled and gave a sigh of relief.

"Will you allow me?" He examined her, and his face grew very grave. "You are going to Paris?"

She nodded.

"I strongly advise you to get off here and take an ambulance. We will look after you."

"Take your seats!" The Berlin stop was over. The business man and his "secretary" had got off, and their places had been taken by an elderly Frenchwoman accompanied by a pretty young girl. It was Henri's instant conclusion that there was something unusual, something slightly "fishy" about them. He had seldom seen quite such an anxious look on a girl's face. She could not have been more than seventeen.

The cabin doors were flung to, the propellers set in motion, and the liner rose from the ground. Tempelhofen was left behind. For a moment the great city of Berlin pointed its spikes and towers upward, then faded from view.

They were now on their way to Brussels, and again the coffee percolator kept Henri busy. It was the pilot's and wireless operator's turn for refreshment. When he entered their cabin, the latter silently handed him a telegram, which had just been received from Warsaw: "Isa Smirnoff, international spy. Must not be allowed to land at Brussels. Police informed. Isa Smirnoff will be arrested in Paris."

Henri whistled. "Just as I thought," he said, then turned and looked at the passengers.

Madame Smirnoff appeared to be assisting the doctors. She had removed her sables and was spreading them over the prostrate form of Madame de Créfort.

"Well," he said, "she has a heart, though she is a spy."

"Some heart!" ejaculated the pilot. "The kind they wear on bangles, perhaps. I came across that sort in the War, my boy. They help with one hand, and with the other they drive hundreds to destruction."

"I say, Henri," came the wireless operator's feeble voice, "couldn't you ask one of the doctors to come here for a minute? My head is just about driving me mad."

"Steward!" The Englishmen wanted another bottle of whisky. And then the black-haired Americans had something further to say about those cigarettes. . . .

Henri considered. If any incriminating papers were found on Madame Smirnoff, the chances were that the entire contents of the liner would be closely examined. He replied vaguely, and another fifty dollars were forked out. He considered again. Two hundred dollars was a lot of money, but not enough to make it worth while risking his job. These diamond smugglers would do an excellent piece of business if all went well. As he was discussing this with them, he caught a few sharp words uttered in threatening tones by the Frenchwoman, whereupon the young girl began to cry. Well, in situations like this Henri could do nothing, but he had heard enough to be able to guess the reason for the girl's fear. . . .

Bubbling sounds came from the percolator. The Italians wanted some coffee before landing.

"For how long do we stop in Brussels?" asked the younger of the two.

"Twenty minutes, as we have to wait for three other planes, and one from Strasbourg is often late."

Then the young man turned to his friend. "I say, I'd love to go on to Paris for a few days—it isn't often one meets a girl quite so attractive as that little dancer." He had made her acquaintance during the quarter of an hour's stop in Berlin.

"Well, so long as you turn up at the consulate within three days you are free to please yourself," returned the other.

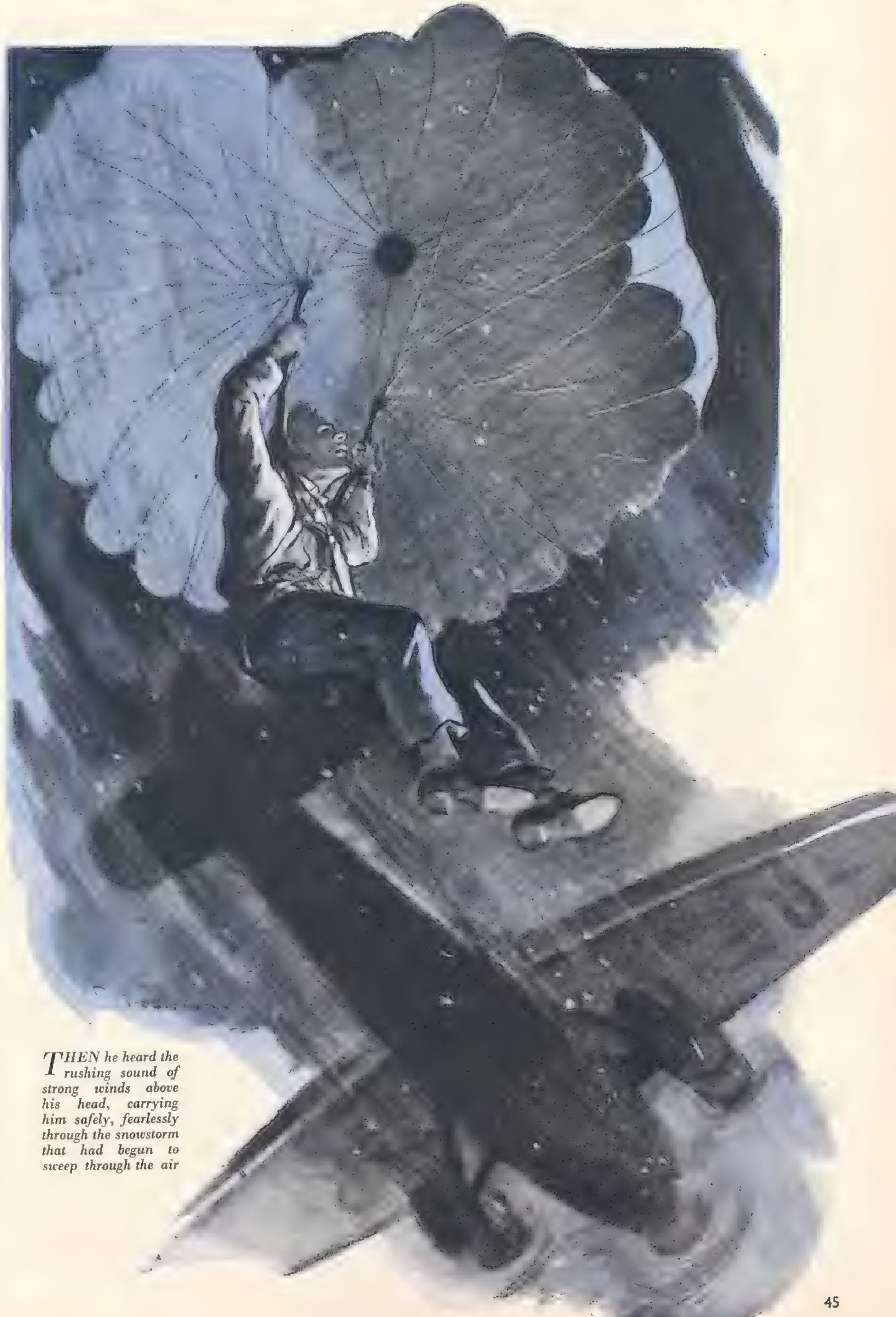
At that moment the Russian girl turned and looked at him. The Italians smiled at her. "All right! I'm coming on to Paris!"

When he had fetched a doctor, Henri stood watching him as he bandaged Franz's head. On examining the wound the doctor had said: "You can thank your stars, young man, that you did not get a concussion into the bargain. Better go straight to hospital when you get to Paris." It was plain that he took a serious view of the case. Franz agreed, for he was feeling much worse than he cared to admit.

Madame Smirnoff was still sitting with the sick woman and had given the young Italian permission to occupy her seat near the Russian dancer, whose little companion had taken up his banjo while gravely listening to their conversation.

A little later the two doctors were conferring about Madame de Créfort's appendicitis. One looked at his watch. "Half an hour before the next stop I should not be surprised if peritonitis had already set in. If so, we shall have to operate the moment we land. I shall remain with the patient, of course. I could not possibly go on and just leave her there. It's a case of life and death, so far as I can judge."

"In that case, I will remain with you. We can take the first plane to Paris tomorrow morning." (*Continued on page* 96)



THEN he heard the rushing sound of strong winds above his head, carrying him safely, fearlessly through the snowstorm that had begun to sweep through the air

A Mother Talks To

I've said "No," and I mean it for your own good, and not just because I like disappointing you, so why not take it as it comes . . . graciously. Sulking doesn't improve your looks and it doesn't accomplish a thing except to make you seem even younger and sillier.

No, and rudeness won't help, either. It doesn't get you anywhere and it doesn't impress me. That kind of reaction to rebuffs can become a habit and a bad habit at that. Why not learn to take your reverses philosophically. You'll be happier if you do.

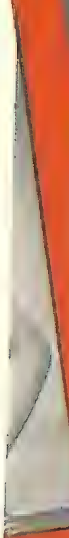
Yes, I may seem an old school marm to you, but school marms have their uses and you can learn from them. Keeping people at arm's length just because they don't agree with you is very bad business, and means loneliness when youth and looks are gone.

Yes, my dear, I'm still here and you haven't gained a thing by changing your dress unless you've changed your temper with it. Don't try to dodge issues. Life has to be faced and facing up to it often proves it kinder than you thought.

Another word out of me and you'll what? You'll do nothing, Miss Talker. My child, you talk too much and act too little. You can't inspire confidence unless you show yourself capable of emitting something more than hot air, you know.

Oh, so you think it's funny. And you think I do a lot of talking, too. But knowing *when* to talk is something worth while and this seems the right moment to talk to you, while you're still young enough to mend your ways.

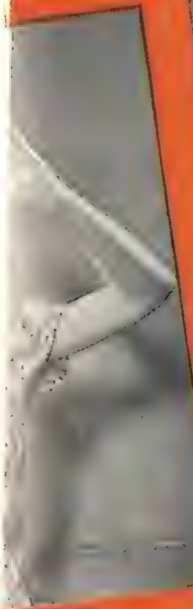
Her Daughter



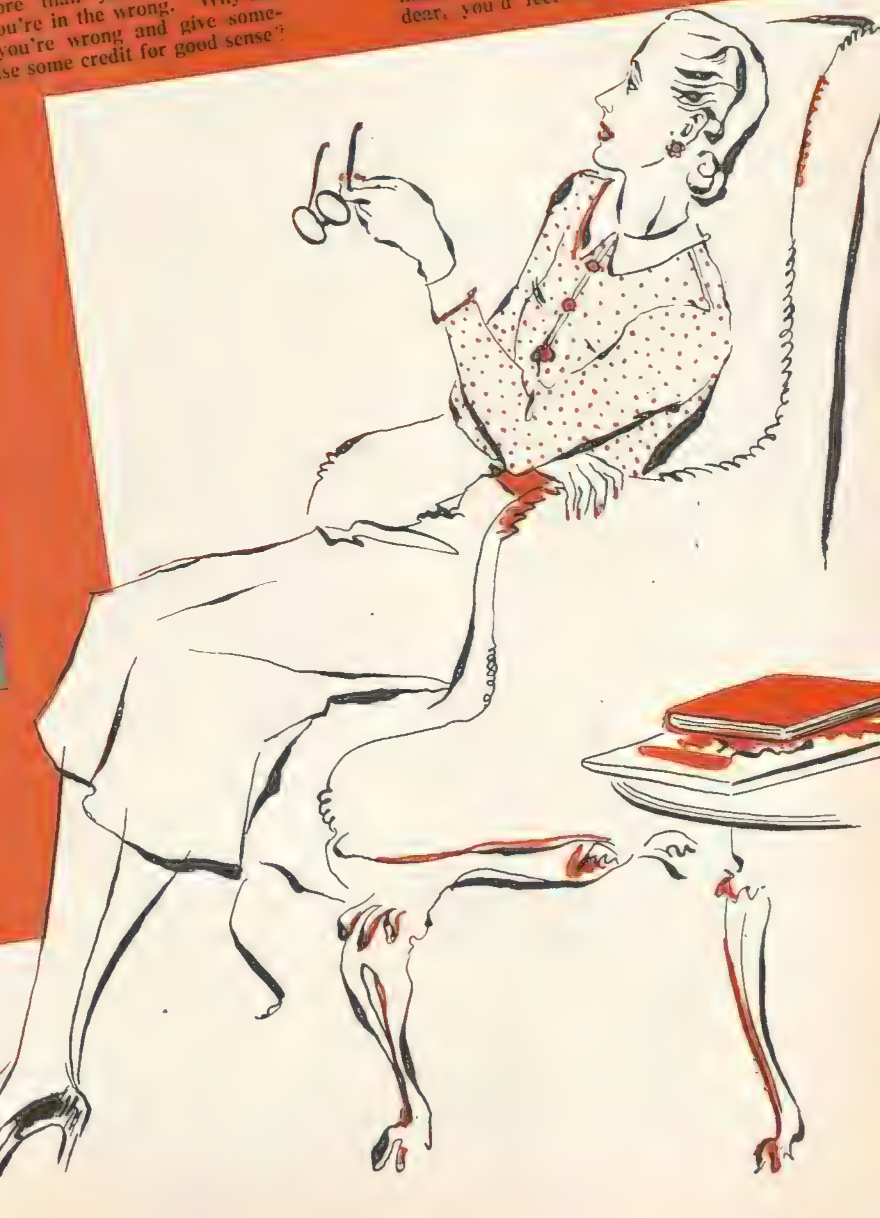
Don't forget that you will get old yourself, my poppet. You'll change whether you like it or not, and the things such as these that seem a lot of fun to you now will have the appearance that they now have to me.

Treating me as if I were just an old fool doesn't make a hoot of difference, any more than justifying yourself when you're in the wrong. Why not admit you're wrong and give somebody else some credit for good sense?

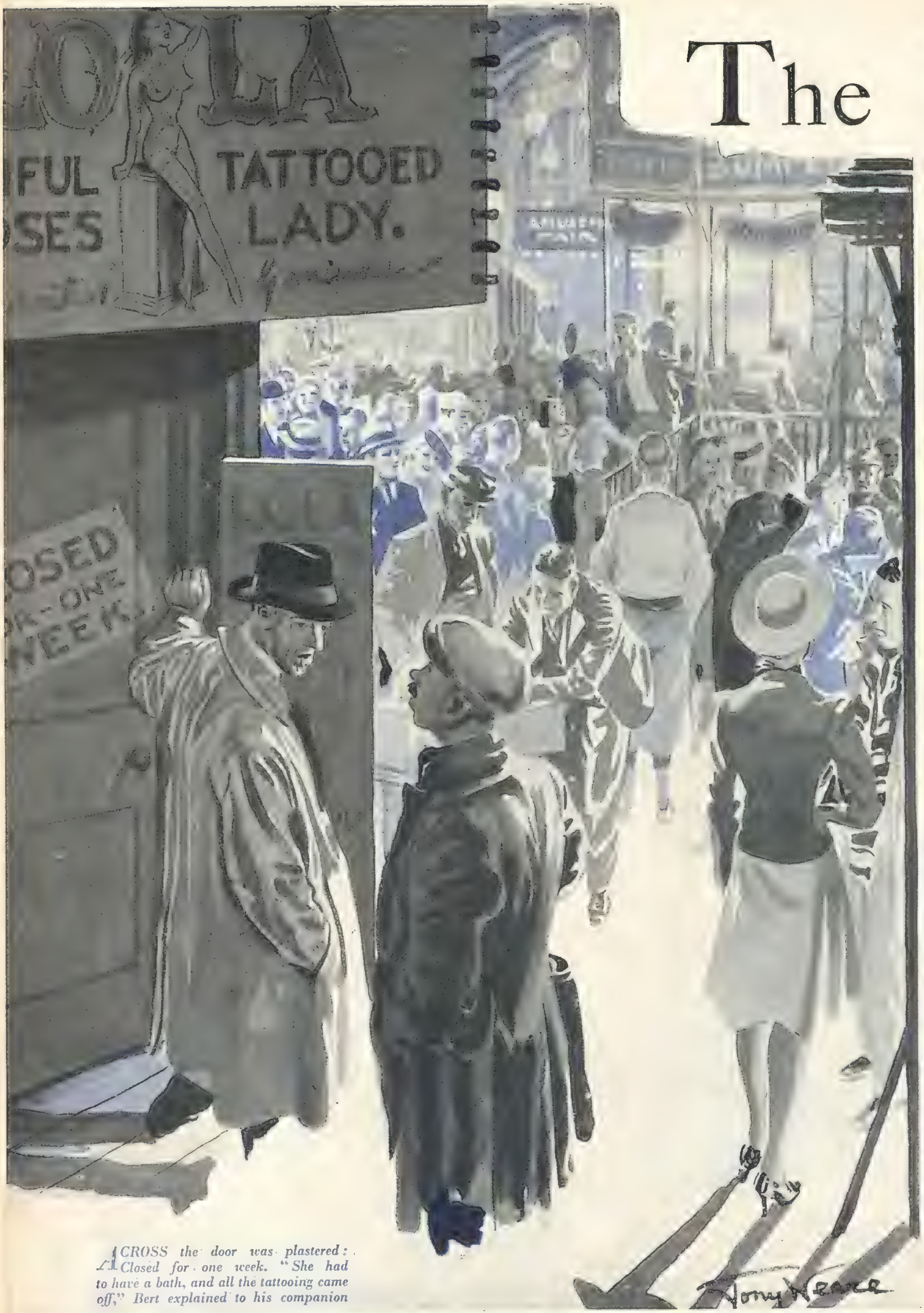
Yes, I suppose I get on your nerves, that's because you are ridden by your own emotions. If you applied the energy you use in justifying bad manners to cultivating good ones, my dear, you'd feel better right away.



So you do think there is something in it after all. Well, I'm not surprised, because you're a darling, and you've got brains when you bother to be yourself and forget to be a self-centred minx. Think it over now, it's worth it.



The Man



ACROSS the door was plastered: Closed for one week. "She had to have a bath, and all the tattooing came off," Bert explained to his companion

"MY trouble," said the man with the upturned coat collar, "My trouble is—I glow."

Bert stared at him across the magazines and papers scattered on the table in the doctor's waiting-room.

"I glow," the man repeated. "You know, give off a glimmer!"

The man had a cap pulled well over his eyes, and his coat collar made it impossible to see much of his face. His hands on the table top were hidden by gloves.

"Put the light out," he suggested. "I'll let you have a look."

Bert rose stiffly, because he had two boils on the back of his neck, and reached to the electric-light switch. It clicked. Darkness closed down.

"There y'are," said the man.

He removed his cap and opened his coat collar. His face became visible. It shone precisely as though it was a moustached mask with a lamp behind it. His cheekbones and his jutting ears had a particularly luminous quality. His refulgence was such, Bert noticed, that the titles of the magazines on the table were readable.

"First time I saw myself in the glass," the man said, "I couldn't hardly believe it."

Bert remained staring through the darkness, his mouth open in astonishment, and his head tilted to keep the boils away from his collar.

"How'd you get like that?" he asked.

"It's just come," said the man. "I thought I'd better see the doctor about it. What's wrong with you?"

"I've got a couple of boils," Bert explained. "Here, are you like that all over?"

"Yes," the man replied. "You want to see me in the bath, though. Talk about fireworks!"

"How long have you been like it?" Bert demanded.

"Three or four days."

"Gaw' blimey," said Bert softly, and switched on the light.

Immediately, the man's appearance became normal.

BERT resumed his seat gazing thoughtfully at his companion.

"D'you think it's a disease?" he asked. "The glow, I mean,"

"Well, it's something," the man said worriedly. "I used to be a gas-fitter's mate, but I don't think that's got anything to do with it because I've been out of work for over four months now." He added: "My name's Larkin. Sam Larkin."

Then he was silent for a few moments.

"Luckily," he said. "Luckily the missus ain't noticed anything yet. She's a very heavy sleeper." He added: "She makes you eat arrowroot if you ain't well, and I hate the stuff!"

"Listen," Bert said, and glanced towards the door of the doctor's surgery.

They could hear the doctor's voice as he talked with the patient who had gone in ahead of them.

Who Became Luminous

He was a "bright light" at the fun fair but a dark outlook to his wife

By

Barré Lyndon

Bert spoke urgently across the table, his voice lowered.

"There might be a bit of money in this, mate," he said.

"How d'you mean," Sam asked, and leaned forward.

When he did that, his face was thrown into deep shadow, and Bert saw him glowing inside his coat collar.

"There must be money in this somewhere," Bert told him.

"I could use it," said Sam. "I mean, out of work four months!"

Bert remained looking at the man reflectively. Bert Hoskins could always be relied upon to see money in a thing. He had been a bookmaker's clerk, and was doing a little unsuccessful tipping at the moment. The stone-ginger, rock-bottom certainties which he tipped for a shilling a time were all coming unstuck and, like Sam, he could now use a little money.

"Listen," he said again.

Sam bent closer, and waited while Bert glanced at the surgery door again.

"Come outside," said Bert, and started to rise. "Come outside! I've got an idea."

The luminous man rose, adjusting his coat collar and his cap.

"Didn't you want to see the doctor?" he asked.

"My boils can wait," Bert replied. "There's money in you. Come on!"

THREE shops had been knocked into one at the base of a building due for demolition. The space thus made available had been turned into a fun fair. Its neon lights and bright electrics glowed within a stone's throw of Piccadilly. It had a shooting gallery, rows of pin-tables, small side shows and booths.

The place was very busy when Bert and Sam Larkin walked in. The man who ran the place was, Bert said, a very old friend, and they were going to have a word with him.

They passed pin-tables and a booth where, for twopence, the curious could inspect a family of dwarfs. Next to them was a palmist, and set where it would catch the most trade was a booth labelled: "Lola, the beautiful Tattooed Lady. Tattooed all over. Lovely pictures guaranteed genuine."

Across the door was plastered: "Closed for one week."

"She had to have a bath, and all the tattooing came off," Bert explained to his companion. "That place 'ud do us very nicely, though."

Bert thumped on a door, then pushed it open, and entered a small office. At a table sat a man counting piles of coppers and slipping them into bags.

"Hello, Charley," said Bert.

Charley glanced up. He was a big man, in his shirt sleeves and smoking a pipe. He had an air of being disillusioned.

"Doing all right?" Bert asked.

"I'm doing lousy," Charley replied. "And if you want the price of a pint, you're unlucky!"

"You will have your little joke, won't you!" Bert said, and laughed before he became abruptly confidential. "Charley, I got a new freak. I found him over in Acton."

Charley looked at the muffled figure of Sam Larkin. Bert closed the door. Charley went on counting coppers.

"He glows," said Bert persuasively, and nodded to Sam. "Go on, mate, show him!"

Sam removed his cap, overcoat and gloves. Then took off his shoes, and socks.

"What's the idea?" Charley demanded balefully, when Sam stood bare-footed before him.

"You watch," Bert replied, and then switched off the light.

Charley became aware of a lustrous face, two gleaming hands and a pair of apparently dismembered feet.

"Move about, mate," Bert ordered.

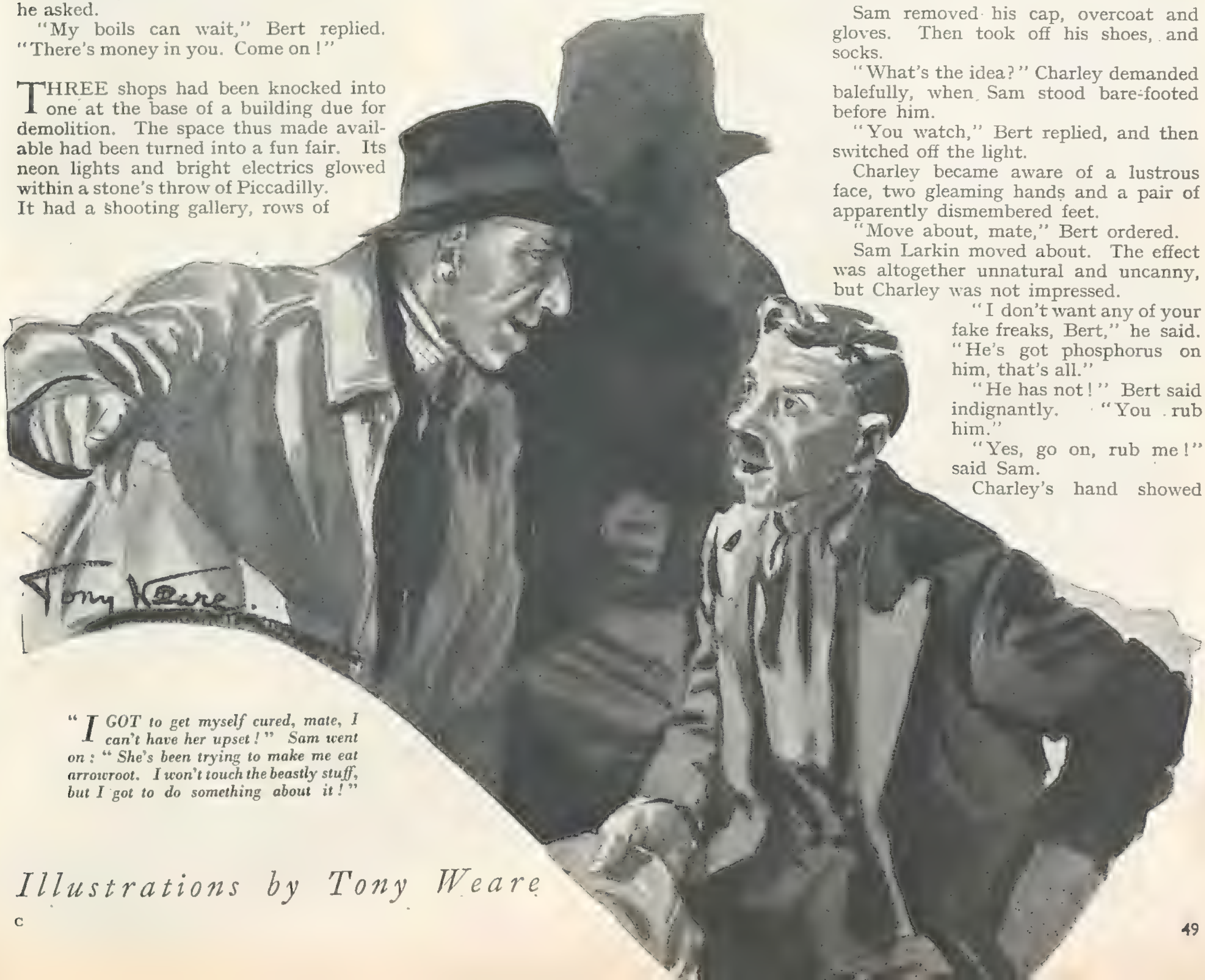
Sam Larkin moved about. The effect was altogether unnatural and uncanny, but Charley was not impressed.

"I don't want any of your fake freaks, Bert," he said. "He's got phosphorus on him, that's all."

"He has not!" Bert said indignantly. "You rub him."

"Yes, go on, rub me!" said Sam.

Charley's hand showed



"I GOT to get myself cured, mate, I can't have her upset!" Sam went on: "She's been trying to make me eat arrowroot. I won't touch the beastly stuff, but I got to do something about it!"

Illustrations by Tony Weare

dark against Sam's cheek as he rubbed vigorously. Sam's face remained unchanged.

"The stuff don't come off," Charley admitted. "How d'you do it?"

"It's natural!" Bert assured him. "He's grown like it."

"Have you been eating something?" Charley asked.

"No," Sam replied.

"He's all right in himself," said Bert.

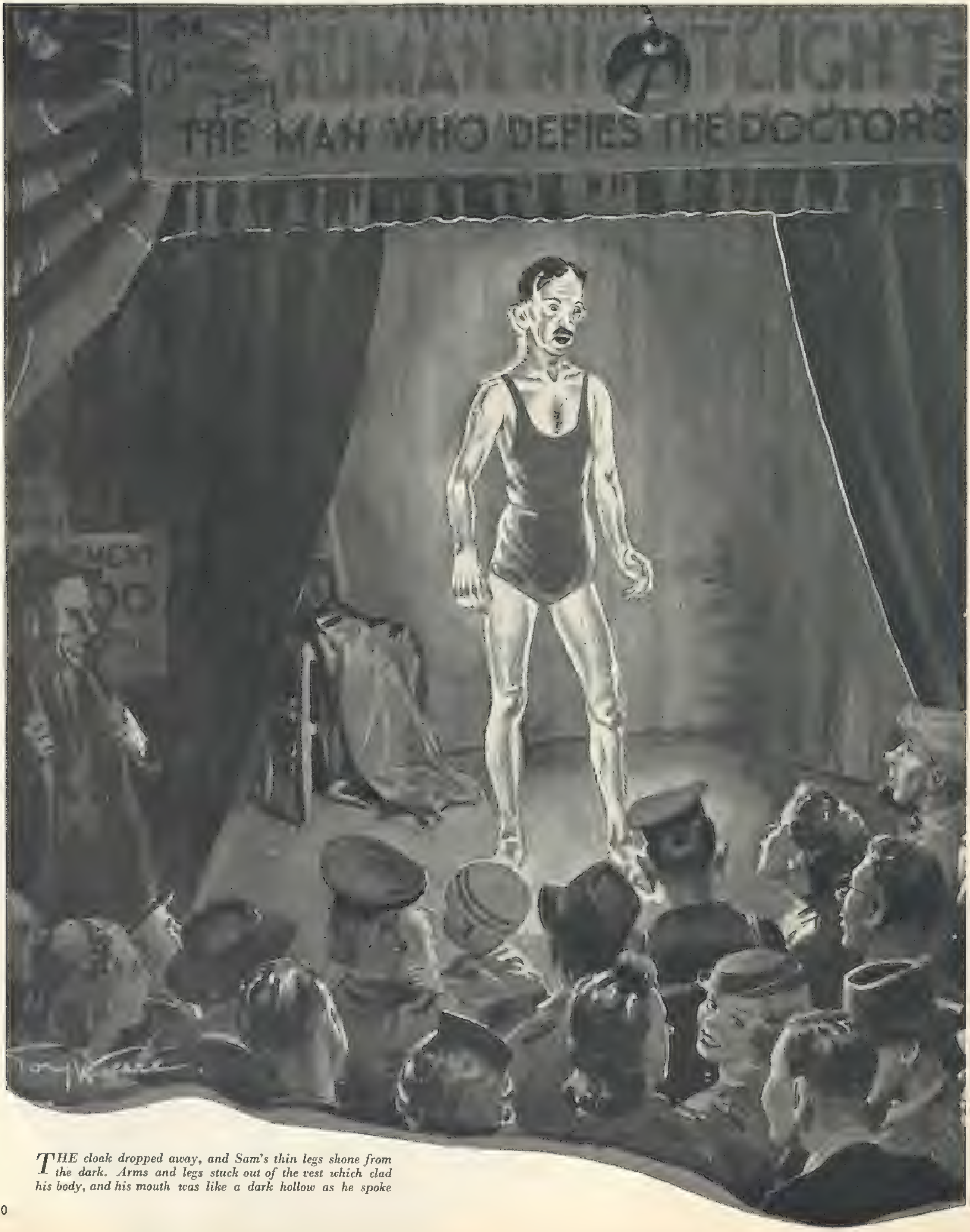
He switched the light on. Charley sat blinking sceptically at Sam Larkin who looked from one to the other, his mouth agape.

"You can't see anything except in the dark," Bert said. "Now, have you got the idea, Charley? 'The Luminous Man—'e Glows! The Eighth Wonder of the World—Tuppence to see him!'"

"There might be something in it," Charley commented.

"We could use Lola's booth," Bert told him. "And we'll split the takings."

"I'll give you five bob in the pound," said Charley.


HUMAN NI TLIGHT
THE MAN WHO DEFIES THE DOCTORS

THE cloak dropped away, and Sam's thin legs shone from the dark. Arms and legs stuck out of the vest which clad his body, and his mouth was like a dark hollow as he spoke

"We split the takings," Bert said, "or there's nothing doing."

"Six bob in the pound," Charley offered.

Bert touched Sam Larkin's arm, and they turned to the door.

"We'll go somewhere else," Bert said.

"All right, I'll split the takings," Charley growled. "Tell Harry to put you some signs up."

BERT HOSKINS stood on a box, talking confidentially to a small crowd, but pitching his voice so that it reached those who were playing the pin-tables. His tones cut through the blurred clatter of stainless steel balls flicking off the check-pins of "Crimson Thunderbolt" machines. It reached the ears of those who strove hopefully to score fifteen thousand on the "Miami Express," and thereby win five cigarettes. It rose above the thudding of electric bumpers on the Chicago-made "Rollo-Bollo." *Match three lights or score 25,000 for five cigs. Four lights and 37,500—ten cigs.*

All evening, Bert had been passing cash customers through the booth, and the canvas sack of pennies that rested on the chair had grown heavy.

"The Human Nightlight—'e Glows!" Bert said. "He looks the same as you and me. He walks and he talks and he even drinks beer, but in the dark he shines, gentlemen! He's terrifying, and 'e's marvellous! He's defied the doctors of every country in Europe. He's unique and 'e's wonderful! I'm authorised by the management to offer one hundred pounds to anybody who can prove he's not genuine, and to that I'll add five quid of my own money!

"Tuppence to see him, gentlemen. Tuppence only to see this miracle of the twentieth century—this human torch—this man what wakes himself up when he shuts his eyelids and wants to go to sleep! He glows! You can read a newspaper by him! Once and once only he's here. Miss this, and you miss a miracle. Tuppence! Who's the first?"

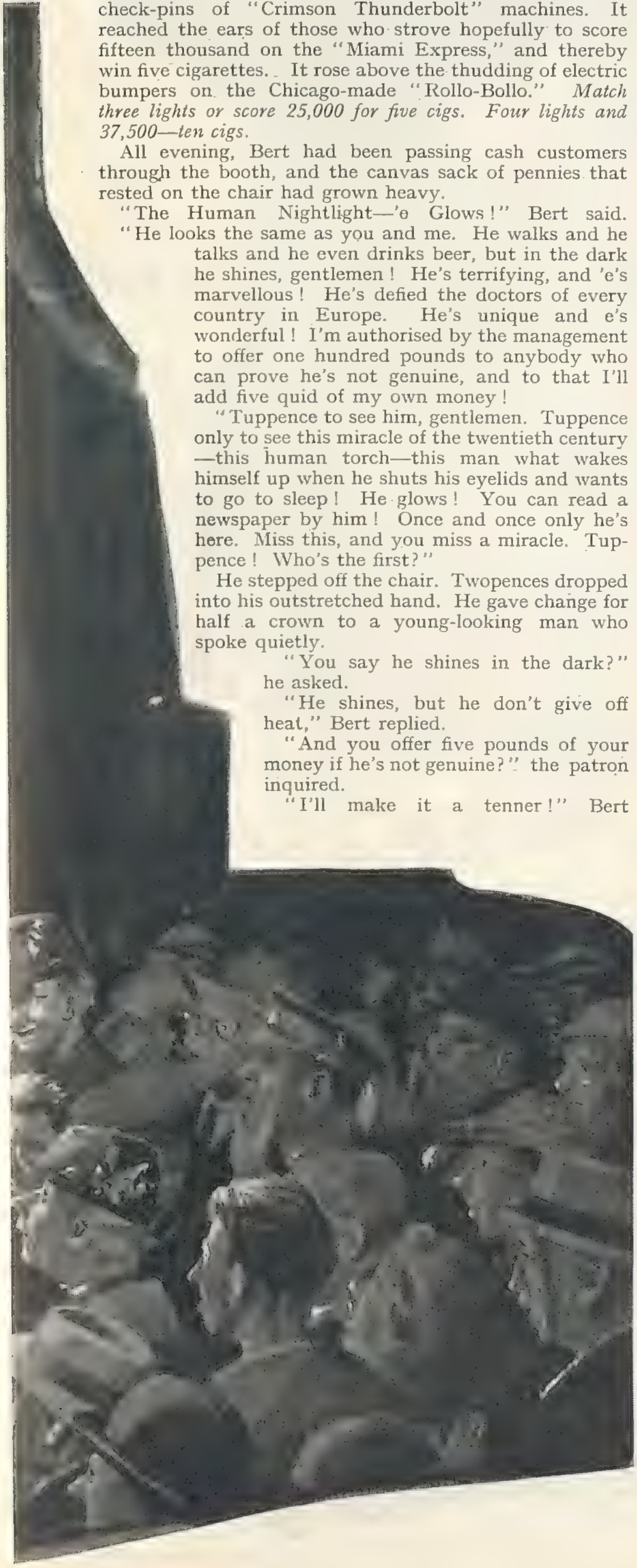
He stepped off the chair. Twopences dropped into his outstretched hand. He gave change for half a crown to a young-looking man who spoke quietly.

"You say he shines in the dark?" he asked.

"He shines, but he don't give off heat," Bert replied.

"And you offer five pounds of your money if he's not genuine?" the patron inquired.

"I'll make it a tenner!" Bert answered vehemently, and raised his voice, addressing the crowd. "Here's a gent who doubts what he's going to see!" he called. "I'll pay ten quid of my own dough if he proves that my Luminous Man ain't natural! I've been challenged, and I accept the challenge. Pass along, sir, I'll see you inside."



The booth would hold thirty comfortably, and forty with a squeeze. Bert had to fight his way to get inside when he finally shut the door. He shouldered his way forward and mounted the tiny platform at the end.

"Let that gent come nearer!" he called, and pointed to the young-looking man. "Come right up, sir. Are you a scientist, or something?"

"I'm a medical student," came the answer.

"He's a doctor!" Bert told the crowd. "A doctor, practising at a West End hospital. Come up close, sir. Come and have a good look! And now, gentlemen, you shall see this phenomenon of nature!" He turned to curtains at the back. "Luminous Man—show yourself!"

Sam Larkin emerged, draped in a black cloak, his hair neatly brushed and his moustache combed.

"Take a good look at him!" Bert said. "He looks the same as anybody else, don't he! Well, have a dekko at this!"

He reached to an electric-light switch and snapped it down. Out of the gloom which followed, Sam's head shone with unnatural effect. He started at once into the spiel which Bert had taught him.

"I'm a gas-fitter's mate, by trade," he said. "Born and bred in Acton, London. What you now see is a natural marvel, like the Giant's Causeway, or Vesuvius. I glow all over. See my 'and!"

One hand came from beneath his cloak, shining.

"See my other 'and and my nether limbs!"

The other hand appeared. The cloak dropped away, and Sam's thin legs shone from the dark. Arms and legs stuck out of the vest which clad his body, and his mouth was like a dark hollow as he spoke on.

"If anybody's got a newspaper, and holds it close, the glow from my 'and will enable them to read the print," he said. "I don't eat nothing special and I don't drink nothing to keep me like this. I thank you kindly."

"Half a mo', where's that doctor!" Bert called. "Come up on the platform, sir. Examine him! Tell my audience whether the Luminous Man is all I said he was, or whether he ain't!"

The medical student struggled on to the platform. He rubbed Sam's arm. He turned him round and rubbed one shoulder.

"Put the light on!" he called.

Bert obeyed. Sam was revealed in his singlet. He reached for the black cloak and modestly draped himself again. The student examined his skin, his fingernails and eyes.

"Extraordinary!" he said.

"Is he genuine?" Bert demanded.

"Apparently he is," the student replied.

"There you are, gentlemen! There's medical proof that the Luminous Man is no fake. He's a freak o' nature. He shines in the dark. He glows! It's a natural gift. Same way out as you came in, gents. I thank you!" He turned to Sam. "All right, mate, bung off back!"

Sam disappeared through the curtains. The crowd struggled out. The student dropped from the platform with a nod to Bert, who moved after him as the customers disappeared.

"Here," Bert said. "Have you got any idea what's wrong with him?"

"Not the slightest," said the student.

Bert weighed the bag containing the evening's takings, then spoke thoughtfully.

"How long's it likely to last?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I've no idea," the student replied. "How long has he been like it?"

"About a week," Bert told him. "P'raps it's something that ain't curable," he added hopefully.

"He has been medically examined, I take it," the student said.

"No, not yet," Bert admitted.

"Oh?" The student looked at him. "I'd like to bring someone along to see him, some time," he suggested.

Bert glanced towards the cubicle, then spoke in a whisper.

"I don't want him cured, you know."

"No." He glanced at the canvas bag. "No," he said again. "I see!"

He smiled, and went out. Bert turned sharply to the platform and called Sam.

"That gentleman was really a very important specialist," he told Sam. "He may be bringing another bloke to see you."

"What for?" Sam asked.

"Just to have a look at you. The medical profession's highly interested in this kind of thing,

(*Continued on page* 90)

CHATEAUBRIAND
A Biography
THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE
The Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
MARJORIE BOWEN
EUROPE GOING GOING
CELLULOID SAFARI
STIRLING GILLESPIE

WYNDHAM LEWIS THE ARTIST
MORE ABOUT ME
NAOMI JACOB
HUTCHINSON
THE DREAM WORLD
SUFFOLK SCENE
Julian Tennyson
huntin' shootin' and fishin'
I Robbed the Lords and Ladies Gay
MURIEL NORROY

BOOKS: Reviewed by Alan Seymour

AS this is August, the holiday month, let's begin with a real holiday book—the wholly delicious "Huntin', Shootin' and Fishin'," by K. R. G. Browne, irrepressibly illustrated by A. H. D'Egville. The price of this volume is 5s., and its publishers, Cassell and Co., have done modernity a good turn, for it is the perfect antidote to the jitters.

Browne and D'Egville form an ideal team and extract every possible drop of humour from the highly diverting pursuits from which their manual derives its name.

It might be supposed that this trinity of pastimes can hardly be looked upon to yield any new humour, as they have in the past provided such a wealth of fun but the big thing about this book is its complete originality of thought, and I should think that its very dedication, "To Messrs. Tattersalls, the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and MacFisheries Ltd.," will be enough to show you that you owe it to yourself to take this book with you on your holiday.

HAVE you ever spent a holiday in Suffolk? I should imagine that this comparatively neglected rural county offers delightful scope for a useful and interesting vacation.

This thought is inspired by "Suffolk Scenes" (Blackie and Company, 8s. 6d.), Julian Tennyson's beautifully produced book of description and adventure in what must certainly rank as one of the most English of all the English counties.

The book is profusely illustrated with really beautiful photographs in addition to containing a frontispiece of a lovely wash drawing of Peasenhall windmill by Professor Schwabe.

Lovers of Suffolk will be proud of this beautifully written book. The author's affection for the county of his birth is obviously sincere, and he presents a charming and convincing picture of the Suffolk countryside, of the manners and moods of her country-folk and a record of her distinguished men.

The photographs to which I referred above were specially taken by Clive de Paula and are complementary to the text.

The author is a great grandson of the poet Tennyson and his family have a connexion with East Anglia extending over 600 years.

(*Continued on page* 93)

The Book of the Month

"The Struggle for Peace," by The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, P.C., M.P.,
(Publishers: Hutchinson & Co.) Price 8s. 6d.

HIS political antagonists are accustomed to accuse the Prime Minister of being so obsessed by the necessity for peace that he is prepared to make literally *any* sacrifice rather than allow this country to fight.

However this may be, no one will deny him his tenacity of purpose in keeping this country out of war.

Whether there are some sacrifices too great even for such an object is not for me to go into now, for my present purpose is to bring to your notice this collection of the Premier's peace speeches, numbering some three dozen.

In order to remind readers of the exact circumstances in which each speech was made, it was found essential to add connecting links with explanatory notes.

This part of the compilation has been performed admirably by Mr. Arthur Bryant, to whom Mr. Chamberlain pays tribute in his foreword.

Chronologically, the speeches start with that on "Accepting a trust," made on May 31, 1937—three days after he became Prime Minister—ending with that which he made on April 3 last in the House of Commons, in which he sought to make clear for all time the position of this country in the struggle for peace.

This book provides essential records of the part our political leaders have played and are still playing in the preservation of some semblance of order in Europe and without reference to it, it is difficult to keep these efforts in focus.

In addition to the speeches, the negotiations during the crisis of last September are fully documented, letters between Mr. Chamberlain and Herr Hitler also being included.

If you agree with the Premier's foreign policy, this book will be a modern bible for you. If you do not wholly endorse his methods, this book will at least give you a valuable insight into his aims.

By LOUISA KAY

IT'S HOT WEATHER FOR BABIES

Given the choice, most women would choose a summer début for their babies, but it is not so certain that if he were consulted, the baby would choose this time of year to gain his first experience of living.

High temperatures and long days out of doors seem to make a background for the ideal beginning, but they have discomforts, too, even dangers of which, often, only the baby himself is aware.

Take his personal comfort for a start.

With temperatures registering normal summer levels, the new baby can be put outdoors after twenty-four hours. A good beginning so long as other things are favourable.

Remembering that this morsel has been suddenly thrust into a strange new world, it is plainly vital to his physical and nervous well-being that he should adjust himself carefully.

Leaving a world where it was warm, quiet and above all dark, he awakes to find himself exposed to bright lights, changing temperatures and alarming sounds.

In the winter these novelties are somewhat subdued by his presence in a warm, quiet room with the immediate protection of a snug little nest, but outdoors, where he finds himself in summer light, sound and temperatures are amplified.

When he goes into the garden (and he should as soon as possible), it is wise to choose a quiet spot for the pram where there is adequate protection from the light. It is essential also to anticipate the rapid changes of temperature so typical of English summer weather.

Though eyes and face should be well shielded from the light, a leather hood is not the thing to do it with. Inside this back-water warm air collects and stagnates. Used air hovers over his face and is employed over and over with much the same result as if he were shut up in a warm room.

A canopy is better than a leather hood, but even this should be of simple design, without ornate fringes that deny a free current of air around the baby's face.

The need for walking him in the streets in hot weather should be dictated by convenience alone. *No benefit whatever* is derived from the motion of the baby carriage, whereas the quietness of a sheltered garden is in many ways preferable to the noise and dust of the streets.

Clothing for the summer should be light. There is a real danger of overburdening the young baby with clothes in the warmer months. The little Aertex vests are ideal for this time of year, and if blankets are necessary at all, they should be of the light cellular variety, allowing the intake of fresh air to the skin.

There is, of course, more danger of infection in summer than in winter, though our improved knowledge of scientific artificial feeding has reduced the risk enormously.

Summer diarrhœa, which was once responsible for such a high rate of infant mortality, is still a risk to be reckoned with, especially in the case of bottle feeding.

Preventive measures are simple and all-important and include first and foremost, sterilisation of milk used in the preparation of food mixtures as well as adequate protection for the child and his surroundings from flies.

In the home where there is a baby a refrigerator is no less than a necessity. Tests have proved that a cubic centimetre of milk kept at fifty-five degrees will, in twelve hours, develop nearly ten times more bacterial content than milk kept at forty-three

(Continued on page 86)

If you are not interested in your
you belong to one of the types listed
say something to you, write to us for

	Activities	Hazards
 SPORTSWOMAN	Out in all weathers, shooting, golfing, tennising. There is little or no time for beauty care and yet sun, wind and glare tax beauty to the utmost.	RED VEINS: Extremes of climate cause these. Neglected, they may become serious blemishes. BLOODSHOT EYES: Eyes strained from following the flight of that ball—or a bird—against a glare or a high wind. CONCENTRATION LINES: There is no real need to screw up one's face in effort, but we all do. NEGLECTED HAIR: The teasing wind, or a little sports felt jammed on tightly all day, makes hair feel and look spiritless. PERSPIRATION: Excessive exertion may ruin clothes, peace of mind, and even your game.
 HOUSEWIFE	Busy all day with numerous odd jobs that no one else can do quite as well. Leading a home life that is usually placid and lacking the zest of energetic exercise.	WORN HANDS: Gardening and rough work stain the lines of the hands disastrously. BREAKING NAILS: These are the result of too much washing and housework, not enough care. WRINKLED EYELIDS: Blame darning and sewing, plus a general disinclination to use eye-shadow, which can be helpful in feeding the lid tissues. SAGGING CONTOUR: The mental relaxation of home life is reflected here. THICK WAISTLINE: It doesn't help to spend hours sitting down, chatting quietly about the things you should do but don't.
 CAREER-WOMAN	Hard at work all day, and playing often at night, maybe, in some large city. Seeking as much glamour as is necessary for your job, and as much as varying fortunes will allow.	LUSTRELESS HAIR: Hats, city grime, hard water and neglected brushing are the causes of this. THICK HIPS: Hours spent studying, typing, reading, will spread hips that are inclined to be fleshy. CITY COMPLEXION: Too little exercise and fresh air, plus the ravages of city dust, bring out a generally grimed skin condition. WRINKLED NECK: Heads sagging chestwards over books, or typewriters spells doom to smooth young necks. LEATHER-ELBOWS: These are leant on so cruelly at the desk and on the table.
 TOWN-GIRL	Living in a whirl of parties and late nights. Great fun, but wearying for the looks. You may know most of the answers to beauty problems but remember that a party-girl life is positively hounding to the looks.	HEAVY PUFFY EYES: These are caused by cigarette smoke, never an hour's sleep before midnight, and not enough pure oxygen. WRINKLED FOREHEAD: This is mostly due to over-animation in facial expression. LATE-NIGHT FACE: Grey and frowsy skin, dull under the make-up, tells a tale of insufficient sleep. CROWSFEET: These crowd around the eyes protecting them against the bright lights. TIRED FEET AND CORNS: You wear high heels all day shopping and all night dancing; very cruel.
 COUNTRY-GIRL	Early to bed and rising with the dawn is excellent if you know how to remedy the effects of strenuous outdoor life. If not, country girl may fade at too early an age.	GENERAL OVERWEIGHT: Too much cream, butter, milk, and the very freshness of the air seems to make everything doubly nutritious. WEATHERED COMPLEXION: Sun in the morning, wind in the evening, yet you go hatless, and most likely without any protective cream. HARD HANDS: Holding reins, the dogs' leads, the market basket. You love it and want your hands to look useful—but not rough and unpleasant. SCANTY EYELASHES: Country lashes miss regular brushing with mascara and therefore their growth suffers. FRECKLES: Country girls' freckles flourish with sunshine and an outdoor life.

looks skip these pages, but if
and the specialised beauty troubles
fuller particulars. Address given below ★

Treatment	Make-up
RED VEINS: An instantly absorbed nutritive cream will feed the fine surface skin, strengthening it against the weather, and a lotion will fade the veins into insignificance. If necessary the veins can be safely removed at a London salon. *BLOODSHOT EYES:* Bathe the eyes regularly with a reliable herbal eye-lotion. While resting, place pads of cotton-wool soaked in a specific lotion, on the closed eyes. This will absorb fatigue and any inflammation of the eyes. *CONCENTRATION LINES:* Cleanse the face with a special soothing herbal wash that removes every vestige of dust and dirt and refines the skin. At night a unique cream with gland ingredients that are deeply penetrative will eliminate the lines. *NEGLECTED HAIR:* An excellent hair tonic will revive hair, stimulating growth, retarding greyness and dandruff. The tonic is made oily or non-oily. *PERSPIRATION:* Marvellous little depilatory-lotion-soaked pads are simple to use and superbly effective.	Something needed with the tang of outdoors but not a glamour-girl tan. Try a mingle of gipsy and super-feminine, Rubinstein's Rose-Tan. It will take its depth from your own shade of tan, is glowing and yet inconspicuous.
WORN HANDS: Use a Latex disk for washing the hands. At night gloves should be worn over a supply of specialised hand cream that whitens, softens and nourishes. *BREAKING NAILS:* There is a really nutritive nail cream—use this frequently. Troublesome cuticles should be treated with a cream that has been created by a nail and hand specialist. These two combined make the perfect nail-care treatment. *WRINKLED EYELIDS:* Try and cultivate the habit of smearing a highly recommended herbal oil over the lids. It looks youthful and does wonders in the way of preventing that concertina-eyelid effect. *SAGGING CONTOUR:* Face exercises and a new stimulating patter carefully used will revive youthful lines, especially around the jaw-line, jowls and sagging cheeks. *THICK WAISTLINE:* Exercises are essential. Also use a marvellously effective slimming lotion that should be gently massaged into that spare-tyre roll. You are promised visible results in little over a week.	A perfectly natural make-up. Should affect distinctive beauty, feminine charm, and all the grace of the indoor hostess. There is one with just these qualities. It will blend with your own colouring and suit all your clothes, English Rose, by Cyclax.
LUSTRELESS HAIR: Occasionally use a good brightening soapless shampoo and dry your hair in the sun. A particular spray hairdressing gives instant brilliance. *THICK HIPS:* Special floor exercises will soon mould hips into the right curves and you can use a localised-fat slimming lotion, in addition take a special slimming bath. *CITY COMPLEXION:* The most essential beauty care is perfect cleansing night and morning. A remarkably pure, deep-pore cleansing milk should be used. To supply sun and fresh air deficiencies, use a new scientific lamp that promises to glow away all pimples, blackheads and skin dullness. It is supplied with a radio-active cream. *WRINKLED NECK:* With neck exercises done regularly, half your worry is over. Two or three nights each week treat your neck with a super-penetrative vitamin cream. *LEATHER-ELBOWS:* Soak a cream prepared from lemons and vegetable oils into the elbows at night, massage it in and leave it to soften and whiten. Before going to bed wipe off the surplus.	Something that has a dash of glamour but is passable in work-a-day hours. Barbara Gould's Currant-Rose goes perfectly with navy, black, and most smart, yet practical, colours.
HEAVY PUFFY EYES: Magic eye-drops will take away that never-can-open-again feeling and give you lustrous eyes. Herbal eye sachets should be rested on your closed eyes to relieve puffiness and general tiredness. *WRINKLED FOREHEAD:* A clever forehead-frown plaster will iron out all the lines you have "expressed" into your face during the day. Must be used with a bracing jelly. *LATE-NIGHT FACE:* An extra special facial pack that cannot hurt even the driest skin, will rejuvenate the face, giving you a fresh youthful radiance. If you think skin dullness is due to liver, try a really good skin-clearing effervescent saline. *CROWSFEET:* Pat in a wonder cream that absorbs wrinkles and feeds the delicate under-eye tissues. *TIRED FEET AND CORNS:* A certain foot bath will draw out all the burning acids of the feet, giving unbelievable relief. A special foot powder sustains this relief for the evening. For corn removing there is a really relentless liquid, easily applied, that just wilts them away.	Glamorous. Elizabeth Arden's latest Stop-Red. It matches most of the newest fashion colours and takes pride of place for becoming sophistication.
GENERAL OVERWEIGHT: A herbal slimming tonic counteracts sluggishness caused by extra weight, makes you feel like jumping over the moon, and shows quick results. *WEATHERED COMPLEXION:* Paint a thin white mask on the face, leave it on all night or for an hour or so and then massage it off with a very fine skin food. This treatment is only necessary occasionally. It removes any rough semi-tanned or sallow appearance and is good for most troublesome skin conditions. *HARD HANDS:* A delightful lotion will keep them smooth, slightly perfumed, and cared-for. Cream them and sleep in gloves occasionally. *SCANTY LASHES:* There are two excellent preparations—take your choice. One is a strengthening cream eyelash cosmetic that promotes growth. The other is to be painted on the roots at night. Use one or both regularly, results will astound you. *FRECKLES:* A superb freckle cream applied at night, is really strong and should fade your face sun spots right away. If you freckle easily you should use a good protective cream as a foundation, even if you don't use much powder.	Very young, very natural and rather piquant. Seymour's Protective Cream as a foundation, with Seymour Peach Powder, Sun Rouge and No. 5 lipstick.

★ Editor, Women's Department
32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

GLANDS are the mysterious reservoirs and power houses of the body. They are doubly mysterious because so much remains to be known about them. Chief among them are the ductless glands, so called because they project their secretions straight into the blood stream: in contra-distinction, for instance, to the parotid gland which is situated in the cheek and has definite ducts for the projection of the saliva it generates on to the gums and into the mouth.

There are five main ductless glands.

The Pituitary, placed in the forehead behind the root of the nose, governs the action of the great involuntary and reproductive muscles, chiefly those in the breast and the womb. It also has to do with metabolism (explained later).

The Thyroid, placed in the front of the neck about the wind-pipe, influences growth and energy. People who suffer from a deficiency of thyroid are lethargic, their entire process of metabolism is retarded.

The Pancreatic Glands, guarding the lower outlet of the stomach, produce insulin and control the formation of sugars. Without these we should all be diabetic.

The Suprarenal, perched on top of the kidneys, which produce adrenalin, a substance which constricts the arteries and strengthens the voluntary muscles. These glands spring into action with fear, and are literally the defence arsenal of the body, enabling a man to become a super being in an emergency: to run faster than he has ever run before when being chased by a bull, for instance, to act like lightning in an accident.

The Generative Glands which operate the motors of conception, are responsible for the sex impulse and the continuance of the *will to be* in human beings.

VITAMIN is the name given to a force or element that is not present in fundamental carbo-hydrates. Fundamental carbo-hydrates are starches, sugars, animal fats.

Vitamin A is essential for growth. It is present in the liver of animals, in milk, butter, cheese and *dairy* fats.

Vitamin B is divided into "one" and "two." Very little is known of this vitamin, except that it is present in yeast, and lack of Vitamin B causes the dreadful diseases of beriberi and pellagra. Beriberi is a kind of dropsy.

Vitamin C is the anti-scurvy vitamin found in fresh fruit, but not in limes. It is present in quantities in orange juice. That is why sailors who formerly developed scurvy on long ocean voyages, and suffered from thin, puffy, rotten gums and skin that bled easily, owing to the lack of fresh fruit, are now always given a regular ration of orange juice in their diet to-day.

Vitamin D is the sunlight vitamin.

Vitamin E is the fertility vitamin, present in lettuce. Rats who are deprived of Vitamin E in their food, cease to have offspring.

That will do to get on with.

ALLERGY Of all the names that are banded around in health talk to-day, this one is the most intriguing. It applies to so many odd things.

We hear of a man who is unaccountably fatigued every time he eats rice pudding, which he seems to like well enough. Of another who has had a troublesome forehead itch and nose tickle all his life until he slept by chance for three nights on a horsehair pillow, when his bothers vanished. Of a girl who, each time she ate calves' liver at school—and calves' liver is in the diet because it is good for you—ran a temperature and had such a violent pain across her diaphragm that she had to remain in bed and could take no solid food for a fortnight. Meanwhile doctors alternately sought confirmation of impending jaundice or appendicitis. Some people sneeze violently for hours after cats have been in a room.

All these are allergies. And an allergy can generate trivial discomfort or all the symptoms of acute poisoning present in a major illness. The rash with which many of us are familiar, and have certainly seen on others after they have eaten strawberries, is now called "being allergic to strawberries." Allergic means *susceptible to*: but susceptible to *what* in strawberries, you will ask; the answer is: to a content which happens to be an irritant to certain individuals, called an antigen.

Doctors don't know what that content is, any more than they know what constitutes (Continued on page 104)

THIS IS WHAT THEY MEAN

IF one thing more than another has changed the nature of our post-War English from the language that was spoken before, it is our new health jargon.

It has brought as many words to the tongue as the coming of aeroplanes and wireless. But wider discoveries have been made in drugs and disease, and more especially in the psychological means of treating illness or approaching physical fitness, than in any other sphere of investigation, and we find ourselves overwhelmed by a spate of new ideas and new names.

Often we have only time to catch the name in the rush, and subsequently we use it regardlessly in an effort to appear up-to-date without any notion of what it means. So on this page is a dictionary to give you an idea of what lies behind some of the best-known medical terms.

BEAUTY PAGE

A SKIN-BALM has arrived which can be pushed on over all make-up, and within ten minutes will dispel the most violent slash of sunburn. It allays irritation; it first calms and then removes discoloration, whether the skin has been sun-, wind- or spray-caught, or the eyes have been puffed up with motoring.

It restores to normal. It was discovered by a French chemist who held that to have to first clean a face that had been weather-damaged, before applying the remedy was to increase the damage. So he embodied a healing essence into a salve that would strike aseptically through make-up, and evolved this panacea for blotchiness which works miracles.

FOUNDATION. The newest lotion types go on like silk and fit you with a quick grounding that is flawless. They can be obtained in twelve shades, any one of which will provide you with a second, unblemished and protective skin.

The palest is Blush, for the dazzlingly fair; the best for town wear is either Futura or Aprella, both warm shades; beach and country tones range from Peach to Sun Bronze, as the holiday goes on. But there are also tones for the individual skin: one to bring light to a sallow complexion, another that lends transparence to the duskiest, and one that will disguise too high a flush.

On the face these foundation lotions are worn under rouge and powder, but arms, neck, face and legs can be treated with them, too, for unity.

FACE-PACK. This is the quickest insurance policy towards good looks on any and every possible occasion. It coaxes away worry lines, makes up for lack of sleep; will draw out that strained look about the eyes after a hectic day, freshen what is limp, and take rather less than ten minutes to do it in.

The thick, yellowy cream slips on like winking. First clean the face with Innoxa Complexion Milk; this, in itself, is a tonic which casts weariness to memory. Then, if you are devastatingly rushed, you may bath while the cream is working on your face and neck. It would be better, of course, if you could rest. Promptly on the ninth minute have a cotton-wool pull soaked in Innoxa Skin Tonic (if your skin is dry), or Innoxa Astringent Lotion (if your skin is greasy) and wipe it away. It comes off easily; the skin is left matt ready for make-up and your face will smile back out of the looking-glass at you—fair, reset, and eager to start out again.

VITORMONE CREAMS. Because summer sun dries the skin and cockles the surface, luxurious warm weather brings about a fine crop of wrinkles. The curious thing is that you may have a greasy skin and still wrinkle. We won't go into the scientific reason for that, as there would be a different reason for each individual case. Sufficient to deal with preventatives. Cleanse the skin deeply at night with Innoxa Complexion Milk; it sinks far down into the pores and literally rinses them. Then spread Vitormone Cream lovingly over the neck and face. *Dry skins need Vitormone M. Greasy skins need Vitormone G.* A badly withered neck needs Vitormone G. In the case of a dry face and withered neck use Vitormone M for the face and G for the neck.

In the morning cleanse with Complexion Milk and pat in Skin Tonic before making up. On alternate nights massage with Tissue Cream instead of the Vitormone, cleansing first, of course, with Complexion Milk. Women under thirty years of age should substitute Skin Food for Tissue Cream.

Follow this treatment even if your skin is young and lovely. It will keep it so. If you are not using one of the Foundation Lotions on holiday, use Moussé Day Cream as a powder foundation, because it contains ingredients to guards the skin against extremes of temperature.

MAKE-UP. New Lipsticks include Mayflower—a Quaker Pink that has little blue and no orange in it. For the blonde and ingenue. Delicate, yet provocative

Cardinal—deep, rich and glowing—for the brunette. Emphasises lip curves, is alluring.

Anemone—Pale Cyclamen—to wear with pastel orchid shades. Exotic and becoming.

New Petunia—Electric, glamorous. Wear with the warmer shades of powder, Futura and Aprella, and white clothes for preference.

All these lipsticks have matching rouges.

Green eye-lash paint fringing green eye-shadow enlarges green, hazel and brown eyes incredibly. Beige eye-shadow cannot be detected, yet it gives luminosity.

Innoxa Complexion Milk floats out impurities; is less drying than soap and water; can be used at any time to remove make-up perfectly.

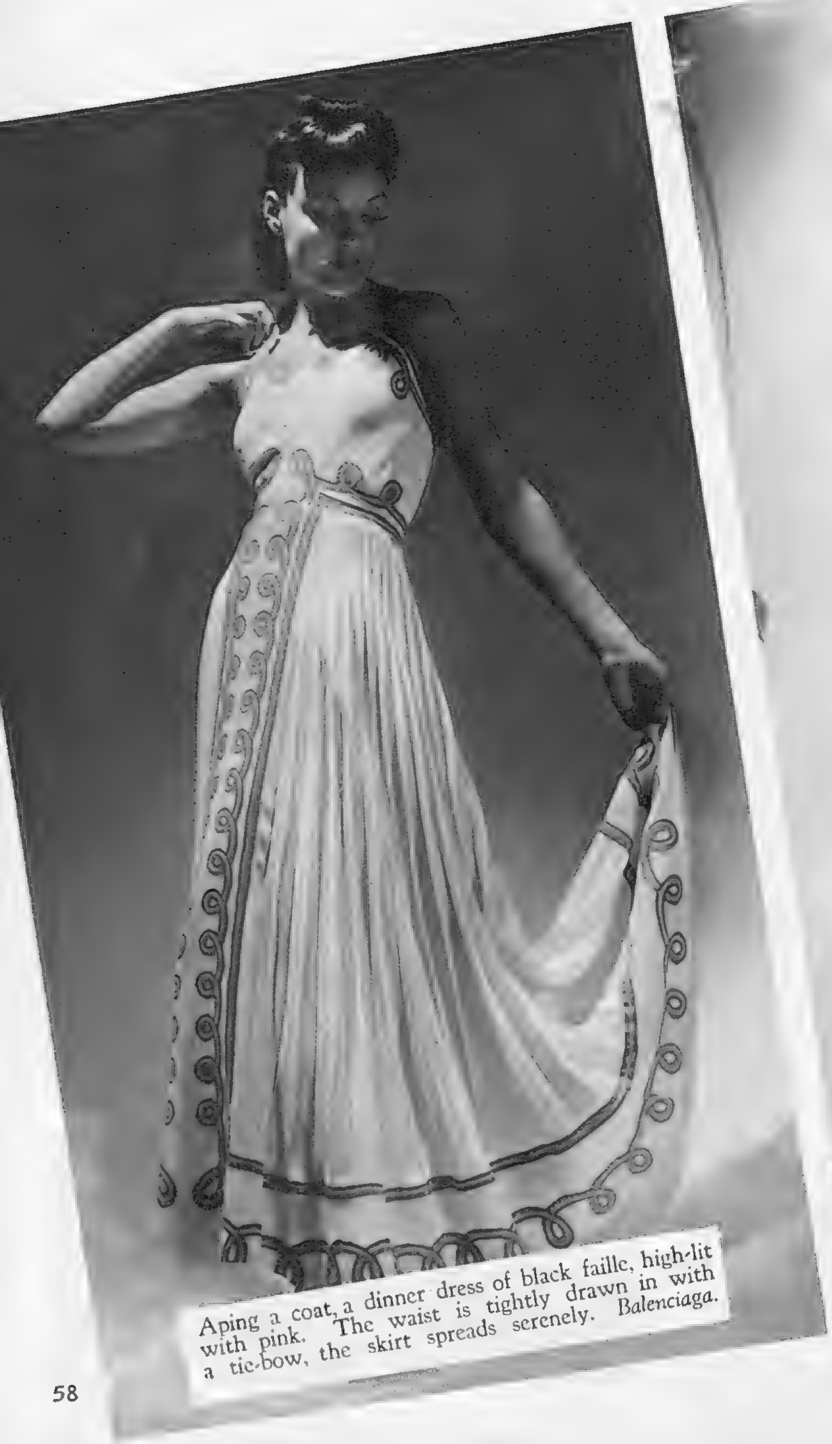
By CHRYSIS

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

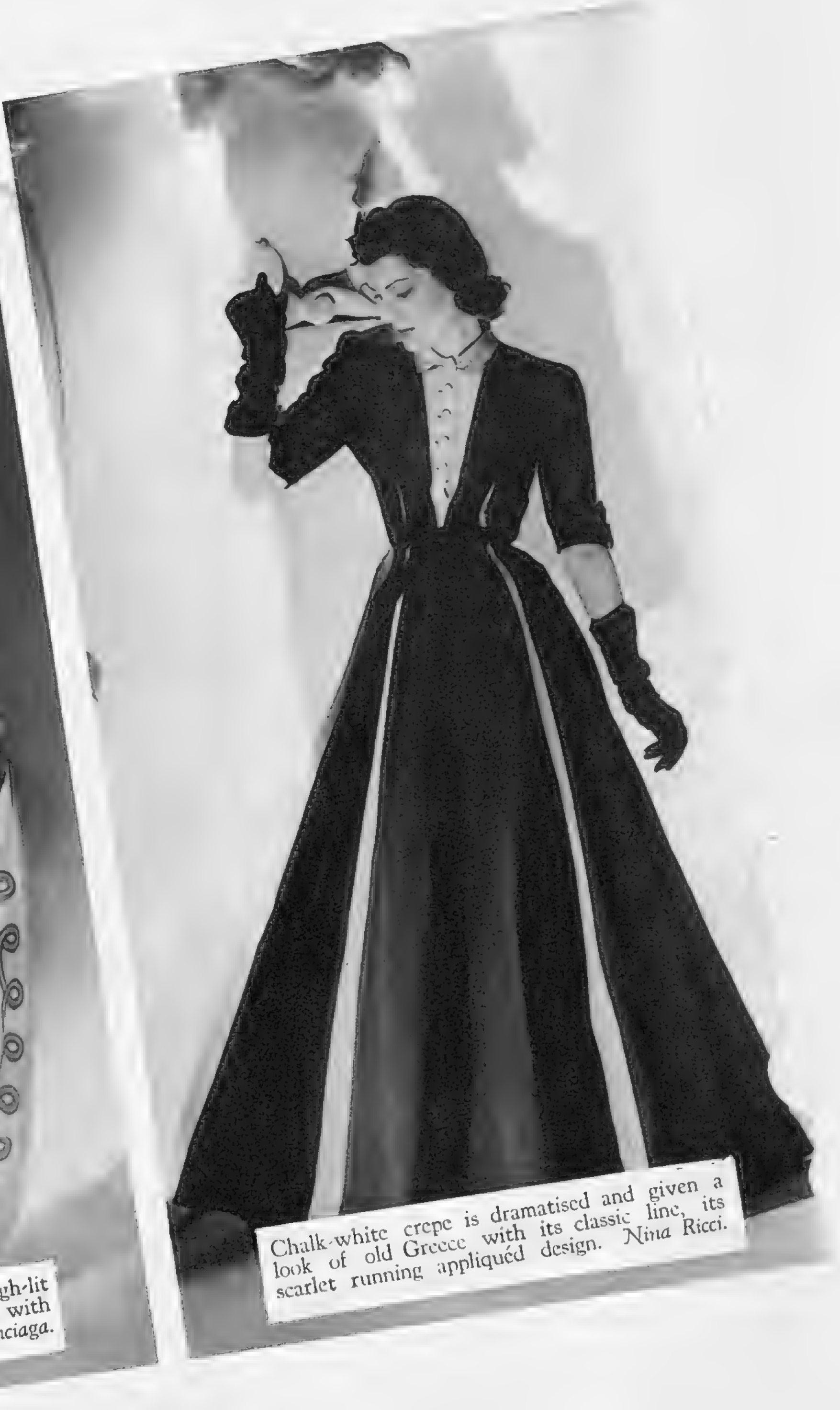
Fashions

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

Right now, evening skirts still spread, swirl, are pleated, but indications show that the newest evening line will be Straight Again. But it is going to be a different sort of Straight Again, emphasised by panniered hip drapery, rounded, dipping tucks, folds, and drapes on stomachs, that are pulled, bunched, and cascaded up the back to become bustles. Schiaparelli's long tunic bodices pointing down to mid-thigh in front, lifting at back, look like starting something, for day wear *aussi.* Heim promises three-quarter length jackets for Autumn in maple-leaf red and beaver brown. Vivid tweeds are enormously checked. Mulberry and dark marmalade are colours to watch for. The wide skirt continues triumphantly in gores, flares, pleats.

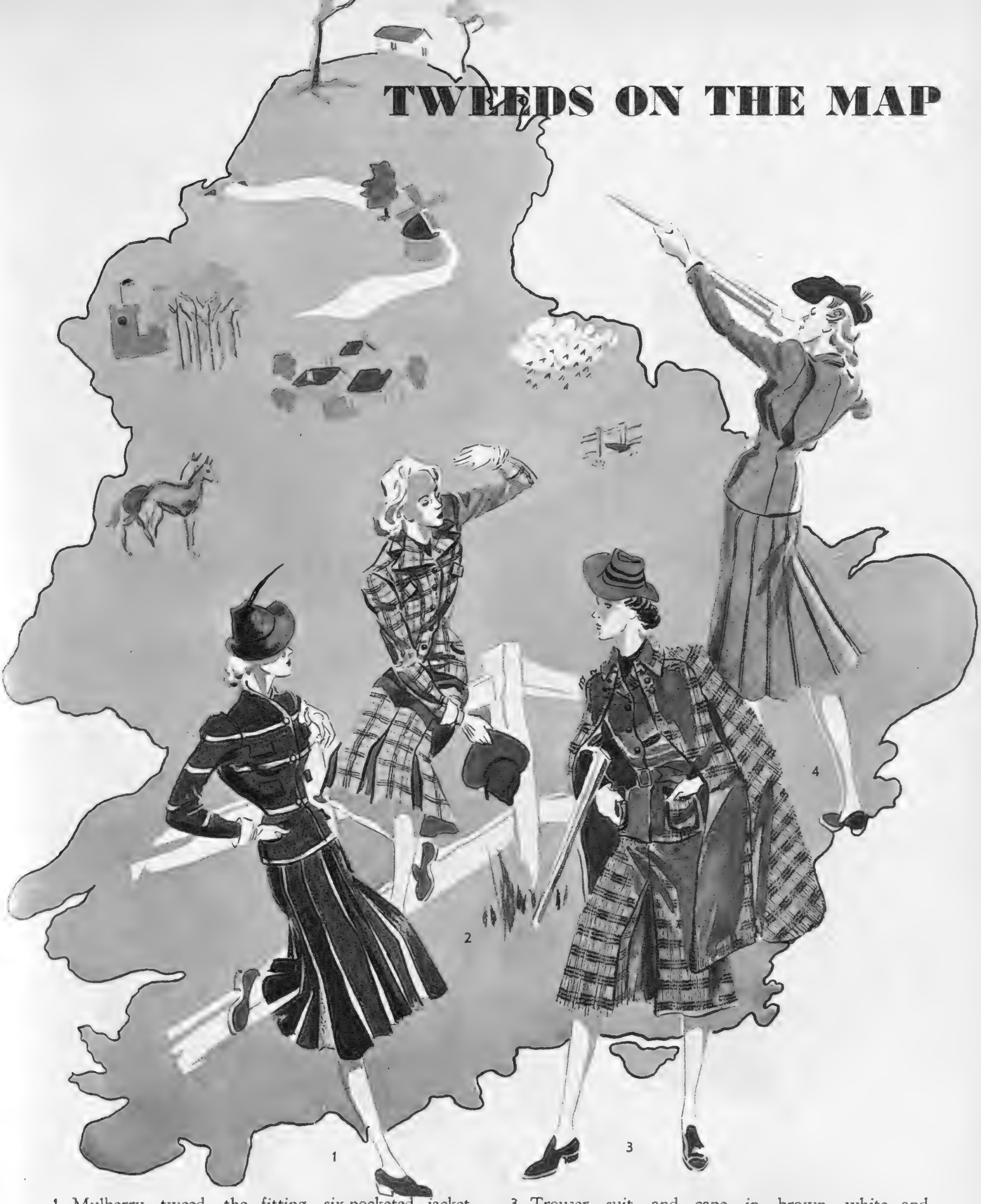


Aping a coat, a dinner dress of black faille, high-lit with pink. The waist is tightly drawn in with a tie-bow, the skirt spreads serenely. *Balenciaga.*



Chalk-white crepe is dramatised and given a look of old Greece with its classic line, its scarlet running appliquéd design. *Nina Ricci.*

TWEEDS ON THE MAP



1. Mulberry tweed, the fitting, six-pocketed jacket banded alternatively with white and mauve, the wide pleats of the skirt taking the same alternative banding. Beneath, there is a little collarless blouse in blue cashmera. *Spectator Model*

2. Typical Jaeger tweeds, perfect teaming of cut, fabric, wearability and styling. The stuff is brown and beige check with a green over-check. The skirt has three wide front pleats. The jacket, a single-breaster, has high revers, four slant pockets. *Jaeger*

3. Trouser suit and cape in brown, white and yellow check man's suiting. Standing still, the skirt doesn't let on that it is trousers. The belted jacket has yoke pocket flaps and pipings of brown suede. *Burberry's*

4. Gingery-brown tweed, the action-back jacket cut well down below the hips, and with a single-button front fastening. Lapels and seams are stitched. The skirt achieves width with stitched gores. *Simpson's*

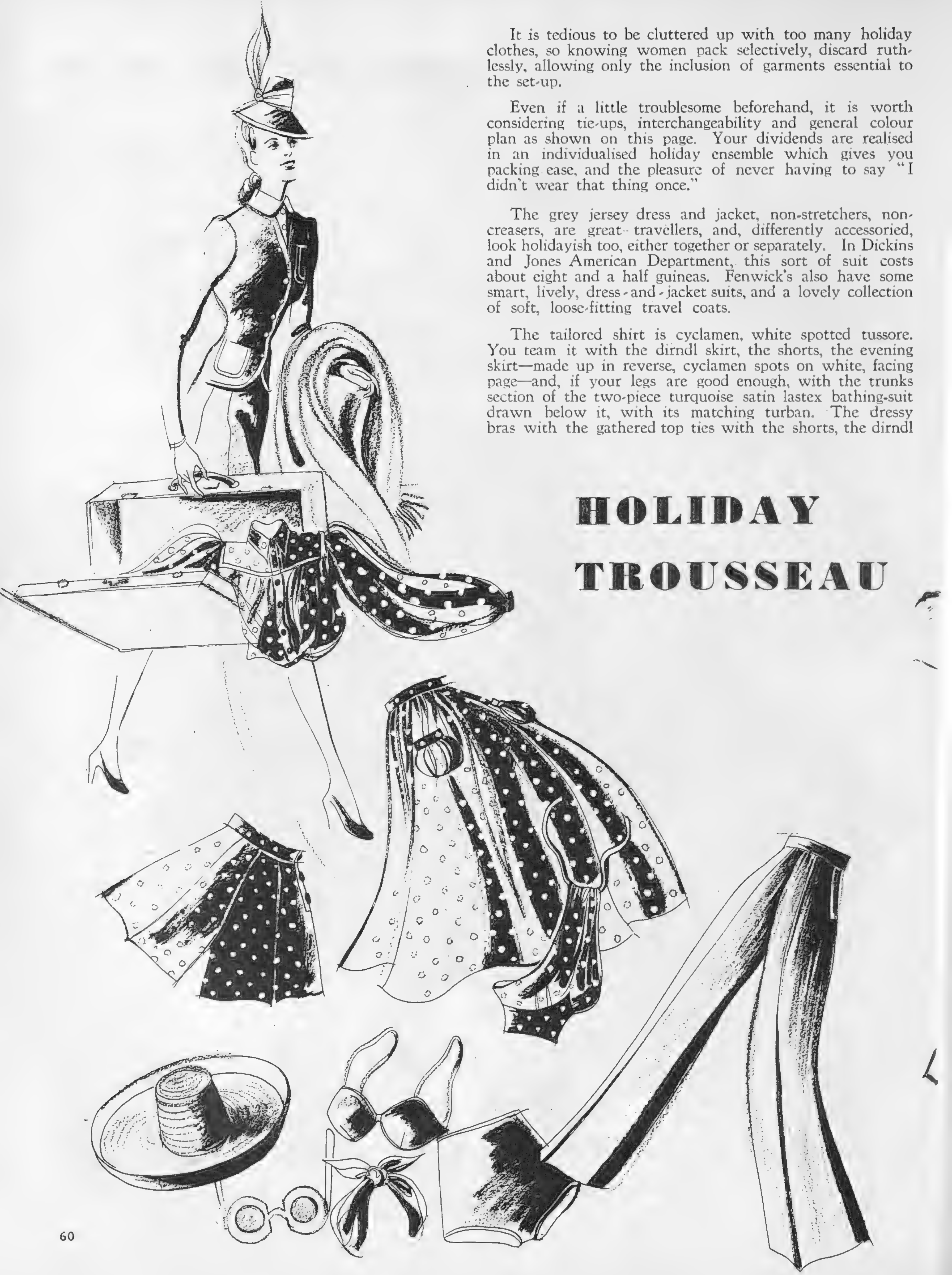
HOLIDAY TROUSSEAU

It is tedious to be cluttered up with too many holiday clothes, so knowing women pack selectively, discard ruthlessly, allowing only the inclusion of garments essential to the set-up.

Even if a little troublesome beforehand, it is worth considering tie-ups, interchangeability and general colour plan as shown on this page. Your dividends are realised in an individualised holiday ensemble which gives you packing ease, and the pleasure of never having to say "I didn't wear that thing once."

The grey jersey dress and jacket, non-stretchers, non-creasers, are great travellers, and, differently accessoried, look holidayish too, either together or separately. In Dickins and Jones American Department, this sort of suit costs about eight and a half guineas. Fenwick's also have some smart, lively, dress-and-jacket suits, and a lovely collection of soft, loose-fitting travel coats.

The tailored shirt is cyclamen, white spotted tussore. You team it with the dirndl skirt, the shorts, the evening skirt—made up in reverse, cyclamen spots on white, facing page—and, if your legs are good enough, with the trunks section of the two-piece turquoise satin lastex bathing-suit drawn below it, with its matching turban. The dressy bras with the gathered top ties with the shorts, the dirndl



skirt, and, when you are brown, and feel like being a sensation, with the evening skirt.

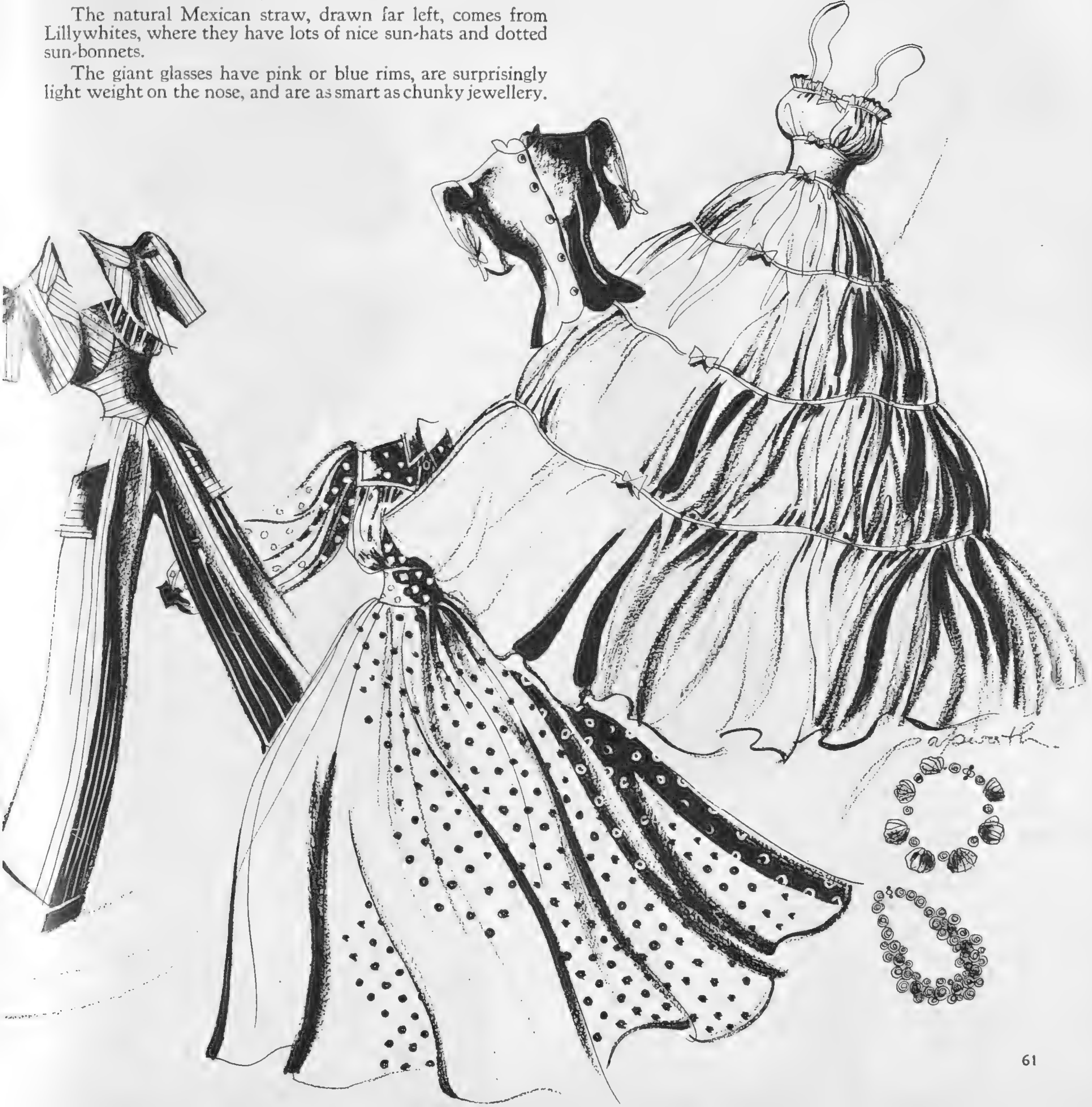
Without the bolero, the white striped turquoise cotton dungaree suit is a sunbather. It also takes kindly to a sweater or a shirt. The evening skirt (drawn here with the play shirt) would also look fine with the little evening jacket in grey or turquoise faille, primarily intended for topping the evening dress.

If you can't get a four-piece sun-and-play outfit as sketched, most of the big stores are selling terribly attractive sun-suit and skirt or dress outfits. The slacks are green corduroy, won't crease or show sea-water stains. You can get them at Jaeger, Simpson's or Selfridge's for about £2-2-0. The dungaree and bolero, or something very similar, can be found in practically any of the American Departments of the big stores, for about 12/6.

The cyclamen chiffon evening dress has narrow velvet straps, bands and bows and a taffeta underskirt. Peter Jones, Fenwick's and Harrods have its like, at prices ranging from 69/6 to eight guineas, and faille jackets at three guineas.

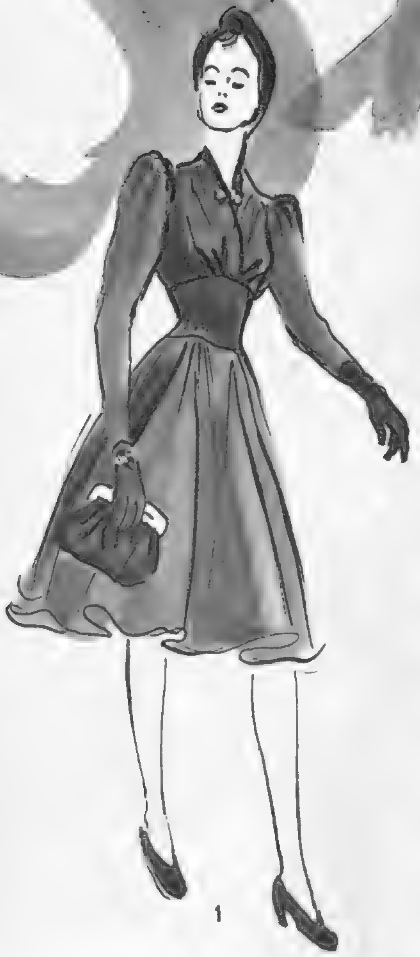
The natural Mexican straw, drawn far left, comes from Lillywhites, where they have lots of nice sun-hats and dotted sun-bonnets.

The giant glasses have pink or blue rims, are surprisingly light weight on the nose, and are as smart as chunky jewellery.



Sheers

Thanks to the master mind who thought of sheers for city summer wear. In case there is no summer and gay, little-worn prints look reproachfully from the wardrobe, sheers continue through autumn and winter for parties and informal dining-out. They need an extra special slip, and remember that flesh shoulder-straps are better than breaking the transparent look of the top with dark ones. Their elegance is unquestioned. They add one hundred per cent. allure. This is how four of the London model houses do them.



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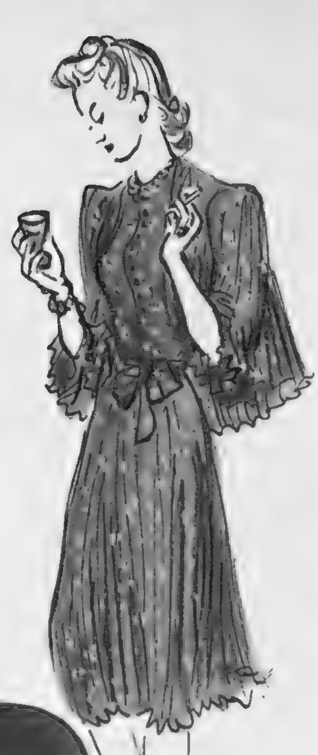

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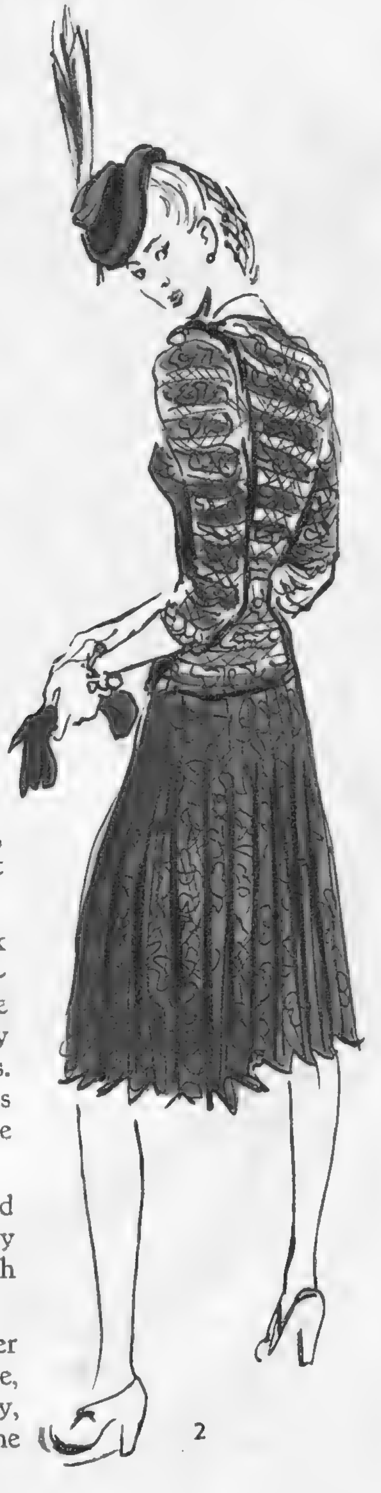

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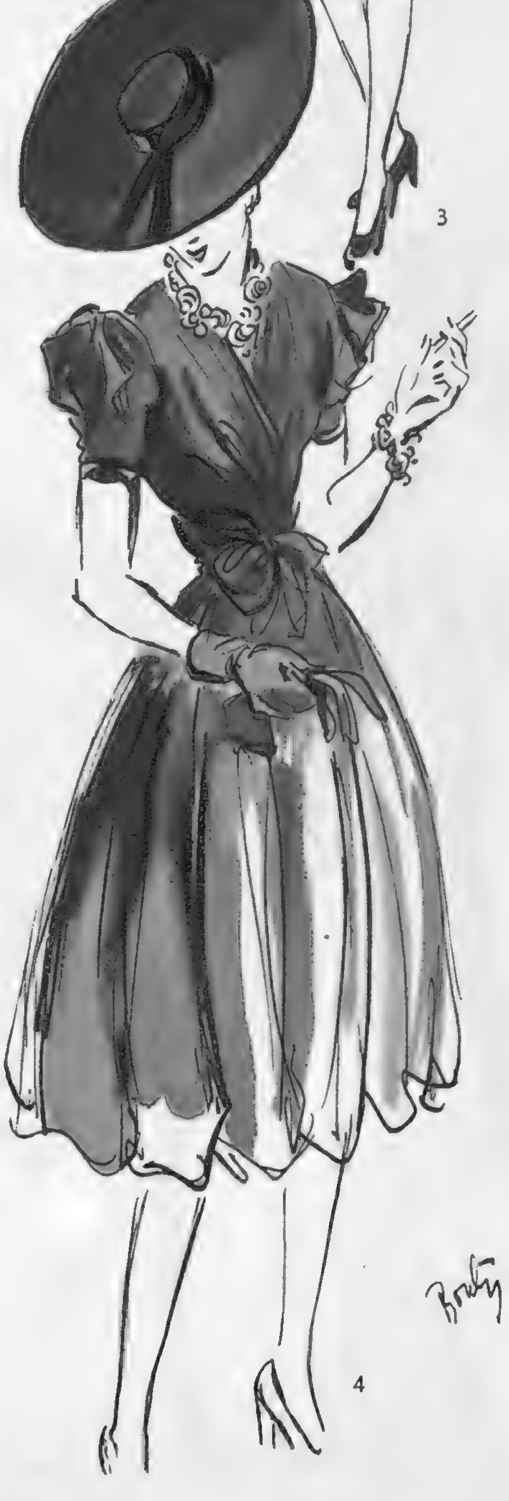

4

1. Navy organza, full skirted, a corselet waist, long, tight sleeves. *Strassner*

2. Alternate bands of black lace and net make a tight-fitting jacket with a white pique collar, white daisy buttons, three-quarter sleeves. The crisp skirt has pleats stitched down to the hips. *Rhavis*

3. Black and white printed chiffon dress and fly away jacket, finely pleated to match the skirt. *Hartnell*

4. Black chiffon, heavier than normal, yet supple, with suave bodice drapery, a harem-hem to the skirt. *Stiebel*

1

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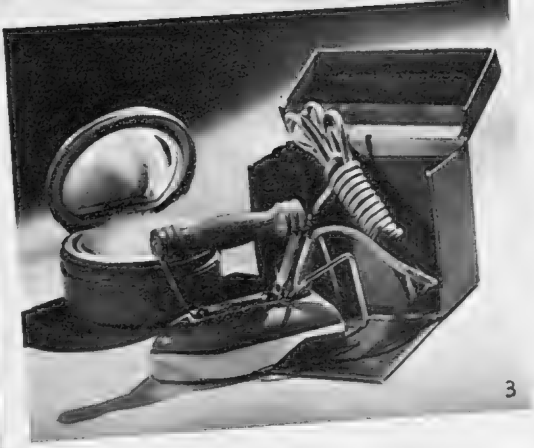


3

TRAVEL EASY –

WITH this natural rawhide handbag; it is washable, roomy. The handle and top clasp are dark brown. *Revelation* 27/6. (1)

WITH a complete beauty treatment. Three creams in a compact three-tier roll case. Takes little room. 9/6. *Helena Rubinstein.* (2)

WITH a lightweight travelling iron of universal voltage. 5/11. The new zipp fastening powder box is light, holds a box of powder and has a special sifter tray to take puff and prevent spilling. *Boots* 8/11. (3)

WITH two little travel essentials—an absolutely spill-proof perfume spray in leather travel case; a tiny razor set containing shaving brush, stick of shaving soap, folding razor and blade. *Boots* 21/- and 3/6 respectively. (4)

WITH a waterproof American Cloth Holdall. The roll-up shape will take a great number of necessities—toothbrush, nail brush, soap, wash cloth and tooth paste. In most pastel shades. *Boots* 2/11. (5)

WITH a green leather zipp beauty case fitted with two lotion bottles, two cream jars, a powder jar, pocket. In other colours, *Boots* 12/6. (6)

WITH the perfect fitted case, expanding to required size, in green Morocco with green shagreen fittings. One of the many distinctive pieces of luggage cases created for travellers by *Revelation, Piccadilly.* In their famous Rev-Robes, not much larger than a hat box, you can hang a dozen dresses without tissue, without a crease. They have a marvellous combined hat and shoe case. (7)

7

Who's the Boss

I was ages learning to swim. What I really mean when I say swim is to progress through the water. Learning to take my feet off the bottom and to go through the motions of swimming was easy, but could I get anywhere? No!

While other people were swimming out to the lighthouse with maddening ease, I was manœuvring my arms and legs in a frenzy of activity only to finish up a yard from where I had begun.

It was humiliating and very, very exhausting, and you can't wonder that, while it lasted, I loathed swimming.

I have often thought since how typical this is of the energy we all squander at times in arriving at some point which could be attained with half the effort if we did it well. And nothing, surely, is more typical of the way some women run their homes. All struggle and no progress.

You may think it a special kind of gift that enables some women to achieve so effortlessly what others struggle for without ever accomplishing, but there is no more general truth in this than in the suggestion that some people are born to progress through the waves and others just to stay put.

What is it then that makes one woman absolute boss of her household tasks, while another is a slave to them?

Let us return to swimming for an analogy. My struggles in the water were abortive because they served no useful purpose. I was wasting energy instead of conserving it, and a complete lack of co-ordination put the onus of the struggle entirely upon me, whereas the water should have been assisting as well.

So with running a house. You can struggle with your tasks, and all your energy is unavailing unless it is directed into the proper channels. You can work your fingers to the bone, and do it needlessly, because a house should partly run itself. Effort is only useful inasmuch as it is really constructive.

Swimming is easy and effortless when you do it well. So is home management. Most of the difficulties attendant upon both are self-made. I wouldn't say you could win a swimming championship with a game leg, neither would I say you can run a house effortlessly if you are handicapped through no fault of your own. But, abnormal difficulties apart, every woman is master of her fate when it comes to running a house.

Fatigue, muddle, unpunctuality, ugliness—boredom if you like—are not the work of some malevolent spirit: they are the outcome of inefficiency.

The trouble is that women expect to begin running a home without any special training or, for that matter, without any special effort. They count on "picking it up as they go along."

That 's all very well, but picking it up is a slow business, so slow and so hazardous that you are worn out with fatigue and discouragement before the picking up has achieved any practical result at all.

No, you can't learn a serious job like home-making in that haphazard fashion. You've got

Efficiency and comfort combine to make this Kitchen easy to run and easy to sit in

Intelligent and orderly disposal of the china makes this small cupboard accommodate a great deal

A small slip room is made comfortable and practical by this bed and cupboard arrangement

Very light practical waggon for drinks or food; rises automatically over carpet edges

You or the House?

• • •

Fixed furniture makes light of work in the small house and a table that takes advantage of a corner is worth remembering. The cane chairs are decorative and very light to carry around

to study systematically, conscientiously, and with the knowledge that the better you get the sooner you can relax and let the job run itself.

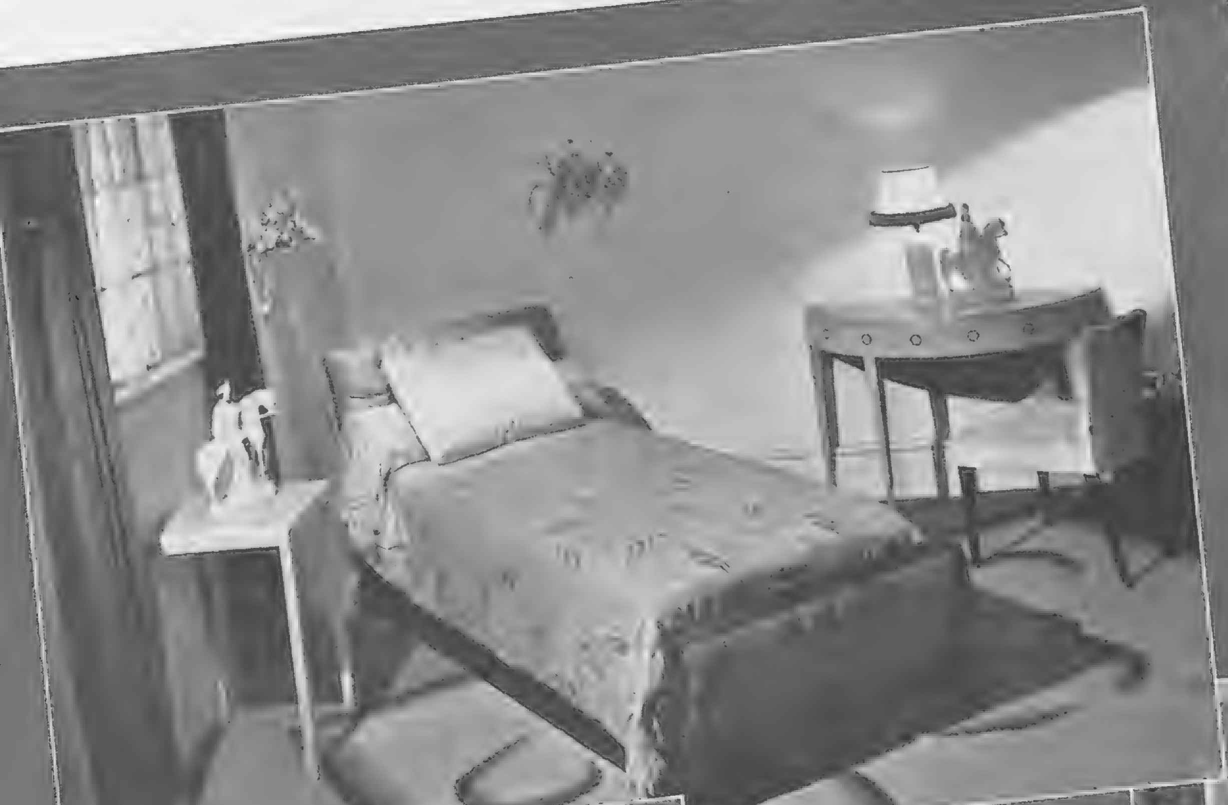
You can learn about home-making without going in for some expert instruction, by studying as you go. Study seriously and with interest. Never let a failure pass unless you discover *why* you failed. A consuming interest in the cause of failures is the best instruction you can have.

After this, plan. From the moment you begin furnishing your home look ahead to the needs and the requirements of to-morrow. Don't buy a single thing that doesn't recommend itself as a useful and practical or beautiful thing to have around. Don't listen to choruses of advice, except with the intention to weed and sift and extract such of it as is applicable to your own needs.

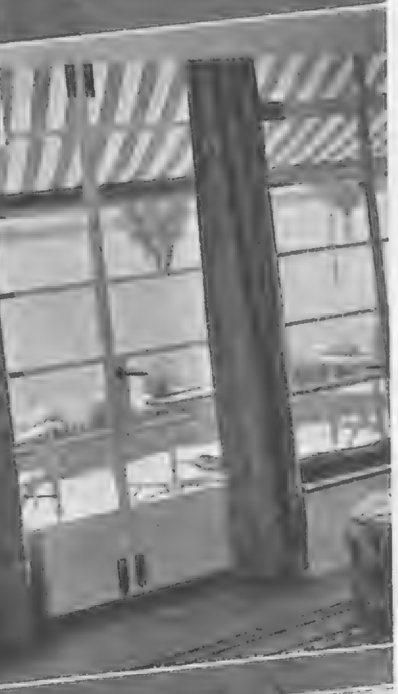
Don't adopt anything that is recommended to you until you have investigated and satisfied yourself that it is the right thing or the right method for you.

Read up your subject. The world is teeming with the (Continued on page 116)

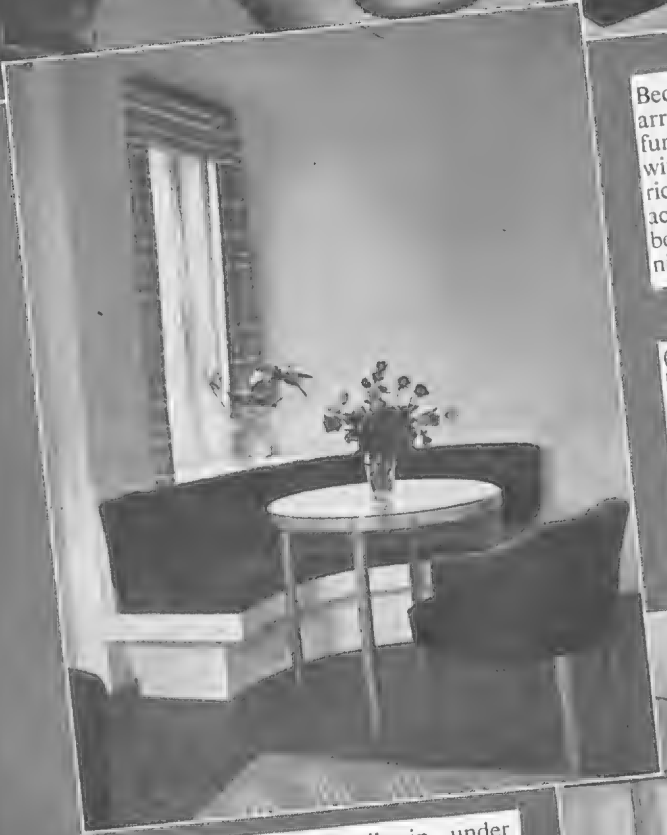
By Winifred Lewis



Bed-sitting-room for a girl. The arrangement and the choice of furniture, particularly the bed with its shapely form and the richly coloured Vantona cover, achieve quite a neat compromise between the characters of a night and a daytime apartment

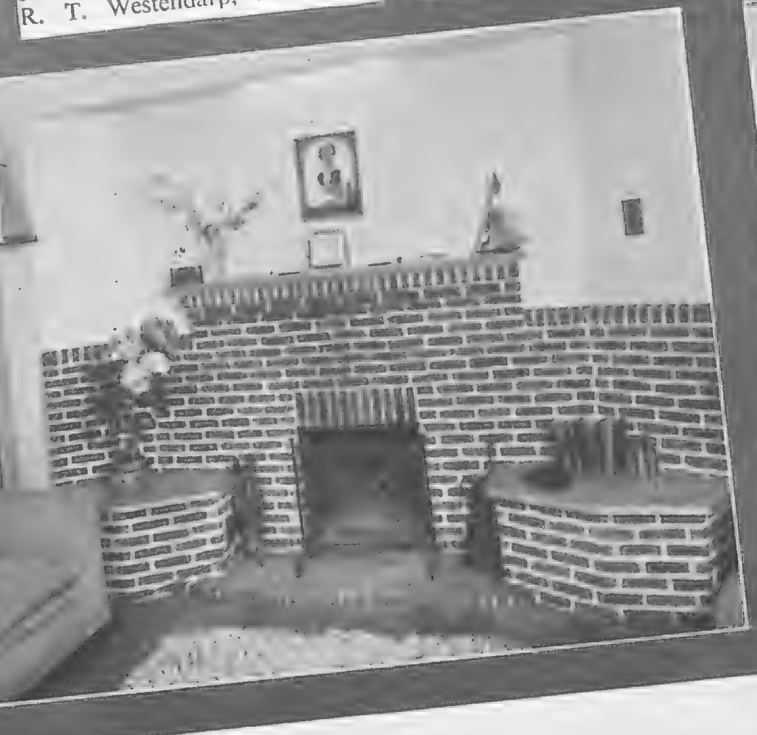


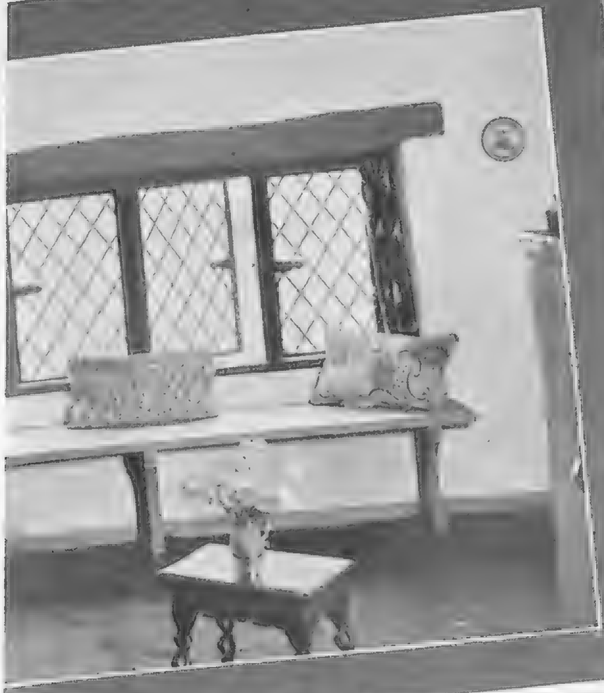
(*Right*) South wall of a lounge hall with a vista across the garden. The terrace beyond is lighted at night by means of glass bricks set in the quarry tile paving. The windows can be thrown back to admit the sun and scents of the garden. Architect, R. T. Westendarp, A.R.I.B.A.



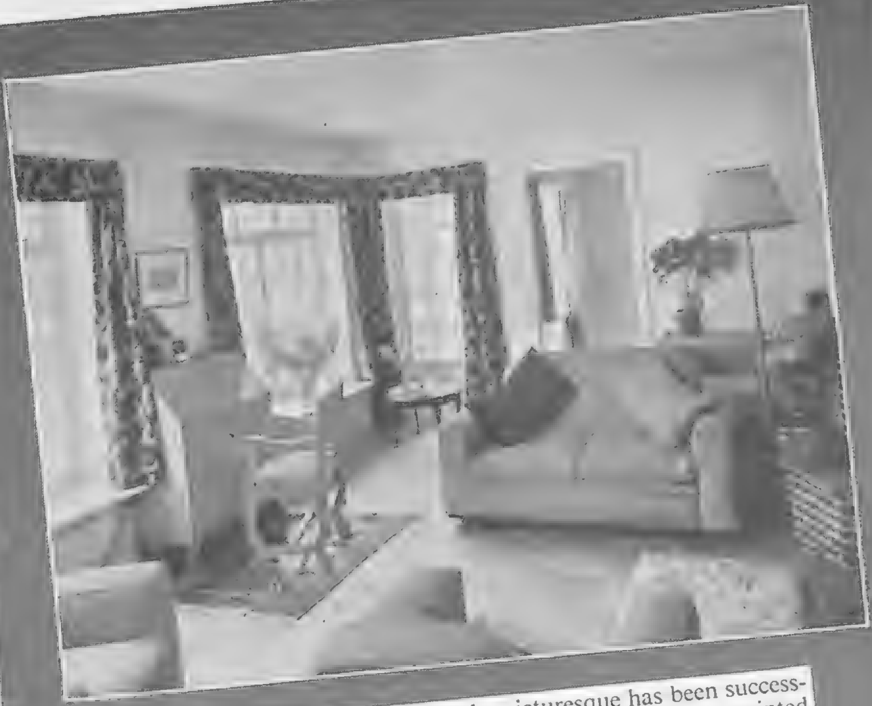
An upholstered seat built in under a window brings this difficult corner into charming prominence and makes a practical and comfortable contribution towards seating. The colour scheme is honey, cream and brown. Designed by Doris Howard Robertson

(*Right*) Modern interpretation of the ingle-nook fireplace. An experiment to prove that the antique colouring of mellowed bricks is a decorative foil to the simplicity of contemporary decoration. Compartments on each side of the fireplace hold wood and coal



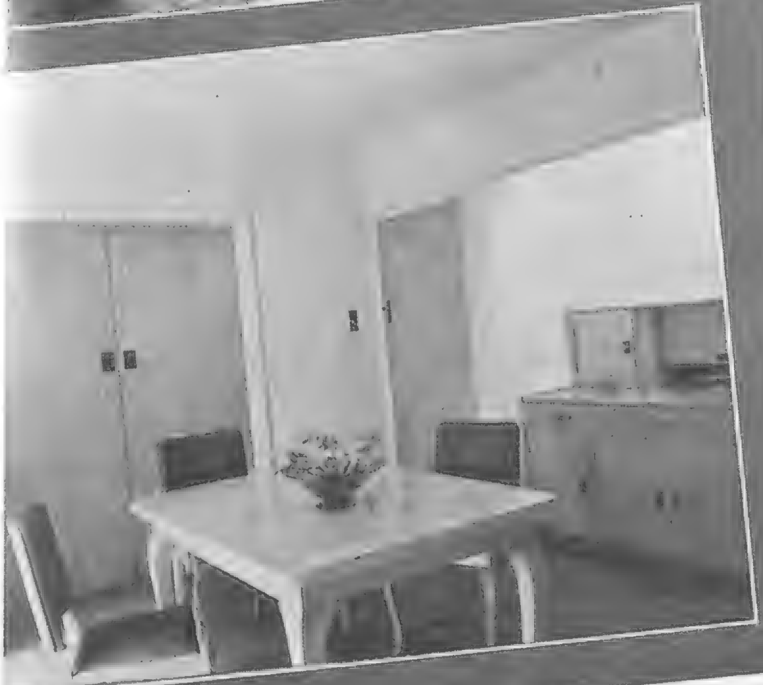


An important treatment for a shallow lattice window. The simple well-proportioned seat gives added depth and an importance to the window without affording any distraction from the view



A marriage of the modern and the picturesque has been successfully arranged in this sunny sitting-room. Cream-painted walls and floor blocks of polished birch give colourful prominence to the blue, pink and purple colours arranged in staccato accents against cream chair covers and pickled oak furniture

(*Below*) Space-saving arrangement for the small dining-room. The sideboard is built into the recess which has its own overhead lighting and a direct service hatch to the kitchen. Architect, R. T. Westendarp, A.R.I.B.A.



HOME NOTIONS

If anything is more interesting to women than other women's clothes it is other women's houses.

The rather threadbare notion that this interest is a malicious one is frankly absurd. The fact is we are all copyists and for ever looking around for ideas.

In arranging their homes, as in fixing up their clothes, some women have an enviable knack of getting originality into their work. It may be that they have the inspiration that others lack or, more likely, they have the money.

Anyway, there is no law of copyright to prevent us from having the same curtains as our neighbour. The only laws are those of consideration and good taste.

We have pictured some notions on this page. Some are chosen for their general interest and some for the fact that they could be reproduced in almost any home.

Some of them may be more elaborate than is practicable for your own use, but the idea is there and any idea, so long as it is a good one in itself, is capable of many adaptations.

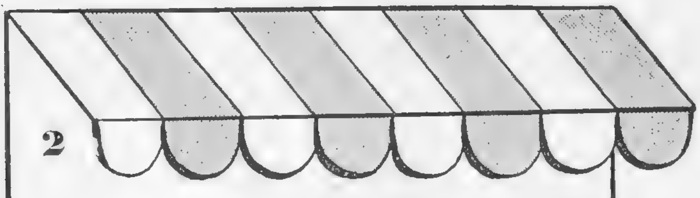
If you see a charming notion somewhere and find it impossible to reproduce it in entirety in a room of your own, you can at least carry out the theme of it. A combination of colouring may appeal to you or a new alliance of textures. There may be nothing shown here that is suitable or adaptable for your own use at present, but if you store up these notions in your memory box the time is sure to come when you will find a use for one or other of them.

Go around with your eyes open. Absorb other people's notions and keep them in cold storage for your own use. This way you build up a useful reserve of knowledge and inspiration to draw upon when you need it.

Undoubtedly it is the little touches that build up interest in the smaller house. Where simple backgrounds and simple furniture are advisable, as in the smaller house, you can infuse character and interest and comfort in cartloads by a few twists of the imagination —whether it's your own imagination or somebody else's.

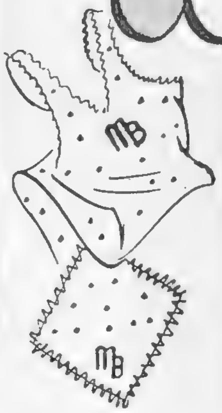
Mary Young's GUIDE to a pleasanter Life

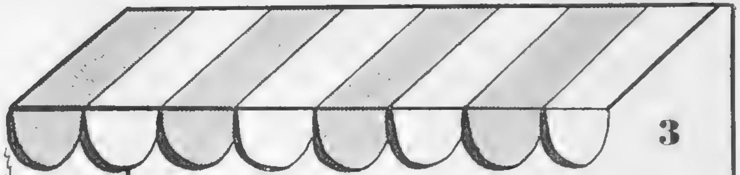
1 Someone has had the bright idea of quilting oilsilk and it is now being made up into play togs that are as practical as they are slick. I have seen sports trousers, play suits, shirts, slacks, bathing wraps and golf jackets made up in this medium. Quilted oilsilk tailors crisply, is as light as a feather and (do I have to say it?) as impervious to water as a duck's back. Colours range from pale pastels to paintbox brightness; black and white are available, too.



2

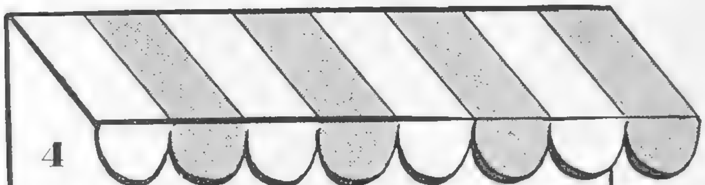
Talk about swinging a cat in a small room. Have you ever tried swinging a salad in a small kitchen? At my last attempt, the lettuce flew out of the window and I, myself, was splashed from head to foot. I fetched another lettuce from the garden (luckily, there are plenty), snared it in a fresh dry towel and tried pressing the water out of it on the draining board. Result: one bruised and battered salad, and not so dry at that. It was with great pleasure, then, that I received into the house a salad dryer designed for the part. All I now have to do is to put the leaves in the wire basket and shake it free of water. The basket costs only 2s. 9d. and can be used for steaming vegetables, come winter.





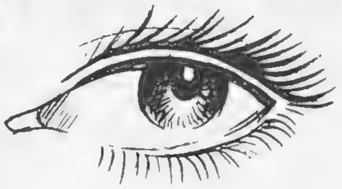
3

There is something about a monogram. . . . It lends an air and a grace to the simplest piece of household linen and can lift a bargain basement under-garment into model lingerie, just by being itself. Neither must we forget its uses as an identification disk. For 2s. you can now buy off the peg, so to speak, a two-letter die-stamp monogram of handsome design. With this in your hand and a pad of marking ink beside you, it should be possible to corral up your linen and underthings, and have all of it branded in half an hour. Embroider your initials if you like, but they will look quite good without.



4

The other day I cut my finger. A friend who was with me fetched a roll of ordinary-looking bandage out of his first-aid kit in the car, and having painted my wound for me with iodine, rolled a length of bandage once round my finger, snipping it off so that the edges just met. Then, like magic, the edges joined themselves together and became completely sealed. Not only that, but it was demonstrated that the bandage will stick only to itself and not to the skin. When a wound has to be dressed, the bandage can be rolled back instead of being removed. The secret of the bandage is that it is made of a substance called plaster crêpe which possesses these peculiar qualities. Price per carton is 1s. and 2s.



5 A new oily way to give the lashes glamorous length has been discovered by a French chemist. The makers say that this oil is not a cosmetic, although, if used by day, it causes the lashes to appear longer and darker. The oil is made from rare plants and acts directly on the roots of the lashes. It is especially effective with the lower fringe, almost invariably weaker in growth than the upper. The oil can be used by day or night. If cosmetic is worn in the day time, it should be removed with the lash grower. Then you take a little of the oil on the finger-tips, work well into the roots and leave on all night. Regular use of this product, it is claimed, will result in an even fringe of lashes on both lids.

6

Have you nail ridge trouble? Then you can now remove it and other blemishes with a clever gadget that looks rather like a nail buffer. It is called a vitaliser, and it really does rejuvenate the nails, giving them a new smooth surface which makes varnish last longer and gleam brilliantly. The paper board (they give you three with every set and they're double-sided) is fixed to a flexible metal holder and is easily detachable. The nail should be rubbed in every direction until the surface is perfectly smooth. The vitaliser does not heat up the nail in the way an emery board heats it, neither will it injure the delicate surfaces of the nails.

7

Who has ever heard a housewife complain that she has too many trays in the house? There is no end to their uses. But until I owned one, I never realised what a comfort a tray in the car could be. That is, for people who use their car for touring, long-distance journeys and family picnics. This summer I have invested in a pair of car trays. They hang up on the front seats and fold up flat when not in use. The rubber hooks attach themselves like limpets to any type of seat.

The trays can be purchased in pairs or bought separately. They are covered in washable leather-cloth and are available in most car colours.

8 Let's face it. Few of us are as careful as we might be over brushing our teeth night and morning. Actually, the rite should be gone through after every meal, for the small particles of food that lodge between the teeth can do a lot of damage before nightfall. As it is seldom convenient to use a toothbrush during the day, I was interested in a new tooth-cleaning notion to carry around with you in your handbag. Actually the notion looks like a decorative book of matches which you buy in bundles of five, and pluck off as you need. Soft and specially designed so that they cannot harm the tissues, they will remove stains from the teeth if dipped before application in salt or dentifrice.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your own problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving the numbers in which you are interested

9 We all brush our hair each day, but how many people think of brushing their complexions? It's a pity. Because a brushing every day is the finest cure for oily skins, sluggish circulation and for keeping the skin elastic and youthful-looking. A complexion brush treatment is now available and results—I speak from personal experience—are really astonishing. After using cleansing cream, you make a lather with a cream soap and lightly brush the face from chin to hair line. Fresh as a daisy your skin feels when you have rinsed and dried it, and that freshness lasts through until morning. Normal skins can take this treatment, too. Take it? They love it.

10

In this day and age we are certainly face conscious, but it would improve our looks still further if we became more foot conscious. Feet are painfully neglected. And if they hurt, it is usually due to that. I'm glad, then, to be able to pass on news of a new series of products which, between them, will take care of the most hard-working feet and keep them happy. These consist of foot powder, foot balm and foot lotion. Each is the formula of a foot specialist in a London hospital. The foot balm is of especial interest to all who suffer from dry feet, for it relieves irritation, and heals cracked and scaly skin. The powder deodorises and soothes. The lotion brings instant relief to tired feet and reduces swelling. Altogether, a trio worth remembering.

11

If, when you try on your new swim suit, you find you are not such a sylph as you had hoped, you can tackle the problem of removing an unwanted bulge while you are on your holiday. And you don't need to exercise or take anything internally. You simply have to take a daily bath, that's all. The method is a threefold one. Take your bath morning or evening, and wash with special soap. Now add two tablespoons of special slimming grains to the water and relax in the bath for five or ten minutes. Dry quickly, and while the body is warm, apply a slimming lotion to the parts you wish to reduce.

Each of these products possesses a natural extract; harmless, but amazingly effective in melting down localised fat.

ENTRÉES

Bouillon de Volaille Glacé

Carcase of chicken.
Carrot, onion, herbs.
Salt, pepper, tomato.

Cut up an onion, carrot and tomato and put these in a saucepan with the carcase and odd bones of the cold bird. Add salt and pepper, also herbs and heat over the fire, shaking the pan. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil and simmer for half an hour, while you are cooking something else.

Strain through a muslin, cool and remove fat. Put this consommé or bouillon to get icy cold and serve in cups. You may add a dash of pink colouring, or serve with a few plainly cooked peas in each cup.

Sauce Munichoise

English Horseradish Sauce.
Two tomatoes.

An excellent sauce with any plainly fried or grilled fish.

First have (or make) some horseradish sauce in the ordinary English way. Cut up about two tomatoes (for four people) and squash through a strainer. Add this tomato pulp to the sauce, mixing it well in. Pour the sauce into the trays of your refrigerator and freeze, or put in a bowl and pack in ice. The idea is to serve this pretty and piquant sauce icy cold with piping hot fish.

Tomates Farcies a l'Indienne

Large tomatoes (one for each person).
Left over meat.
One small onion, butter.
Salt, pepper, curry powder.

This simple spicy dish is very quickly made. Choose large firm tomatoes of even shape, cut off a neat slice from the top and scoop out the flesh. Put the tomato cases in the refrigerator.

Meanwhile trim and chop roughly any cold meat you may have: lamb, veal, chicken, etc. Peel and chop also one onion, which you fry for a minute or so in butter. Add salt and (Continued on page 110)

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE—egg whites whipped stiffly with chocolate powder and sugar

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

Seven hundred and thirty menus a year—that is the housewife's problem. Three hundred and sixty-five days, on each of which two meals must be given serious thought. It is a problem.

Fortunately, the decided seasons of this country make the matter much easier. Seasons have their own specific types of menus, and, if you really stop to think about food values,

SWEETS

Petit Pots de Crème

Milk, eggs (one per person).
Sugar, vanilla, orange peel.
Small fireproof ramekin dishes.

Divide the yolks from the whites, using only the yolks, one for each person, the whites will make an excellent mousse for to-morrow—next recipe. Put the yolks in a bowl, mixing them smooth with a wooden spoon. Now measure the milk into a saucepan with the rammekins, having each one not quite full because of the egg yolk. Add sugar to taste and strips of orange peel. The peel of one orange would be sufficient for four to six people—also a flavouring of vanilla.

Bring the milk very slowly to the boil and then pour it carefully over the egg yolks, stirring all the time. Fill up the rammekins, pour the mixture through a strainer and put them in a baking dish. Add boiling water to the dish, so that your ramekins are in a bain-marie.

Put into a slow oven and cook for about twenty-five minutes. You can see if they are properly set by shaking one. Let the *crèmes* cool and then put them into the refrigerator to chill. They must not be allowed to freeze.

SAUCE MUNICHOISE—piquant complement to fried or grilled fish

By A. H. Adair

nearly every month has a food character of its own. In August, appetites must be coaxed, and the woman who has to coax them wants as little kitchen work as possible.

Menus should be light, nourishing, easily prepared and tempting.

On these pages we offer you some topical entrées and sweets that may save you a few hours thought.

Mousse au Chocolat

White of egg, cream.
Sugar, chocolate powder.

This very simple sweet is an excellent way of using up egg whites. It can be made without any cream at all and is still very good, but the addition of a little cream, as much as you can spare, gives body and richness.

Whip the whites very stiffly and fold in chocolate powder, to taste. Now add cream whipped separately and only at the last minute fold in soft sugar to taste. Serve with some *petits fours* or other sweet fancy biscuits.

Fruit Mousse

Sponge fingers.
Egg whites, sugar.
Stewed fruit.

Any left over stewed fruit will do. Pass it through a sieve without too much juice, so that you have a fairly stiff *purée*, seeing that it is really sweet. Cut the sponge fingers in two lengthways and with these line a deep glass dish. Pour the fruit *purée* into the middle and pile on the whites of eggs stiffly beaten and sweetened at the last moment.

Pancake Surprise

One pancake (cooked previously) per person.
A tablespoonful each of fruit pulp and cream.
Sugar.

The pancakes can be made in advance and kept flat, standing in a pile. Stewed or bottled fruit can be used if you want to save time. Mash the fruit and mix to a smooth *purée* with cream, adding sugar to taste. Put this on ice or in the refrigerator to get thoroughly cold. Place the pancakes flat on a board and in the centre of each a little of your fruit cream. Roll up, stand the rolls side by side in a dish, sprinkle with sugar and brown very quickly under the grill.

Glazed Bananas

Large bananas, Demerara Sugar.
Rum, apricot jam, butter.

Peel the bananas, and prick them all over. Fry till soft in a little butter. Then add a few drops of rum. Put the bananas in a serving dish with the melted rum butter. Spread each with apricot jam and sprinkle with the sugar. Place under the grill for a few seconds so that the jam bubbles. Remove and let them get cold before serving.

Roseate Cream

1 Packet Royal Vanilla Dessert.*
1 Pint of milk.
1 Egg white.
Pink colouring.
Small carton whipped cream.
Nuts to decorate.

Mix the Royal Vanilla Dessert with the milk, bring slowly to the boil and cook for about one minute, stirring constantly. Colour pale pink. When cool fold in the stiffly whisked egg white. Pile into glasses and decorate with whipped cream and nuts.

*This new delectable dessert comes in three flavours, and offers many possibilities for sweet variations.

Compote de Pommes

Eating apples.
Sugar, jam.

Choose fairly large eating apples of even size, one for each person. Remove the cores, peel them and put them in a large saucepan with six lumps of sugar to each apple.

Cover with cold water, put on the lid and bring to the boil. Reduce the heat and just simmer till the apples are soft, but without letting them fall to pieces.

(Continued on page 110)

EVENING SWEATER

Hand-knit jumpers are good and smart for evening. This one, in blue Sirdar Bouclé wool, has an intriguing pattern, fastens right up the back with knitted buttons. If you don't mind these doing up in reverse, wear it back to front by day, it looks another garment

Materials Required

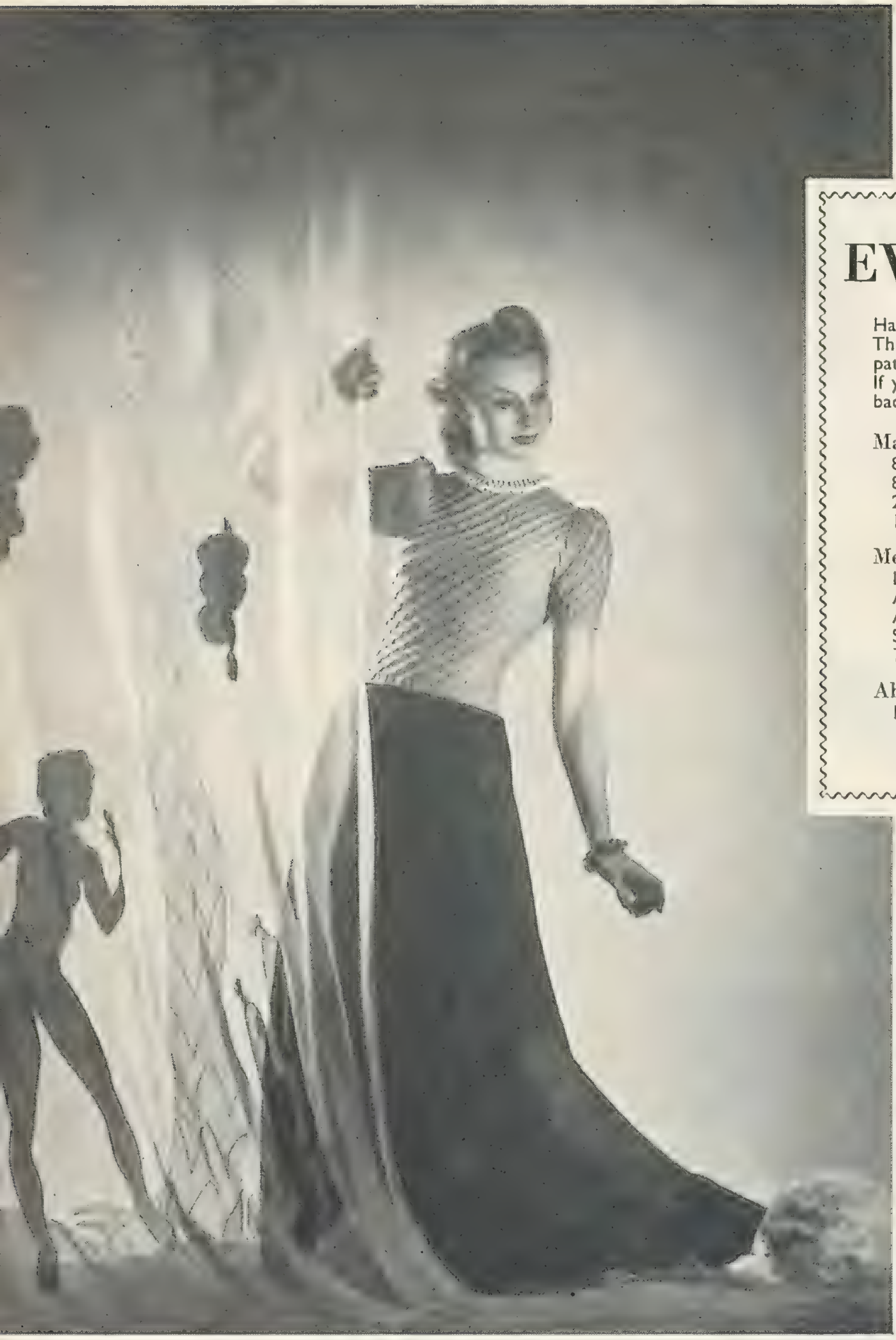
8 ozs. Sirdar Bouclé Wool.
8 Buttonmoulds.
2 Shoulder Pads.
1 pair each Nos. 8 and 11 "Stratnoid" Pins.

Measurements

Length from shoulder, 19 ins.
Across front underarm, 16 ins.
Across back underarm, 8½ ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 8½ ins.
Tension: Approximately 6 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations

K. knit; p. purl; sts. stitches; inc. increase; dec. decrease; tog. together; beg. beginning; pat. pattern; s. slip; st.st. stocking stitch.



FRONT

With No. 8 pins cast on 100 sts. K. into backs of 1st row. Continue in following pat. (wrong side of work facing):

1st row: S. 1, * p. 2, k. 2; repeat from * to last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

2nd row: S. 1, * k. 2, p. 2; repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 3.

Repeat rows 1 and 2 once.

5th row: As 1st.

6th row: S. 1, * place next 2 sts. on to spare pin and place at front of work. K. 2, p. 2, k. 2 sts. from spare pin (this forms cable twist), p. 2; repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 3.

Repeat rows 1 to 5.

12th row: S. 1, k. 2, * p. 2, work cable; repeat from * to last st., k. 1. These 12 rows form pat.

Work 2 ins., change to No. 11 pins, work 1 in., change to No. 8 pins and work until 10½ ins. from start, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 116 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Work 6¼ ins. on remaining 92 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40, cast off 12, work 40. Work ¾-in. on each 40 sts., casting off 4 sts. every neck edge row until 28 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row twice. Work back to armhole. Cast off 12.

RIGHT BACK

With No. 8 pins cast on 48 sts. Work as for front until 10½ ins. from start, increasing at armhole end only until 56 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work 6½ ins. on remaining 44 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 12 sts. at neck edge. Continue on remaining sts. as for front. Work left back as for right with all shapings at opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 pins cast on 92 sts., work 1 in. pat., change to No. 8 pins, work 2½ ins., increasing 1 st. each end of every 3rd row until 100 sts. Then cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 60 sts. remain. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

EDGINGS

With No. 11 pins cast on 6 sts.

1st row: K.

2nd row: K. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

Work 2 strips 10 ins. long for sleeves. Cast off.

Work 1 strip 34 ins. long for neck and right back. Cast off.

BUTTONCOVERS (10)

With No. 11 pins cast on 8 sts. Work 8 rows st.st. Cast off.

UNDERWRAP

With No. 8 pins cast on 10 sts., work 18 ins. plain knitting. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves arranging fullness to top of shoulders. Sew pads to shoulders. Sew underwrap to left back. Fold edgings in half lengthwise and sew to sleeves, neck and right back, leaving eight spaces for buttonholes. Cover moulds with covers and sew to left back.

Hi! Chaps!
can you see what I see?

Del Monte fruit for tea!

Insist on having
Del Monte
CANNED FRUITS
Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
FRUITS

MAYFAIR PEAR SALAD

Whirls of whipped cream sprinkled with grated chocolate bring out the delicate, mellow flavour of perfect DEL MONTE Bartletts. Melting in the mouth with tender ripeness, yet delicately firm, only DEL MONTE Pears will do for this smart salad.

FRUIT SALAD FLAN

Try arranging DEL MONTE Fruit Salad in a flan case for an exciting change. Each piece of fruit is of the same superb quality as the fruits that DEL MONTE can separately. Each delectable little mouthful is perfect, full of flavour as DEL MONTE fruit can be!

Lovely as they look, it is their *flavour* that makes DEL MONTE Fruits so welcome to your table. For DEL MONTE always puts flavour *first*—in every stage in the growing, selection and canning of the world's finest fruits.

Just try DEL MONTE Pineapple, for example—Hawaiian, of course, because Hawaiian Pineapples are the best in the world, and DEL MONTE packs only the very best. To enjoy to the full the zestful tang of this delectable sun-ripened fruit serve DEL MONTE Pineapple Slices just as they come from the can. A bed of crisp young lettuce adds decoration.

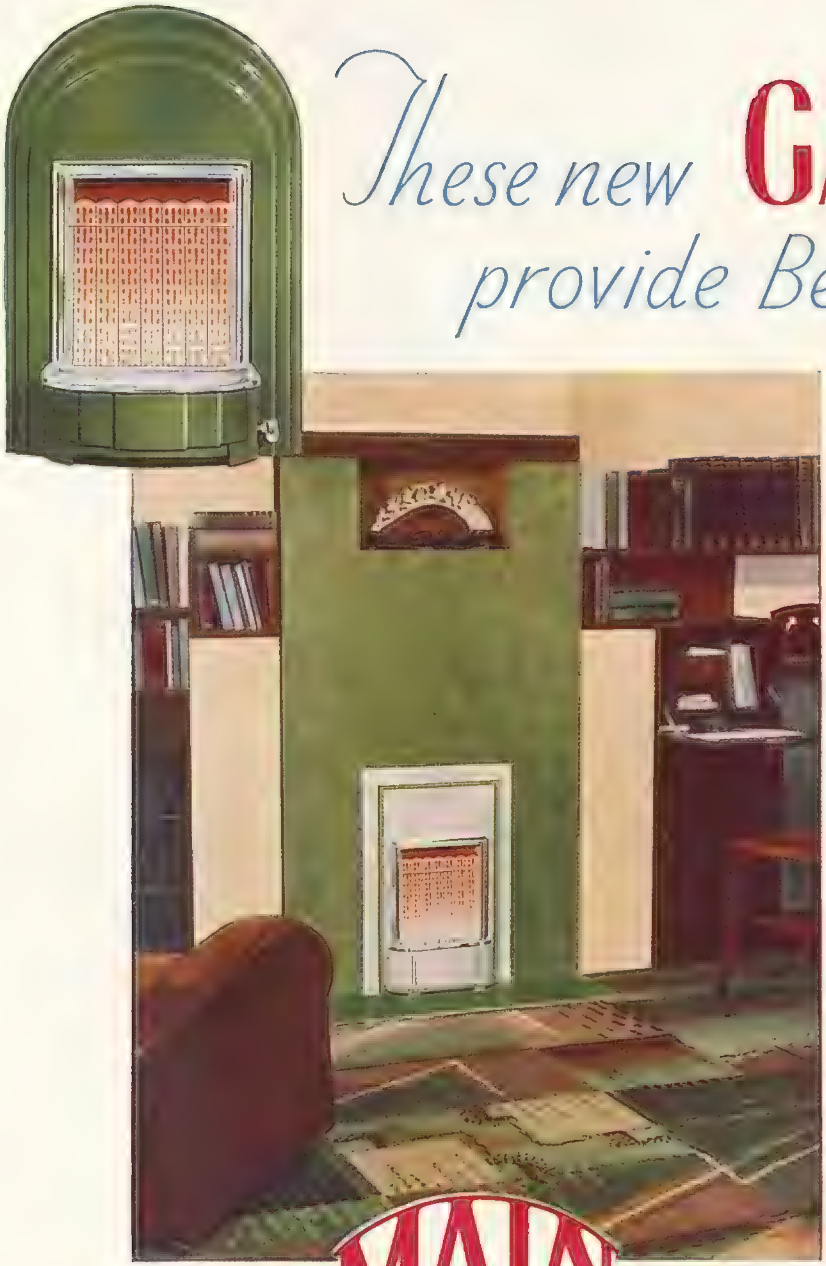
As well as Slices, DEL MONTE Pineapple is packed in five other ways: Chunklets; Tidbits; Long Bars; Diced; and Crushed—all equally delicious, ready for you to serve or to use in many delightful, easily-prepared dishes. And for the perfect refresher—DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice—appetising, healthful, delicious!

Whether it is Pineapple or any other of the many varieties which DEL MONTE packs, just be sure you *get* DEL MONTE. Then you are certain of glorious flavour, full health values — absolute satisfaction — always.

British Sales, Ltd.—*Distributors*—Adelaide House, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

U.K. 620

These new GAS-FIRES *provide Better Heating!*



THE new Self-Lighting MAIN GAS FIRES in addition to providing a group of designs suitable for any modern fireplace, also embody the results of extensive research and experiment to ensure the highest radiant efficiency and hygienic or ventilating properties.

Special attention has been given to the design of these fires to ensure that their periodical overhaul can be effected without removing the fire from its setting.

Beautiful and lasting colour finishes are obtainable to suit any scheme of decoration.

See them at your local gas showrooms

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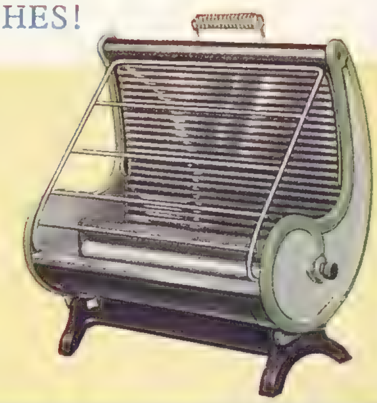
Portable Heating *at its best with the* GLOWMAIN

A convenient and effective little Gas Heater. Only 11¾ ins. wide, it can be carried about easily, and "plugged in" to any room. On account of its small gas consumption it requires no flue.



CONFIDENTLY Recommended

You can treat your face to all the magical lotions of the beauty specialist's art; you can indulge in every known form of beauty treatment, and if, after all, you are careless in your choice of powder the whole business is a wash-up.

The first object of powder is not to look like powder at all, but to give a subtle bloom of Nature to the skin. The second is to protect while it beautifies.

Dana powder accomplishes this vital dual objective. There are exquisitely subtle shades of colouring to blend with your clothes and with the natural tints of your skin. All of them are enriched by the famous Tabu perfume.

If the sun won't shine you can't make it, but you can hand His Highness a polite raspberry by running around looking a ravishing bronze, whether he shines or not.

It is done with a sun bronze milk that has just been produced by Helmar. The most satisfying part of this preparation is that if the sun shines furiously it protects you from scorching, and if it doesn't shine at all you can still have a tan.

It also makes an excellent powder base. The price is sixpence a bottle.

Mil-Par is a production of Phillips Chemical Company, incorporating Milk of Magnesia with a specially selected grade of medicinal paraffin, the process ensuring the uniform distribution of the lubricant and the complete absence of the old oily taste and consistency.

Mil-Par makes it possible to administer liquid paraffin in conjunction with the soothing Milk of Magnesia in a most palatable form.

Morny, whose perfumes and toilet preparations are synonymous with quality, have been three years experimenting to produce a Cologne and a lavender water more highly concentrated—and therefore more economical—than has ever been possible before.

They have succeeded and the result is Morny Crest Eau-de-Cologne Extract and Morny Crest Lavender Water Extract.

Each is obtainable in sizes from a shilling to a guinea and every size is superlatively packed in a presentation carton.

Years ago the medical profession began to publicise the health and beauty-making properties of certain vegetables. The public were undoubtedly impressed with the truth of it all, but the difficulties of reducing raw vegetables such as carrot and spinach to an essence by home methods seemed insuperable.

Now you can get the juices bottled, ready for use, and at a reasonable cost from your local store.

Sixteen of Hofel's Life Juices, among which are infallible cures for a number of ills, have been made generally available to the public by this distribution to retailers.

If you are interested, there is an instructive booklet dealing with these remarkable vegetable juices and the many cures they have effected. You can get it by sending threepence in stamps to J. A. Hofel's Curative Foods, 2 Artesian Road, London, W.2.

Nature is not often deliberately unkind to women. There is potential beauty in us all. The lack of it is invariably due to neglect.

The aspect of beauty culture which consists in rectifying faults of neglect is specially emphasised by the makers of Pomeroy Beauty Products.

The whole range of Pomeroy preparations is designed with the object of restoring and coaxing beauty that has been allowed to degenerate and of stimulating and protecting beauty which is in its prime.

An instructional treatment at the Pomeroy Beauty Rooms in Bond Street will give you the best possible start on a course of self beauty culture. Experts are always available to advise you about home treatments and the charges for treatment as for the preparations themselves are balanced and reasonable.

No woman who knows the first thing about dress will dispute the fact that smartness goes far beyond the matter of clothes and that it is the co-ordination of colouring, complexion and general perfection that tells.

A lipstick for every different coloured dress ensemble would hardly be an extravagance, such is its perfecting influence upon an outfit.

Lenthéric lipsticks are made in a range of the most subtle and delightful colours. The "Country," Number Six, is a russet shade, perfect in its adaptability to tanned skins, and "Rocket Red," Number Five, is a clear true red that gives new point to pastel summer dresses.

Lenthéric lipsticks in the black and gold cases cost 5s. 6d., in white cases 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

If you like the Bourjois "Evening in Paris" perfume that so many women have grown attached to in the past few years, you should also know about the range of beauty preparations which carry the same name.

These preparations are specifically designed to nourish and protect the skin, thus preserving its natural colouring and the smooth texture of healthy tissues.

The vanishing cream acts as an excellent base for the "Evening in Paris" powder designed to go with it.

Try this range of beauty preparations if you are looking for some that combine luxurious quality with a reasonable price.

Hot weather, dusty streets, the close atmospheres of a cinema or dance-room make you think what a grand thing it would be to carry around some convenient means of freshening up, of throwing off the hot fatigue which makes you look and feel so second rate.

Atkinson's new Freshettes are an inspiration. They are tiny pads of muslin which you carry in a specially designed pochette about twice the size of a half-crown. Whenever you feel hot and weary, produce your Freshette moistened with Atkinson's eau-de-Cologne before you left home, dab it behind your ears, over your temples and at the back of the neck and the reviving effect is immediate.

Freshettes stay moist for hours and take up no room in your handbag. The little pochette and a supply of pads cost from one and sixpence, upwards.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

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said the Sergeant

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THAT STOPS
MUFFLED
PINKING**

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THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL

Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

Midsummer Motoring May Be Trying, But—Don't Get Hot and Bothered

By The Earl of Cardigan

I HAVE often wondered what proportion of the motoring accidents which occur in summer could be attributed, if all the circumstances were known, to the sense of irritation from which one or other of the parties was suffering at the time. There *can* be all manner of irritating factors on a crowded road in summer—and not many drivers can claim to be either immune to such things or unaffected by them.

I believe that it would be a large proportion. We should find that, just prior to getting into trouble, Smith was cursing the heat and stuffiness of his car, and fumbling vaguely with the windows. Brown was being driven nearly to distraction by the futility of the slow driver just in front of him, and by the difficulty of overtaking in so dense a stream of traffic.

Jones, perhaps, was already late for an appointment owing to the county council having chosen this busy period for re-laying various sections of road, thus causing a series of tedious hold-ups. Robinson was in no hurry himself, but was beginning to lose patience with the owners of numerous fussy little cars who had insisted on squeezing past him, often cutting-in with unmannerly abruptness.

In short, if we could trace the psychological causes of summer-time motor smashes, we should again and again find that someone, for some reason of this sort, had been getting "hot and bothered." Patience and sound judgment were beginning to give way under the impact of petty irritations.

How is this state of mind to be avoided, when an occasion such as a summer Bank Holiday does so much to promote it? The question is important, for apart from the increased likelihood of accidents, every driver knows how exhausting it is to handle a car when his nerves are "on edge." Even a short run becomes a penance rather than a pleasure.

A good deal, I think, can be gained by keeping cool in a physical sense. When the weather is really hot, a closed car is generally more comfortable than an open one. With a convertible body I would advocate keeping the hood up, the windscreen slightly open and the rear windows ajar so that a continuous draught blows through the car.

Then, during halts, the sun should never be allowed to beat directly upon the seat cushions. If no natural shade is available, coats or rugs should be spread over the seats. Where a number of passengers are carried, none should be huddled together. It makes for comfort, for instance, if a small suitcase is placed centrally on the back seat, leaving a separate seating space on either side.

If physical comfort can be assured by such means, it is all the easier to keep cool mentally, in spite of dense traffic and other irritations. A cool survey of the other drivers who are thronging the road to the coast (or wherever it may be) will surely reveal that not all are incompetent or pushful.

WHERE the stream of traffic is continuous, I have often found it a relief to locate a really good driver going in the same direction at about the desired speed (yes, there generally is at least one!), and simply keep "on his tail." To overtake a good and smooth driver may, under such conditions, be folly. The car that is next ahead may be driven by some jerky, irritating person, from whose fits and starts one has hitherto been shielded.

If one decides to overtake, there is still a great art in doing this correctly, with the minimum of fuss. Some drivers make the process needlessly difficult and bothersome by pressing up close behind the vehicle which they intend to overtake. From this position, they cannot see much of the road ahead. Consequently, they have to keep on "nosing out" to see whether it is possible to get past in safety. Usually it is not; so they have to check and drop back again into their former position.

This sequence of movements, when repeated half a dozen times, can become intensely irritating to all concerned. It is far better, when one wishes to overtake, to remain at a little distance, "biding one's time," behind the other vehicle. From this more remote position, one can see a good deal of the road ahead, and can generally avoid making false starts.

By holding back in this way, it is usually possible also to foresee a safe opportunity to overtake, and to be ready a few seconds *before* that opportunity develops. This is the moment to accelerate, thus closing the gap between oneself and the car in front. If this movement is well judged, one is able to overtake instantly when the opening occurs, since one's own car is already moving 5 m.p.h. faster than the one in front, and is rapidly gaining still greater relative speed.

There is everything to recommend this method. It is smooth and decisive, as all good driving should be. It puts no strain on the nerves or the temper. Moreover it makes for safety.

IT will be agreed, I think, that the safest method of overtaking is that in which the two cars concerned spend the shortest possible time abreast of each other. In this respect, the bide-your-time-and-then-rapidly-close-up driver has a great advantage as compared with an exponent of the nose-out-have-a-look-and-then-accelerate-if-there-is-nothing-coming school. The former will get past nearly twice as quickly as the latter.

But, I repeat, it is often possible to make a great saving in fuss and bother, with only a slight loss of time, by conforming to the pace of some other driver whose smoothness and competence make him easy to follow. If one's own cruising speed is normally 50 m.p.h., and one can find someone of this type moving at perhaps 45 m.p.h., there is very little to be gained by trying to push ahead. Even if the run takes ten minutes longer than it ordinarily should, it is a great thing—in fact a minor triumph in the summer holiday period—to be sure of arriving quite cool and unflustered at the other end of your journey.

The 3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" drophead coupé. A car really fast and powerful, admirably suited for summer or winter motoring

Cool Interlude
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An Economical and Lively Morris

The 10-h.p. Saloon

By

The Earl of Cardigan

IT is not difficult to foresee that the recent budget must cause a vast increase in the sale of cars in or around the 10-h.p. class. Even cars of this modest size will soon be paying £12 10s. in annual tax—and this is quite as high a figure as the majority of motorists are prepared to face. Personally, I regard it as deplorable from the national point of view; but the fact remains that big cars must become less popular, while small ones enjoy a corresponding boom.

The most cheerful aspect of the matter is seen when we come to examine the modern 10-h.p. car. It may not be of a type which we can profitably export to other nations; but, for our own strictly insular purposes, it is a truly remarkable engineering product. It reaches standards of efficiency and comfort which would have been thought impossible by the light car users of a few years ago.

The Morris "Ten" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves; 10 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with synchromesh for second, third and top gears.

Performance: Third gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 65 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic; piston-type shock absorbers.

Steering: Light; self-centres nicely.

Brakes: Of Lockheed hydraulic type.

Coachwork: Well planned; notably good back seat.

Price: Saloon models from £175.

The new Morris "Ten," for example, carries saloon coachwork of really useful dimensions. The catalogue makes no claim that the car is a five seater—and yet it very nearly is so. It will certainly carry with ease four large adults and a child.

A particularly good point is the amount of space available at the back. The leg room in front is restricted to what a tall driver reasonably needs; there is enough when the sliding seats are pushed well back. The rear passengers on the other hand, are treated with more than ordinary generosity. They will find plenty of elbow room, knee room and head room, and can thus sit in perfectly comfortable and easy attitudes. This is very creditable, when one considers that the wheelbase is less than eight feet.

As for performance, the new Morris overhead-valve engine is remarkably efficient. It has plenty of "life," and will take the car along at anything up to 65 m.p.h. This relatively high figure should be very valuable, even to an owner of the steady-going type. It means that at 50 m.p.h. the car is running happily with about 23 per cent of its "revs" still in hand. This margin not only makes it enjoyable to handle, but also gives it a long expectation of life.

Similarly good results appear when one tests the performance in third gear (for there is a four-speed gearbox). The maximum in this ratio is as high as 50 m.p.h., and thus the car is again running with a considerable margin in hand when it is climbing a hill at 40 m.p.h. or so.

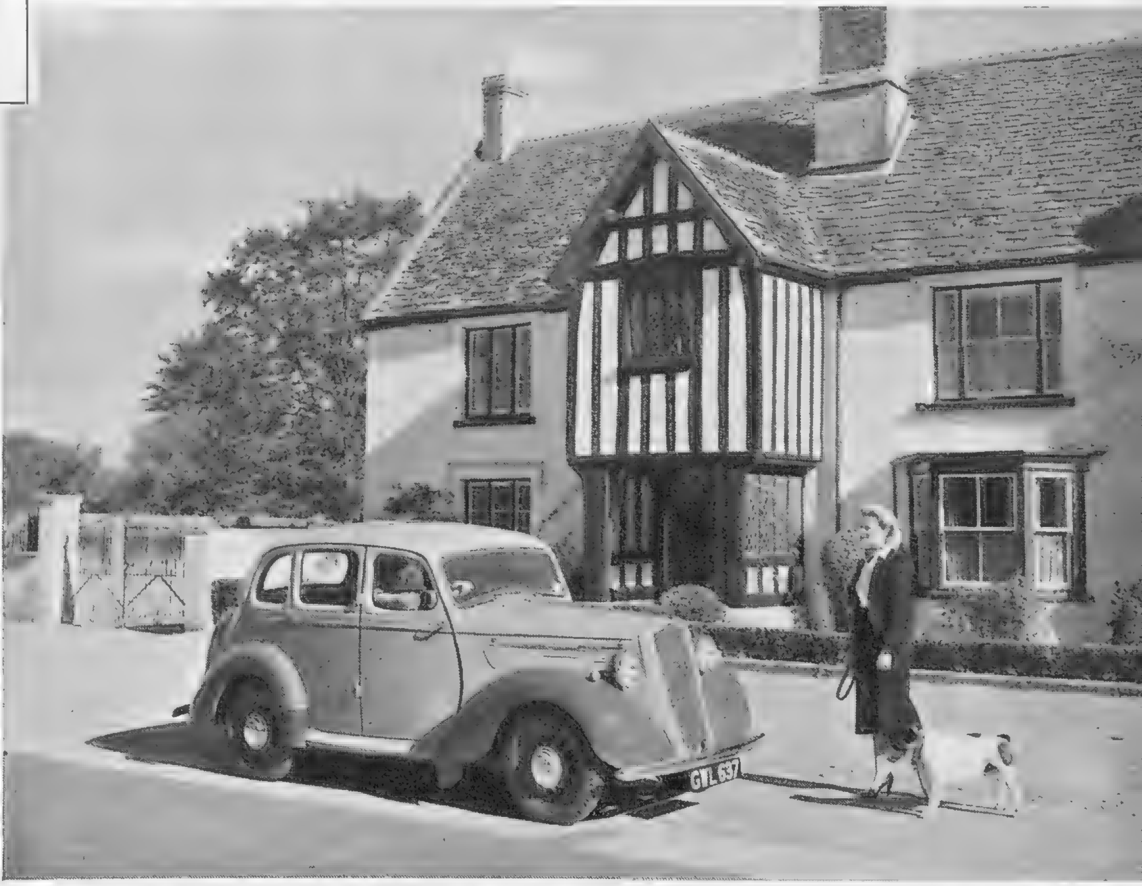
The gearbox, of course, is of the synchromesh type, all the ratios with the exception of bottom gear being designed to engage quite silently and without calling for any special skill. Although the car is quite creditably flexible in its top gear, it is obviously a real advantage to have two lower ratios which can be used at any time without hesitation or misgiving.

Not every small car, with coachwork of quite comfortable dimensions, is a good road holder; but the Morris behaves decidedly well in this respect also. It has semi-elliptic springs with piston-type shock absorbers, and the effect of these is to make the car "sit down" very steadily at all speeds and take its corners without rolling. The steering is pleasant, and self-centres nicely.

The brakes, which are hydraulic, do their work in a highly satisfactory manner. As I think I have mentioned before, the merit of a good hydraulic brake is that it is perfectly progressive. It does not "hang fire" and then come on with a jerk, but always delivers power in exact proportion with the pressure of the driver's foot upon the pedal. It is a brake which, as in this Morris, quickly inspires confidence.

Reverting to the coachwork, there are several further good points which deserve to be noted. Instead of the usual cubby-holes, which so often are not big enough to be of much use, this saloon has a wide, shallow tray for parcels, gloves and other odds and ends. Located beneath the instrument panel, this extends right across the car. The arrangements for luggage are likewise good, the boot at the back being of generous size.

In short, if any previous owner of a medium-sized car is induced by the budget to change over to a "ten," this Morris will almost certainly give him a pleasant surprise. It is sturdy, well planned and equipped, and on the road can hold its own with many a car of superior size. Prices are, of course, exceedingly moderate; the fixed-head saloon costs only £175. The sliding-head model is listed at £10 more, and for a further £5 Jackall hydraulic jacks are included.



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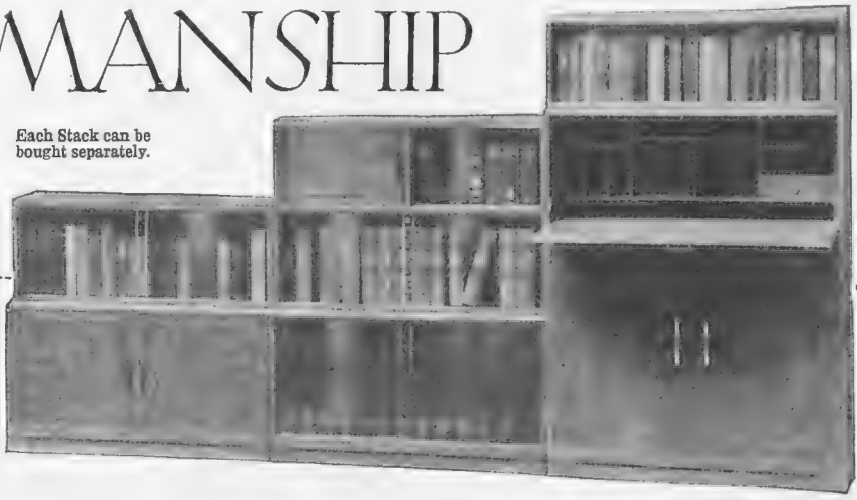

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The 30 h.p. "V-8" Ford has a three-speed gearbox, transverse springing, and a hydraulic brake system. This standard saloon model, which seats five very comfortably, is at the very reasonable price of £280. (right) The driving seat and instrument board. The steering is geared rather low, but not unreasonably so, and for a fairly big car, the lock is decidedly good

Outstanding in Performance

The 30 h.p. "V-8" Ford

By

The Earl of Cardigan

As I commence this article, I feel keenly in sympathy with those people who write letters to the daily Press, notifying the editor of some phenomenon which they have witnessed and asking, "Is this a record?" It was a recent run in the latest "V-8" Ford which put me in this frame of mind.

I had been testing this car on the Great North Road, and had noted its speed as being around 85 m.p.h. in its four to one top gear, just before the phenomenon occurred. I was driving quietly back into London when I noticed a side turning on my left marked "Netherhall Gardens."

Now, Netherhall Gardens *used* to be a test hill. In the old days, a car was thought to be pretty good if it would climb this gradient briskly in its bottom gear. Even to-day it is not an easy hill, for there is an "island" so awkwardly placed that the turn from the main road into the Gardens is an extremely acute one. The climb must thus be commenced at 5 m.p.h. or less—i.e., at a mere walking pace.

As I came to this turning, already impressed by the car's general performance, the thought occurred to me—"What would the Ford make of Netherhall Gardens in top gear?" Just out of curiosity, I took this acute turn in "top." From 5 m.p.h., I was able to accelerate to about 10 m.p.h. before the car reached the real gradient.

The 30 h.p. "V-8" Ford in brief

Engine: Eight cylinders in "V" formation; side valves; 30 h.p.

Transmission: Three-speed gearbox; synchromesh second and top gears.

Performance: Second gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 85 m.p.h.

Springing: Of Ford transverse type.

Steering: Has light action with good lock.

Brakes: Hydraulic, with cable-operated hand brake.

Coachwork: Seats five very comfortably.

Price: Saloon, £280.

Of course, most cars would then have begun to "peter out"; but the Ford amazed me by sticking to its 10 m.p.h. It held that 10 m.p.h. all the way up the hill, including the right angle bend in the middle. The engine did not even "knock." Is this a record? Frankly, I never seriously thought that it could be done. Has it been done before by any comparable car, i.e., a car with something like a four to one top gear and with a speed capacity exceeding 80 m.p.h.?

I do not need to be told that this was a stupid, freakish test. Obviously, one could have climbed three times as fast in a lower gear. At the same time, it shows up the Ford as an exceptional car—which it undoubtedly is—capable of doing everything which one would expect, plus quite a few things which no reasonable person would normally ask of it.

No more needs to be said as to the flexibility of the 30 h.p. engine. Even if not a record-breaker in this respect, the Ford has an efficiency far above normal. Moreover, in more rational tests, the acceleration given by the 1939 power unit seems to be even more vivid than before. There is a tremendous flow of power when, let us say at 30 m.p.h., one really "puts one's foot down."

Only a three-speed gearbox is provided—and it is easy to see that, with acceleration and flexibility of this high order, there is really no need for a greater number of ratios. Second gear, which has synchromesh engagement, is as high as the third gear of most cars. It can be used as soon as the car is in motion, or at any speed up to its maximum of 60 m.p.h. Naturally it gives acceleration even more vigorous—and this is saying a great deal—than that which is available in "top."

The Ford's road-holding qualities may not reach quite the same level; but the car none the less is absolutely steady when cruising at speeds of 60 m.p.h. or more. Transverse springing is employed—an unusual system, but one which the Ford people have been using with good results for a great number of years.

The steering is (*Continued on page* 82)

Beating Back the Bomber

(*Continued from page* 9)

aim his missiles. He can carry 500 or more two-pound incendiary bombs, and broadcast them wholesale at an enormous height above his objective. A few hundred will find a billet somewhere; and a raiding air fleet could carry many thousands.

That is where the six-mile-a-minute fighter comes into its own.

"Spitfire," "Hurricane," and the new terrifically fast twin-engined "Westland" fighters, go hurtling upwards into the clouds. 10,000 feet up within four minutes; up and up and up, the pilots breathing oxygen because the air around them is too thin to support human life—right up to the blue silences of eight miles above the puny earth, higher than the finest bomber can fly.

And then down—down in a screaming dive at seven miles a minute or more—down like striking hawks on top of the raiding fleet.

At that speed, the solitary occupant of the fighter machine would sight his big black opponent for not more than a second. You think he could not do any harm in a second? WRONG! In one second, his eight machine-guns could pump 200 bullets through and through the steel skin of the vast-winged bomber. In one second, he could claw it down, a flaming ruin, and hurl it blazing from the skies to the scarred earth it was attacking.

Four machine-guns in each wing, all fired by pressing a single button on the control-column in the tiny, enclosed cockpit—eight guns that can spout 12,000 rounds a minute of high-explosive, incendiary or grey "tracers" through the back of the enemy.

Or perhaps the fighter is fitted with one machine-gun in each wing, and a motor cannon mounted in the engine.

This cannon is the very latest thing in British air-fighting equipment. It fires shells weighing a pound, at the rate of 900 a minute. They have a much longer range than machine-guns, which can operate over a range of only a few hundred yards.

Modern bombers fly in defensive formation, and are heavily armed with cannon of quite heavy calibre. Although the speed of the fighting aircraft makes it almost impossible to hit, yet if it can engage the bombing fleet from long range, it has better chances. That is why Britain is putting motor cannon into some of her new fighters.

"Hurricane" and "Spitfire," two of the fastest fighters in the world, are directly designed from the Schneider Trophy Race machines I used to fly years ago.

Talking of speed, it is interesting to note that a Schneider machine built eight years ago held the world's actual speed record until last April, when it was beaten by less than 40 m.p.h. Yet, in the previous eight years, when the Schneider Race was flown every two years, speed rose from 177 m.p.h. to 440 m.p.h.

There is an answer in that to those who say that air races do not affect machine design or serve any useful purpose.

The drawbacks to our present terrifically fast single-seat, single-engined fighters, are their short range, and the fact that they can carry only one man to fly the aircraft and simultaneously do the attacking. When you remember that the dashboard of such a machine has seventeen dials, ten switches, red and green lights, and an electric buzzer, you will realise that the pilot has a lot to think about apart from whether or not he can fill up an enemy bomber with bullets, while the bomber and its pals are pumping explosive and incendiary shells around him all over the sky.

The range of a fast fighter is only about 900 miles. Since the aircraft has to take the air *before* the raiders appear, in order to attain altitude enough to attack, and thus it may be cruising about in the sky for quite a while before it gets down to the business of killing the bombers, and since it can cover the 900 miles in a matter of three hours, you will see that something extra is needed, if raiders are going to be chased all the way home with a flea in their ear, as they should be.

An American Seversky "2 P.A.L." was tried out extensively at Martlesham recently. It carries eight guns, has a speed of upwards of 300 m.p.h., and a range of 3,000 miles.

Then there is the new twin-engined fighter, now being tested for the R.A.F., which rumour says has a speed of over 435 m.p.h., a good range, a heavy armament, and can carry two or three men.

Against such machines as these, the bomber would have to fly very high and very fast if it wanted to get back to mother after the ball was over!

Flying these high-speed fighters, that are really our chief hope against raiding air fleets, is not a job for sister Susie. The pilots who handle them have to keep as fit as boxers before a big fight. Food, drink, smokes—all have to be carefully arranged in relation to the job of fast flying.

Only men with the cleanest possible bill of health are ever allowed to step into the fast fighter's cockpit.

A great many precautions are taken. The pilot wears special stays, as there would be real peril of grave internal injury to any one trying to bank a fast fighter, or flatten it out of a dive, without such body support.

In the good old days of Immelmann, Ball, and my pal Mapplebeck, the air fighter was a lone wolf, and he notched up his victims through tricks of pilotage. In an aerial battle with superior numbers, he would roll, spin, dive or zoom up, using every trick of aerobatics to foil his enemies and to get near enough to hail death on them without being touched himself.

You can't do that sort of thing with the 1939 fighters!

Travelling at six or seven miles a minute, if you attempt a steep bank or a sudden flattening out from a dive, you go blind and suddenly helpless, and slump in your seat without being able, for several seconds to lift a finger to save yourself from disaster.

Centrifugal force at such moments drains all the blood from behind the eyes and from important nerve centres in the body, and you feel as if you had been hit on the head with a pole-axe. In a very little while, you can move and see again; but it is not an experience to be tried too often in a machine that travels a mile in eight seconds.

Modern air attack is carried out in formation. Six or eight or more fighters scream down at over 400 m.p.h., with the concentrated fire of about sixty machine-guns belching and spouting death all over the sky ahead.

One moment, they are dropping like thunderbolts on the dark shoal of bombers below; next second they are themselves, thousands of feet beneath the raiders' wheels.

Apart from balloons and fighters, there remain one or two devices which are still more or less secrets, but which it is believed that most governments are feverishly experimenting with in case of aerial warfare.

The wireless apparatus, said to have been invented by Marconi just before his death, will, it is claimed, interfere with the electrical equipment of bombers, stop their engines, and bring them, willy-nilly, gliding down to earth.

I have never seen it tried, but one hears constant tales about it.

Then there is the substantiated story of the electric-eye shell.

The Swedish firm of Telefonaktiebolaget L. M. Ericsson, are said to hold a patent to manufacture these shells, which, if they come up to specification, will prove the air raider's greatest bugbear of the future.

The shells are fired, so it is said, without fuses, containing instead a cartridge of magnesium that burns fiercely in the nose of the shell. The light from the magnesium (which is what flash-light photographers use in civil life), will be reflected from the body of the raiding aircraft This reflection will be caught by what is known as a photo-electric cell in the missile, where it will be generated into electricity to explode the detonator.

Thus, the outstanding difficulty of the anti-aircraft gunner is overcome. He can fire his shells in the direction of the raiding machines; accuracy is not needed, for, as soon as the electric eye "sights" the bomber, the shell will explode—and very nasty that will be for the raider!

Last of the question marks of air defence is the new beam-gun, said to have been developed by one of Stalin's dome-headed Russian science professors.

This gun, which is worked by an electrical device, is said to fire, not shells or bullets, but a beam of electricity. The beam flashes round and round the fighter machine from which it is discharged, like the circling beam of a lighthouse.

The range is supposed to be about 500 yards; and any bomber that flies within range of the beam will thrill from end to end with a terrific charge of electricity.

The pilot, gunners and crew will jump spasmodically into galvanic contortions for a second or two before stiffening in death in the still-flying aircraft. It will be as if they had sat suddenly in the electric chair.

I wonder if it is true? I was told that story by an American aircraft engineer who was for many years in charge of a great Russian aeroplane factory in the Urals. He said he had seen these new fighters tested against radio-controlled target machines, and that the targets came down (to use his own expressive phrase)—"All fused to hell."

Bombers are very nasty things, and if war should break out, it is ostrich-like folly to suggest that we should not suffer terribly.

But you can take it from me that Britain has got about as far forward as anybody in her preparations to beat the bombers back. We can't keep them out, and we can't stop them from doing a lot of damage; but if they come, I think we can certainly give them hell with the lid off.

END

Outstanding in Performance

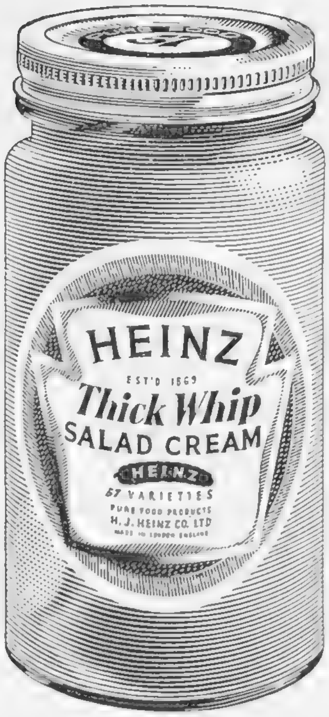
(*Continued from page* 81)

geared rather low, but not unreasonably so. It is light in action, and self-centres strongly enough to enable sharp corners to be taken without loss of time. For a fairly big car, the steering lock is decidedly good.

For a car with such powers of acceleration, the brakes require to be first-rate, and a very efficient hydraulic system is employed. The stopping power is ample; but a small error here is that the brake pedal stands up some six inches higher than the accelerator. The driver therefore loses a valuable split second in transferring his foot from the one to the other.

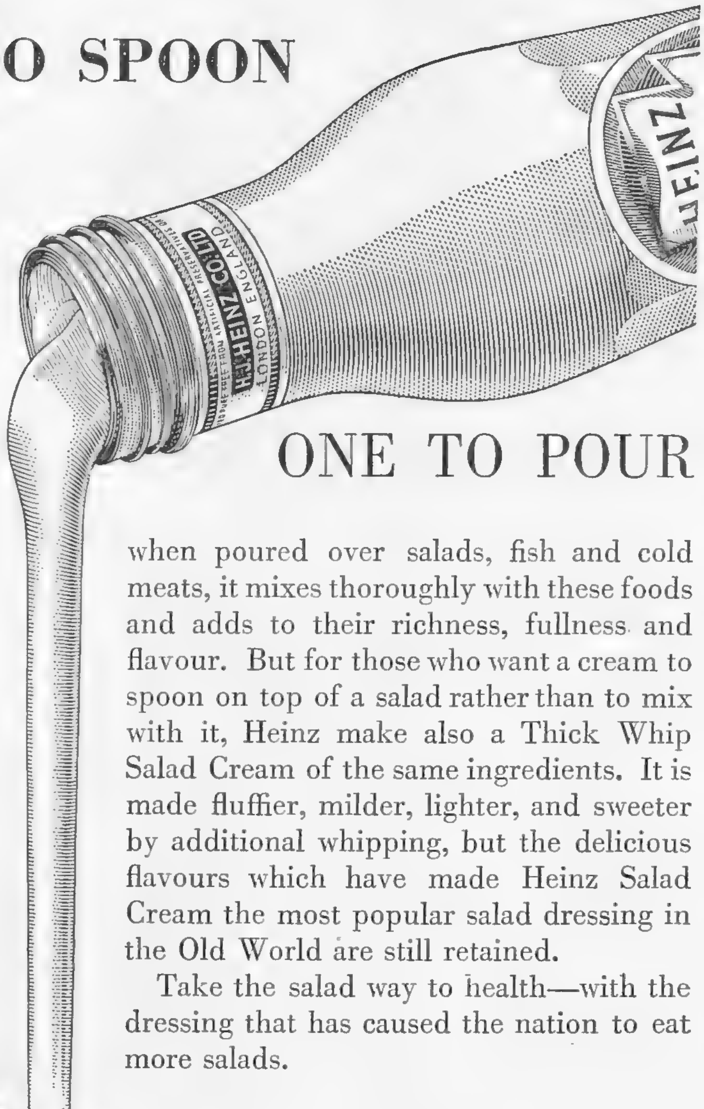
Owing to the design of the "V-8" engine (which, of course, is only half as long as the equivalent straight-eight engine would be), the amount of space available for coachwork is large in relation to the overall length of the car. Full use has been made of this factor, so that the new saloon coachwork is decidedly roomy. It provides generous accommodation for at least five people, and could easily qualify in the six-seater class if the position of the gear lever could be slightly altered.

The car loaned to me was upholstered in light blue leather, which made the interior most attractive. This leather upholstery costs £7 extra, and in my opinion is well worth the money. This is especially so when one considers how extraordinarily cheap is the standard saloon model at £280. It is difficult to define value-for-money; but if it represents the relation between a car's performance and its first cost, then the Ford offers a degree of value which one would have to term phenomenal.



as you like it . . .

ONE TO SPOON

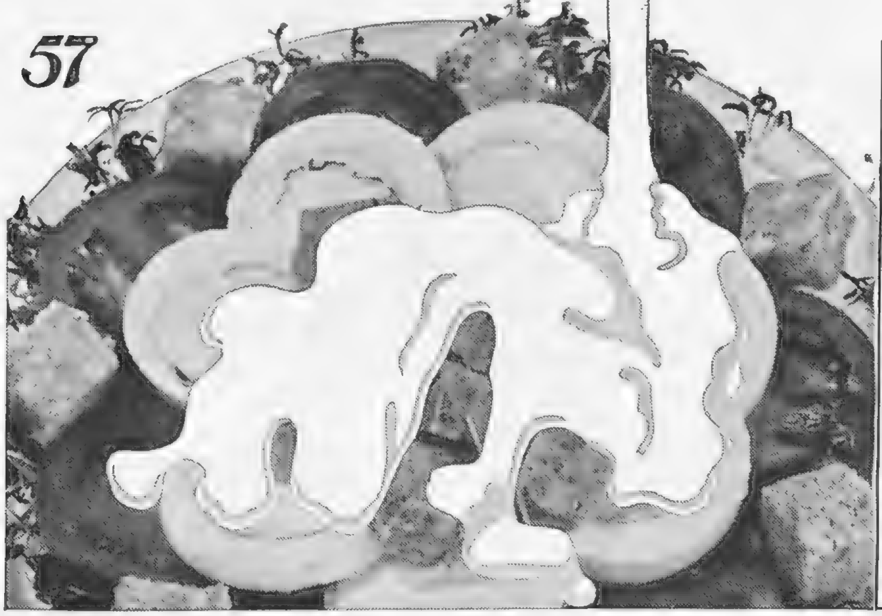


ONE TO POUR

Heinz is the original Salad Cream, made in England—specially prepared to appeal to the taste of the British public. It is made of English eggs straight from the nest—the purest olive oil, malt vinegar—and thick, rich cream. Not only does its delicious flavour tempt everyone to eat more salads—but its rich nourishment turns an ordinary salad into a perfectly balanced meal! Salads give you the mineral salts, vitamins and roughage you need for health! Heinz Salad Cream adds the proteins, carbohydrates, fats—and more vitamins.

It is of the right consistency, because when poured over salads, fish and cold meats, it mixes thoroughly with these foods and adds to their richness, fullness and flavour. But for those who want a cream to spoon on top of a salad rather than to mix with it, Heinz make also a Thick Whip Salad Cream of the same ingredients. It is made fluffier, milder, lighter, and sweeter by additional whipping, but the delicious flavours which have made Heinz Salad Cream the most popular salad dressing in the Old World are still retained.

Take the salad way to health—with the dressing that has caused the nation to eat more salads.



the dressing that
has made the nation
eat more salad

HEINZ SALAD CREAM

Either kind at 6d & 10d per bottle.
Made in England.

Other Varieties: Mayonnaise,
Baked Beans,
Tomato Ketchup, Spaghetti.

The Women I Meet

(Continued from page 41)

have customarily been presented to his wife.

Lady Dufferin herself has a positive mania for fish in the way of emblems. Perhaps they are lucky to her, but whether a jewelled clip on her handbag or a brooch, in some form or another she carries one of her fishes. She also has an odd fancy for live toads. She has had several as pets and when disaster overtakes them she is genuinely sad, which seems as unusual as her affection for them.

But there is much that is unusual in Lady Dufferin, although it seems to me that she is very representative of this period, for, just as she writes her letters to "swing" on the gramophone, she carries the responsibilities of great wealth and position with a carefree lightheartedness, which seems appropriate to her prettiness and her charming youth, but which has still the same underlying seriousness of other generations.

In the midst of all the fun in her life she does not forget others who do not have fun. For over ten years she has worked in St. Pancras for the Travelling Kitchens of London, an organisation which distributes special hot meals to those in need of them, through illness or under-nourishment, and she takes her turn with the other drivers, who also volunteer their services.

Every year there is the children's party at Holmbury, her mother's, Mrs. Ernest Guinness's, wonderful country home, for which children are collected and transported by car and omnibus to spend a day of enchantment in fairy-tale surroundings.

Lady Dufferin may be seen to dance into the dawn, but in her day there are many hours which she uses to serious purpose.

Since her return from America she has added to her other interests by enrolling for training in National Service. As a tribute to her concentration, she can now display with pride, if she so desires, her first-aid certificate which she has just been awarded.

LADY MILTON, who with her curls and the schoolgirl frocks of this year's fashion looks too young to be considered a "grown-up," is another of the pretty young women whose absence from London means the loss of not only some of its gaiety. She had her first experience as chairman in organizing this year's "Horseshoe Ball," and now knows all about the hard work organizing for charitable purposes means. When she is in London she loves parties and dancing, and is always the centre of a gay young group, but perhaps she really prefers the country, particularly if it means hunting.

And she adores—so she says—flying, and is amusingly honest about her reason for it. It is because, she explains, she has a longing to travel, and so far in her life, although she and her husband were out at Nassau this winter, she has had little chance to travel. When it has come her way it has usually meant that she has been bundled into a plane at a minute's notice. Which means that Lady Milton is very frightened indeed. So frightened, she says, that she can find no words to describe the unutterable relief of finding herself safe on the ground again. Aeroplane journeys under such circumstances and from that point of view make life so worth while living and a destination so much more delightful than anticipation had pictured.

If there had been anything of that sort of opinion in Lady Giffard's mind when she descended from her nine days' honeymoon journey by air from Australia it must have done much to reconcile her to the difference between the wonderful climate of her home country and London's, now that she is here to settle down permanently.

In her flat, high above the Embankment, she has a most spectacular view of London over the river, but from the photographs of her home in Australia, which overlooks a wide, silver-beached bay under pine-clad cliffs, it can be seen that she is accustomed to an outlook of quite indescribable beauty, beyond the reach—or the windows for that matter—of most of us. Lady Giffard, who was Miss Margaret Allen before her recent marriage, is a very keen photographer and a very competent one. She does all her own developing and printing, and has some interesting camera records of life in Australia, which include shots of winter sports, which seem surprising to one like myself, who has never associated Swiss scenic effects with a continent whose Christmas Day is in the height of summer.

Lady Giffard has pictures which show climbing trips, and ski-ing runs which call for great skill and endurance, and she says that for winter-sport lovers her country during its winter is remarkably like Norway.

LADY GIFFARD is tall and slender with eyes which are intensely blue, although they change with the light and can seem to match the big acquamarine ring which Lord Giffard took out with him from England when he went to fetch her. Their colour is the more vivid since her exquisite sculptured curls are silver grey. She has a very gay laugh and a very serene personality. She takes an intense interest in everything which is going on around her and is getting, she thinks, very clever in finding her way about town in her own little car. Traffic control, she says, is far less stern here than in Australian cities, and for half the muddles she gets into here with one-way streets and lights and roundabouts, instead of genial assistance she would get next door to life imprisonment.

But she is a person, I would say, who could adapt herself very readily to whatever conditions. She can even be amused, which few women could, at the fact that she has so few clothes.

Flying to England immediately after her marriage there was little in the way of luggage she could bring with her, and she travelled in beach clothes most of the way. So she is still a bride awaiting in good-humoured deprivation the delayed arrival of her trousseau as well as many cherished personal belongings, which are following her long journey by the slower route.

But she is vital and purposeful as well as intensely feminine. Such a combination must make her both the charming woman she is—a hostess against a background of flowers arranged with her own taste—a guest lending all her intelligence to the conversation around her with peculiar charm—or a grand companion in the more strenuous world of outdoor sport, for she is well able to hold her own, not only in the snows of mountaineering camps but as a fine swimmer and an expert horsewoman.

LAURELS as the latter can be worn by PATIENCE BRAND, one of this year's noted débutantes, whom I think must be the only girl of her age who has ridden in point-to-points. But then she is not only mad about horses—she really knows. She herself has lived—as the saying goes—on the back of a horse since she was five years old, and from her childhood hunted with the Southdown, of which her grandfather was M.F.H. But with her pony, Tor Maid, she has shown herself capable of horse-dealing, as well. Tor Maid she picked up for her own from the very jaws of the pit mouth, and with Tor Maid she has proved that she knows how to judge a horse, for she has as proof gymkhana prizes and several good financial offers for her great favourite.

Patience Brand is almost absurdly petite and fragile in appearance, with delicate features, a nose very slightly *retroussé* and an oval face. Her colouring is very unusual, for she has coppery hair and big eyes which seem to tone with it. Her feet are very small and seem quite unfitted for stirrups, nor do her hands give the impression that she can and does sail a boat with much confidence and skill. But she has a quiet way of speaking, which, like her movements, conveys deliberation and unhurried decision and I doubt if any moment of panic could affect her.

She says herself that she thinks she is one of the lucky ones when it comes to a tight corner, for she has had narrow escapes in the hunting field and motoring, but she is, herself, obviously fearless and resourceful. When she was fifteen she was sent accidentally to a convent in Paris in which she found the living conditions impossible. She had no more than the schoolgirl's money and little knowledge of the country, but she made her escape successfully by contacting a hotel to which her name was known, arranging for the financing of a car to meet her, and, unostentatiously, made a swift departure After her return to France, to happier conditions, she went on to Florence, so that she speaks, after her studies there, almost better Italian than her French, and now her one idea is to learn to fly and become a pilot. Although she is going to America shortly to stay for a time with her sister, which will include some weeks at Hollywood, she intends to take to the air very seriously immediately upon her return.

DIANA BARNATO, another of the lovely girls London has seen this season, is also air-minded, and is hoping to obtain her certificate very soon, as she has completed most of her flying hours.

Diana Barnato has already had a life which has contained plenty of thrills, before she found herself at Brooklands with her hands on the controls of a "Tiger Moth."

She hunts with the Old Surrey and Burstow, and she has her own Bentley car, a birthday present from her father, which she drives to the full enjoyment of speed. She has had the good fortune to travel both to the usual playgrounds, such as the south of France or Switzerland and to the glamour-sounding beaches of Honolulu, as well as see and hear more mechanised America.

In Honolulu she learned the sport of fish spearing, which has, this last year or two, been taken up in the south of France by those who are sufficiently expert at under-water swimming, and found it great fun indeed. All the equipment necessary is a short barbed spear and goggles—beyond a swimming suit, of course—and the hunter waits for a shoal of fish to pass below in the clear water and then plunges the spear down at them. Diana Barnato likes this sport, for she says, with a twinkle in her eye, that it is so humane. It is almost impossible ever to spear a fish !

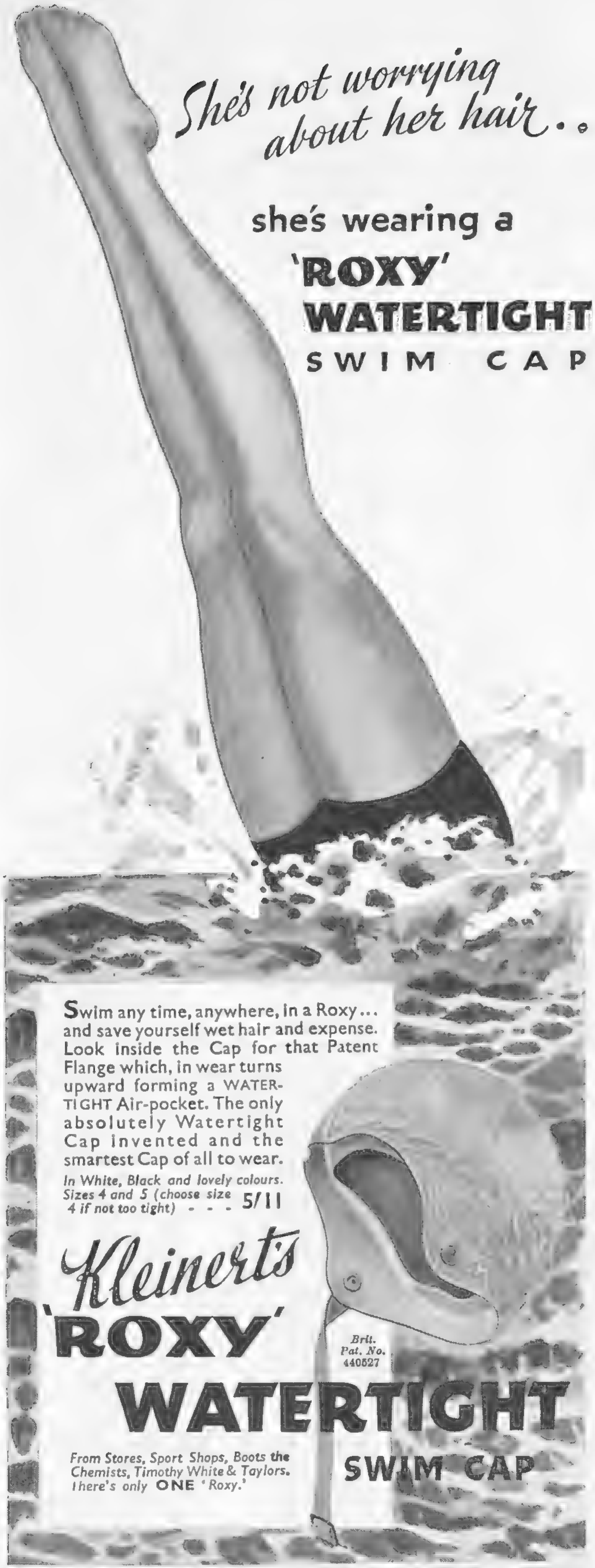
As well as flying and travel, Diana Barnato loves dancing. As a child she trained for ballet dancing and loved the work. To her very great regret she was forced by her mother to give it up, for she has long slender feet—which her mother feared would become injured—instead of the short square foot necessary for the hard block of a ballet shoe. She went on with, however, both acrobatic and tap dancing, and is one of those who believes that there is no better way of keeping fit and graceful.

LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY, with her rosepetal complexion and her light, blue-grey eyes, which seem to match her hair which is as pale and shimmering as a mist, is another to whom dancing means much.

Lady George lives near the Park in a detached house which seems to convey, subtly, her own personality. It seems filled with sun and repose. There is pink may in a paved garden in front and the tree-shaded lawn behind is set in borders of vivid flowers. Her drawing-room is all soft neutral colours with the exquisite restfulness of carefully chosen period pieces of furniture, and as well as beautifully arranged flowers—particularly country flowers—are framed photographs which bear royal signatures.

Lady George, in London, is to be seen at the ballet and she is, like Diana Barnato, one of those as appreciative of its technique as understanding of its beauty. But then all forms of dancing and its musical accompaniment have been a

(Continued on page 86)



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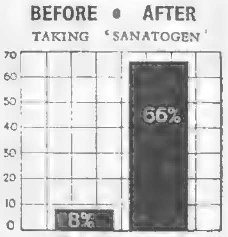
PROOF that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives you 58% more energy. A group of eminent doctors applied the famous Scheiner Test to a number of indoor workers. They found that six hours' continuous work left them with only 8% of their normal energy. After a *fortnight's* course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, the workers were again tested under precisely similar conditions. In this case 66% of their energy remained. *This proves conclusively that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives you 58% more energy.*



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NERVE-TONIC FOOD

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"My dear—
why don't you do as
I suggest? Let me get
you a drop of **Gordon's**
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the sideboard. You
will find it will
put you right at
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more pleasant to
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The Women I Meet

special study and interest to her. She, herself, before an accident to her spine which left her with a serious convalescence to face, designed and wrote mime plays which, produced after the necessary months of hard-working rehearsal, created unusual interest both for their rarity and their quality.

Lady George likes the creative medium of mime, for, in her opinion, the eye has the first sense of response to artistic effort and therefore the meaning in the descriptive movements of a mime play reaches its audience with a simplified swiftness which appeals to her. Recently she has been taking a great interest in the Dalcroze School and its method of improvisation in music and movement. She herself studied there for three terms and she believes that its carefully worked out system, adaptable to whatever physique or mentality, not only promotes health but stimulates the brain and therefore is most beneficial in developing later artistic appreciation. Lady George is an admirable advocate for her own theories, for she is a woman of quick, explanatory gesture which has, despite her vivid personality, all the grace of utter repose. Every movement of her hands adds to her meaning in conversation and creates an impression, in perfect naturalness, that her hands convey her thoughts more readily than her soft, clear voice.

But for one to whom the artistic side of life appeals so strongly, Lady George Cholmondeley is unusually practical, particularly when she is away from London. She has a country cottage in which she and her husband spend all available week-ends and then, not only does she do all her own housework but insists upon being her own cook. As she is a strict vegetarian she makes a hobby of inventing vegetarian dishes which have a reputation for culinary perfection and also for their unusual ingredients.

END

The Great Sea Serpent

(*Continued from page* 11)

at all except in that particular instance. It is, for example, perfectly easy to mistake a shadow, or the moving branch of a tree, for a man; but that is no proof whatever that there is no such thing as a man. Belief or non-belief in the sea serpent is much like the Baconian theory. Those who believe in it—of whom, within limits, the present writer is one—will continue to do so to the end of the chapter, as stoutly as the sceptics will continue to deny its existence.

That same Norwegian bishop whose account of the sea serpent has already been quoted, is also responsible for a description of another marine marvel whose existence was considered beyond denial by most fishermen in the northern seas. That was the Kraken, of which Bishop Pontoppidan writes as follows:

"When the fishermen row out several miles to sea in the hot summer days, they find often only thirty fathoms of water where they expect eighty or a hundred. Then they know that the Kraken is at the bottom. So long as it remains at the same depth they continue their fishing. But if it becomes shallower they know the Kraken is rising, and take up their lines.

Its back is about a mile and a half in circumference, and resembles as it rises a number of islands surrounded by floating masses like seaweed. Finally several bright points appear, which become thicker as they emerge, and sometimes stand out of the water like the masts of a boat. These are the Kraken's arms, with which, if it is so minded, it can grip a ship of the line and drag it down into the sea."

Now, allowing for the tendency to exaggeration which seems almost inevitable when people are estimating the dimensions of anything of a fishy kind, it seems quite possible that the Kraken had a foundation of fact, and that it was actually a giant squid such as does exist in many parts of the ocean bed. The calamary, or squid, even when of comparatively small size, is one of the most unattractive creatures the sea produces, and when it attains, as it not seldom does, very large proportions, it is calculated to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

The octopus, the squid's eight-armed relative, can be almost as ugly a customer on occasion, even without the two extra tentacles of his big brother, as the following story told by a diver in Melbourne harbour graphically proves.

He had placed a charge of dynamite between two stones, which he came to the surface and exploded; and on descending he found one of the stones had been thrown out, but the other had not moved. The current was fairly strong at the time, so he stretched himself out on the top of the stone, and reached his right arm under it to see if he could get another small charge in. "My arm," he says, "was scarcely down before I found it was held by something, and the action of the water was stirring up the loose clay so that I could not see clearly for a few minutes. When it had cleared away I saw to my horror the arm of a large octopus entwined round mine like a boa constrictor. Just then he fixed some of his suckers on the back of my hand, and the pain was intense. I felt as if my hand were being pulled to pieces. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet down, as the air rushed along the interior of my dress and inflated it; and if my feet had got uppermost, I should have become insensible. If I had given the signal to be pulled up the chances were that my arm would have been broken."

Luckily, at this juncture he spied within his reach a small iron bar, and with this he belaboured the monster until its grip relaxed. He then signalled to be hauled up, and came to the surface bringing the octopus with him. It proved to be eight feet across, with tentacles several feet in length—a formidable enough object even out of its native element.

It has been the lot of scientific incredulity to suffer more than one hard knock during recent years. The sea's secrets are by no means all yielded up. Only lately, it will be recalled, there was captured in South-African waters a fish believed to have been extinct for thousands of years. Who knows that one of these days, with improvements in diving equipment making the sea floor accessible at ever greater depths, the great sea serpent himself may not at last be proved no legend, but solid and incontestable truth?

END

It's Hot Weather for Babies

(*Continued from page* 53)

degrees, at which temperature it is still safe and sweet after thirty-six hours. This, of course, can only be conveniently done by refrigeration.

A sterilising outfit of the kind obtainable from the Treasure Cot Company, is the final protection for the bottle-fed baby from bacterial infection. No home methods of sterilisation are so safe as that which this simple outfit ensures. Feeds for the whole day can be prepared at one time without any fear of danger, and with a minimum of effort. The cost of the set is 42/-.

Finally, the choice of a food prepared under the most stringent conditions of scientific perfection is essential during the months of highest vulnerability.

Each step in the process of manufacturing Cow and Gate food is watched and tested. If the contents of any churn received from the farms shows, upon testing, any incipient sourness or abnormal bacteriological quality, the churn is rejected.

All Cow and Gate foods are packed in hermetically sealed tins which are plainly dated so as to afford the consumer absolute protection against staleness. Summer infection can have no greater discouragement than this.

END

The Assassin

(*Continued from page* 15)

The door opened into a small one-room apartment. Five or six men were there, waiting in silence.

One man, somewhat older than the others spoke. "We are none of us known to one another," he began, in a low voice. "No names are to be known or used." He took paper from his pocket. "First of all, I want four of you to step forward and draw numbers."

Mansac was quickest and took the first slip of paper. His number was four.

"Without wasting words, this is what we plan to do," the leader said, not raising his voice.

Here, at last, was something to be done.

MANSAC carried out his first command at once. He moved to a house on English Street, the narrow street that led to the railroad station plaza. The house had been chosen for him. It was two floors high and his room was in the rear. On the first floor was a combination grocery and fruit store run by an old man, Loran, and his wife.

He watched the time go. Mansac's one worry was that His long-eared agents might discover the plan before the time came for carrying it out and that worry made time pass the more slowly. Twice in one week soldiers came to the house in which he lived and checked the people in it. They did not alarm him. They were checking every one in every house in the block and in other blocks. He knew what they meant: Mansac and his friends had outguessed Him.

Then Mansac gathered with the other men at a final meeting. The same leader spoke to them.

"We left the last details until we knew what He would do," he said. "To-morrow He and some of His ministers will drive to the railroad station. The route by which He will go will not be announced until to-morrow to forestall any such attempts as ours. One of our friends in the Palace has got hold of the route for us. Many troops will accompany Him and the procession will move slowly. Every inch of the streets over which He passes will be lined three deep with soldiers facing the pavements."

Mansac unconsciously nodded.

"You will take the following places," the leader continued. "Number one!"

A tall dark-faced man answered.

"You will be just outside the Palace gate. Number two will be on Royal Avenue. Number three will be at the intersection of Royal and English Streets." He turned to Mansac. "Number four!"

"Yes, sir."

"You will be on the roof of the house you live in." Then he lifted a small but heavy parcel to the table. "Here are your weapons. We shall use automatics and cartridges filled with steel shot. At thirty to forty feet, and you must be no farther away, you cannot miss. Hold the weapon firmly and fire all six shots quickly. If number one has no opportunity to shoot, let Him pass and number two will watch a chance to evade the soldiers lining the street to fire. It is important not to miss and if you do not have a clear target, let Him go on and the next man may get Him."

Mansac looked at the other men. Their faces were set, they were listening intently, as if to a fascinating story, but one beyond any chance of their own participation.

The leader's face was solemn now and his voice grave. "For that one of you whose lot it will be to shoot, I wish you safe escape, but tell you that there is little chance. The soldiers and the police will be on you at once. Their boots are hobnailed and their gun butts weighted with lead." His silence was like a benediction. "That is all, men. Here are your weapons, loaded. Be careful that you are not stopped as you go home with them!"

THEY left the house one by one and Mansac went along the street alone. For the past weeks he had been one of a group; now, on the dimly-lit

(*Continued on page* 88)

"I'm crazy about your 'Honeybloom' make-up, Jane Seymour!"

"My make-up always seems to look so feeble when I get among the brilliant crowd on the beach," said a woman who came to my Salon before the holidays, "and I take such a long time to get brown. Can't you introduce me to a really exotic make-up, and show me a short cut to sun-tan?"

"Well," I said, "my Sun-Tan Bloc is the quickest thing I know. It prevents reddening and peeling and gives you a satin-bronze skin in next to no time. You'll find it far cleaner and easier to handle than messy oil, too."

"When you're sunburnt, make up with my new Honeybloom Foundation Cream (or Petal Lotion), Honeyblush Lipstick and Rouge and Honeybloom Powder. It will give you such a lovely soft brilliance."

As luck would have it, I ran into her at Le Touquet one week-end, and she told me she was crazy about my "Honeybloom make-up." "And everyone's going in for your Sun-Tan Bloc since I started the fashion here!" she said.

Get my book 'Speaking Frankly' from any shop that sells my preparations, or direct from me: Jane Seymour Ltd., 21–22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon Extension 3.

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Tampax may confidently be used by all normal women. Some young girls may not find it possible to use Tampax, and should do so only after consultation with their doctor

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sidewalk, he felt completely deserted. The silence on the street seemed artificial, ominous, a curtain of shadow separating him from the roar of the city just a few blocks away. He found that he had quickened his step until he was almost running. That was ridiculous; if he did not want to attract attention, he had to saunter along normally and not to race through an empty street. Somewhere in the dark one of His agents might be hiding, waiting patiently. Mansac was sure that the heavy automatic dragged his coat out of shape and that it would be noticed by any observant passer-by. Then he realised that it was neither the automatic nor the silence that motivated him; it was fear. Frantically he repeated that it was not fear for himself, but fear lest he be intercepted before the morrow came, fear that the whole plan would be spoiled.

He turned into a main street now, where the lights were shining brightly. Every pedestrian suddenly seemed hostile and the quicker he was home, the better. He steadied himself and thought of a taxicab. He looked down the street, then stopped with a jerk so that the weight in his pocket hit against his thigh. A hundred feet ahead a crowd had gathered in front of a house. By the kerb stood three large black vans. Mansac knew them well, the vans of His agents.

To a passer-by he whispered: "What's going on?"

"Searching that house! Some arrests!"

Very carefully Mansac put his hand in his pocket and held the automatic so that it would not swing against any one. Men in plain clothes nearby might be agents. The one thing that would not attract attention or show fear was to walk straight ahead, brushing by the police if necessary. It would be proof that for himself he had no fear. He walked on slowly. Once he thought a man touched him on the shoulder. Several times he was sure that men looked sharply at him. Once he glanced back, certain that someone was following right behind him.

He felt a hand on his arm. "Got a match, mister?"

Mansac shook his head. He was through the crowd. A short distance ahead was his house. Now he could really saunter along with careful carelessness.

The little store on the first floor of his house was still open and Loran, the merchant, was at his counter. Somewhere in the house a child cried, then silence. He reached his room, locked the door, and put the automatic under his mattress.

HE awoke shortly after six and for a moment he lay still. Then he jumped from the bed and pulled up the mattress. The automatic was still there. He examined it. It was a fairly new weapon, of large calibre, with six cartridges that looked like loads for a very small shotgun. Handling it gave him a sense of freedom, as if this were to be a holiday. Then Mansac sat down on the bed and thought of Him. With His agents, His guards, His ministers, His advisers and informers, He did not know one thing and Mansac knew that. And that was, when His end was coming! Here in a little back room, one of the three million inarticulate people in the city, one of the helpless, lonely, and weak people, could tell Him that, the one thing He did not know, the one thing that the long ears of His spies could not learn for Him. It was strength-giving knowledge.

He decided that he could even leave the room for a little while. The door would be locked. With a sense of great bravado, he went down to the sidewalk and saw marching soldiers. Loran, the old shopkeeper, came up to him.

"Good morning," Loran said.

"What's the excitement?" Mansac asked, as casually as possible but regretting the interruption.

"I hear that He is going to the railroad station." Then, as if to indicate how he felt about it: "It will be bad for business this morning, with people on the sidewalks and all the soldiers."

A troop of His cavalry clattered down the asphalt, their trappings and their weapons shining. There were so many. Mansac was only one.

"What's the matter with you?" the old man asked.

Mansac was startled. He must not show that he was nervous.

"You're late for work this morning," Loran continued.

"I feel very bad," Mansac said lamely, concerned that Loran should notice his change of routine. "I'm going to my room now," he said loudly.

Back in his room Mansac counted the time. It would be at least two hours more before the procession passed. This morning would bring His end, but bluntly Mansac told himself that if he had to shoot, it would be his own end, too. The exultation of early morning was gone now, gone completely. Desperately, he wanted reassurance that he had no fear for himself, that he had never had any fear for himself.

A sudden noise and then loud tramping in the corridor steadied him. That was the tramping of soldiers, come probably for a final inspection of all rooms along His route. In one moment of terror Mansac realised that here might be the complete abortion of the plan. He looked for a hiding place for the automatic and without further thought he put the weapon in the inner pocket of his overcoat and hung it on the coat rack.

He went to the door to answer a loud knock. Two soldiers were there, young country boys, their red faces filled with their importance. "You take this room," one soldier told the other. "I'll take the one down the hall."

"What is it?" Mansac asked.

"Inspection," the soldier said, closing the door behind him. "Let me sit down for a minute. These damn boots burn like fire." He sat down and eased his feet in the boots.

"What's the inspection for?" Mansac asked.

"Searching every room on the street for arms."

"I should think you'd be busy enough without this extra work," Mansac said, thinking he might talk the soldier out of any search.

"There's always something new. Up at four for this."

"You come from the villages, don't you?"

"My father was a peasant and his father before him."

"What do you hear from the village?"

"Things are bad—they take the grain." Then the soldier caught himself, and hastily changed to gruffness. "They'll be all right, I guess." He stood up and started to go through the wardrobe. "For your sake, I hope I don't find anything here."

"There's nothing to find," Mansac said. Here was one of His soldiers, a simple person, his father a peasant, his father before him, born without fear but now afraid to talk to one of his fellows!

"There had better not be!" The soldier searched the drawers of the wardrobe, then the bed, then the drawer in the table.

The soldier turned around. "I guess you're all right," he said, starting for the door. "Good-bye."

The door closed behind him and the overcoat waved slightly on the coat rack.

Without further hesitation Mansac put the overcoat around his shoulders and went up to the roof top.

A PARAPET wall stood two feet above the roof top. Mansac went to it and looked down on the street. It was crowding rapidly with soldiers who were taking their places at the kerb. The sidewalks were already jammed. Roof tops across the way were filling.

Mansac heard voices behind him. He saw Loran, his wife, and a little boy who held tighter to a flag than to his grandfather's hand.

"Couldn't stay in bed with all the excitement?" Loran asked sympathetically.

"I thought I'd come up in the sun."

Mansac had not hoped to have the roof

to himself, but he wished that these people had been strangers rather than acquaintances. He sat down on the parapet. Waiting would be difficult.

Men's voices startled him. Three soldiers appeared on the roof and he drew his overcoat around him as they came near him.

"We're here to prevent any undesirable happenings," one of them said.

As carefully as he could Mansac considered whether the presence of these soldiers might stop him from shooting if the opportunity came. He looked closely at them. They were laughing, obviously glad not to have to stand in line with their fellows and hold back that crowd of onlookers. The procession would hold all their interest.

One of the soldiers began to play with the little boy who was running around the roof. "My grandson," Loran said proudly.

The child wanted to get back to the edge of the roof. "Will He come soon, grandpa?" the child asked. "I want to see Him so much."

"He will come."

His coat held tightly around him, Mansac seemed to doze. Three men waited ahead of him, somewhere back along those crowded streets. Supposing they had no opportunity to fire and the procession came here by the roof and the whole responsibility for success depended on him! He stood up and looked down on the street and saw how tightly the soldiers at the kerb already held their lines. It would be difficult for any man on the sidewalk to get a clear open shot at Him through those lines. All the more reason for his keeping cool! Possibly even he might not get a chance to fire. The procession might pass too rapidly. But the house on which he was, had been chosen because it faced a spot at which any car would have to slow down to a stop to round the corner into the railroad station plaza.

Loran came to where he stood. "You know, it must cost a lot of money, these journeys," he said, looking carefully from one corner of his eye at the soldiers.

"Yes, yes," Mansac said curtly, not wanting his thoughts interrupted.

"I have a nice grandson," the old man smiled nervously, as if under tension.

"Yes." He could not shout: "Go back to your place. Leave me alone!"

"You know," Loran said pointlessly, as if he had to talk, "I heard a funny anecdote." His voice fell to a whisper. "About Him! He was making a speech in a village about how good things were and a peasant said: 'But we have bad clothes, bad food, bad everything.' And He said: 'You must think of the American Indians—they have no clothes, no food!' And the peasant said: 'Well perhaps they've had your government longer than we have!'"

Mansac looked nervously at the soldiers but they were paying no attention. The old man wanted to laugh but suddenly he turned white, realising what he had said. "Please don't tell any one I told you that anecdote. It would go so hard with me," he said and his voice cracked.

Everywhere, even here on the roof, was the same fear of Him.

From somewhere in the distance came a first sudden clash of music.

"He's coming, He's coming," the little boy said, and he ran to the edge of the roof and waved his flag.

Mansac shoved his hand hard into his overcoat pocket.

HE wondered what the other three men were thinking about now. They, too, probably had their hands in their pockets, and one of them must be nervously fingering the safety catch, waiting for a chance to fire, to return to Him in one concentrated blast the years of misery and cruelty.

The music now came steadily and no longer in tatters. The street below was strangely quiet and every face was turned to the direction from which the procession would come. It had probably left the Palace, and possibly it had already passed the first man. If he had shot, there should be some sign of confusion, of automobiles hurrying back. But the wind brought the steady sound of music. (*Continued on page* 90)

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"Will He come soon?" the child asked.

"He will come soon enough," Loran said.

Mansac looked over the edge again and saw sudden activity in the street below. Automobiles were racing back, with police on the running boards. Something must have happened along the line of march and for a moment Mansac felt a deep relief that almost drew the blood from his head. If the second man had shot, then the responsibility was no longer Mansac's. For just a moment he was relieved; it would not be up to him to have to steady himself, to fire without a chance of missing. But still unbroken on the air was the band music, triumphant, blatant, and that would certainly stop if anything untoward had happened. Probably some incident in the crowds along the street had taken the police back.

Mansac felt nervous now at the thought of not being steady enough to fire accurately. As if it would give him assurance, he repeated that he was not concerned about his own safety. Then he was shaken out of his own deep concern by noise from the street below, a noise that was first a sputtering, then, in slow crescendo, a mounting roar, as if a high-tension machine had been started and was gradually accelerating. From up the street came the first flash of cavalry uniforms. Somewhere, a hundred yards or more behind those horses would come the first man. He had passed the second man. He was about to pass the third man.

Loran looked at him. "You feel bad? Your face is so white."

"The sun, I guess."

"Why don't you go downstairs?"

"I'll stay up here and see Him. I've never seen Him."

"Listen," it was a whisper, "don't ever tell any one I told you that anecdote. It would be so bad for me!"

"No, no, no!" His attention was entirely on the street.

The cavalry were coming and the first of the automobiles. The brass horns of a band caught the sunlight, burnished it, and threw it back. And He had probably passed the third man now.

In one last decision, Mansac was sure that he could fire through his overcoat and not risk having to take out the weapon and have it seized by an alert soldier. His right hand held it in position. The only uncertain thing was whether to finish the last cartridge with the gun at his own head. Better that than the hobnails and the gun butts of the soldiers. A bullet would be quicker, almost painless. Then he looked at Loran. That he should still be worried about that anecdote! On the street below every face was turned to the procession. The roar of voices was shriller, less steady, but noisier.

"He is coming, He is coming!" The small boy was hanging over the parapet, his flag waving furiously.

"Come back here." His grandmother grabbed him by his belt. "You stand here."

For the last time Mansac looked around the roof. The three soldiers were at the edge, unconcerned with anything except the procession. The first automobiles were just in front of the house, moving very slowly and slowing down. In the seventh car rode two men and a chauffeur. The man on the right, in military uniform, saluted stiffly and nodded at the cheers from the crowd.

There He was, a hundred yards off.

The small boy suddenly started to cry. He threw his flag down, turned away from the street, and his crying was a shrill discord in the noise from all around.

Mansac, annoyed, looked at the child for a second, then his glance went back to the face that was coming nearer. That fleshy unhealthy face was the face of Him who until this time had been only a voice on the radio, a name in headlines, a picture on the wall. Slowly his finger slipped through the trigger guard.

The child was yelling now. "Grandpa! Grandpa!"

Loran shook the child. "What's the matter with you?"

"Look, grandpa, look!" The words came between loud sobs. "He isn't a giant!"

"Hush, child," the old man said nervously. "He is more powerful than a giant."

Mansac checked his finger on the trigger. That weak unattractive man in the back of the car! The increasing roar of the crowd! Those cheers could not be for that man in whom there was nothing to cheer. The crowd was cheering a fable, a fable of power, a fable of omniscience invented by an ambitious man. Finding a generation uprooted, a people hungry and desperate, He had fed them a little, He had pushed himself forward, and they had accepted Him and His fable. Without their acceptance He could not exist. Like all men, like the young soldier who had searched the room, like the old storekeeper, a shot could kill Him and it would be a quick and sudden death, a death too good for Him. But not one shot nor six could kill a fable. That was in peoples' minds.

His car was fifty feet away now.

There was only a moment left to think and Mansac put his hand to his forehead. There must have been a time when He was not powerful, when people would not have looked twice as he passed along the street. But He had drawn His power from them, their power, and then turned to them and said: "See how powerful I am! Bow down! Acknowledge it." And because they believed that they were weak they bowed and acknowledged the strength they saw in Him, not realising that it was their own strength that they saw, their own strength taken from them so that they could be kept forever weak. They had built Him up. Only they could destroy Him and all others like Him. Here he was, thirty feet away, wiping perspiration from His face!

Far better not to fire and give Him sudden easy death! A shot would set that fable into permanence. Better to destroy what really had to be destroyed, the fiction in peoples' minds! Better to go to people and let them see, too, that He was no giant, that when men awoke and saw Him for what He was, when men realised their strength and were unafraid to use it, neither He nor His kind could ever rule over a free people again. It would be dangerous work for any man. It would be difficult to learn how to begin it. It meant not a minute of suspense but years, not a moment of steadiness but a lifetime.

On the street below He rode on, His weak white hand still rising and falling in salute. Mansac looked down at Him once more, then hurried from the roof as if he had immediate work to do.

END

The Man Who Became Luminous

(*Continued from page* 51)

mate," Bert replied. "Later on. I think I'll hire you out to doctors at a couple o' quid a time."

"I don't want them mucking me about, you know!" Sam explained apprehensively.

"I won't let 'em hurt you," Bert assured him. "Don't you worry!"

He lifted the canvas sack, and let it drop on the platform with a cheerful clinking of coins.

"We're going to make a fortune out o' this, my old china," he said appreciatively.

"A fortune!" "Now listen," said Bert, as he reached for his beer. "We're making two quid apiece a night. That's better'n working, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I can't go on like this for always!" Sam protested.

"You can go on as long as the glow lasts, can't you?" Bert asked. "You ain't beginning to fade yet!"

"It's all very well for you," Sam told him. "But something's happened!"

"What?" asked Bert.

"My missus saw me last night," Sam said.

"In here?" Bert asked.

"No, in bed. About three o'clock in the morning," Sam told him. "She woke up."

"What did she say?" Bert asked curiously.

"She made me go and have a wash," Sam told him. "When she saw that didn't do no good, she burst out crying. I got to get myself cured, mate, I can't have her upset!" He went on: "She's been trying to make me eat arrowroot. I won't touch the stuff, but I got to do something!"

"Listen, you're making good money," Bert said.

"I got to do something," Sam repeated. "Because I've been offered a job. They won't have me if I glow."

"Now, look, you're making two quid a night," Bert began persuasively.

"I'd sooner be working regular," Sam told him.

"But s'pose you can't stop glowing!" Bert exclaimed.

"I got to, somehow," Sam assured him. "Think o' my missus!"

"Ain't she satisfied with you bringing home over ten quid a week?" Bert asked vehemently.

"That part's all right," Sam answered. "But she says she don't like having a man what shines like a blasted street lamp in the bedroom!"

It was Saturday night, and the Luminous Man's booth was packing out every ten minutes. Bert was taking a breather before he started to gather another crowd for Sam's next performance.

He was having a little difficulty with Sam now, and Sam himself was having trouble with his wife. He was also very worried because, on Monday morning, he was due to be interviewed for the regular job. His wife apparently, was anxious that he should get it.

"They'll ask me if my health's good, and I'm bound to say it ain't," Sam had told Bert.

"You got a job now!" Bert had answered. "You're making money, and you don't have to do anything for it bar keeping on glowing! Why, I have to shout my 'ead off for the few nicker I make. You got it easy, mate, so don't get silly ideas and spoil it for us!"

Sam remained unconvinced, and Bert was a trifle worried as he drew on a cigarette and stared down the lines of pin-tables. Through the groups about them he saw the medical student again. He was accompanied by a much older man, and his manner told Bert that he was a fully-fledged doctor.

"Could we have a look at your friend?" the student asked.

"I've an idea of what may be causing his trouble," said the doctor.

"Is it something he's ate?" Bert queried.

"No, I don't think it's that," the doctor said.

"Well, listen," Bert told him. "You can look him over, but don't tell him anything, see? He's a bit nervous, and I don't want him frightened!"

They went into the booth. Sam was called from his cubicle.

"These specialists want to see you," Bert said, as they climbed to the platform.

"Just as a matter of interest," the doctor explained quietly.

He looked Sam over. Bert switched out the light, and the doctor got the full benefit of Sam's glow. Bert switched the light on again.

"Genuine enough, ain't he?" he said comfortably.

"What's wrong with me?" Sam asked, and his voice was anxious.

"Nothing that need alarm you," the doctor said reflectively.

(*Continued on page* 93)

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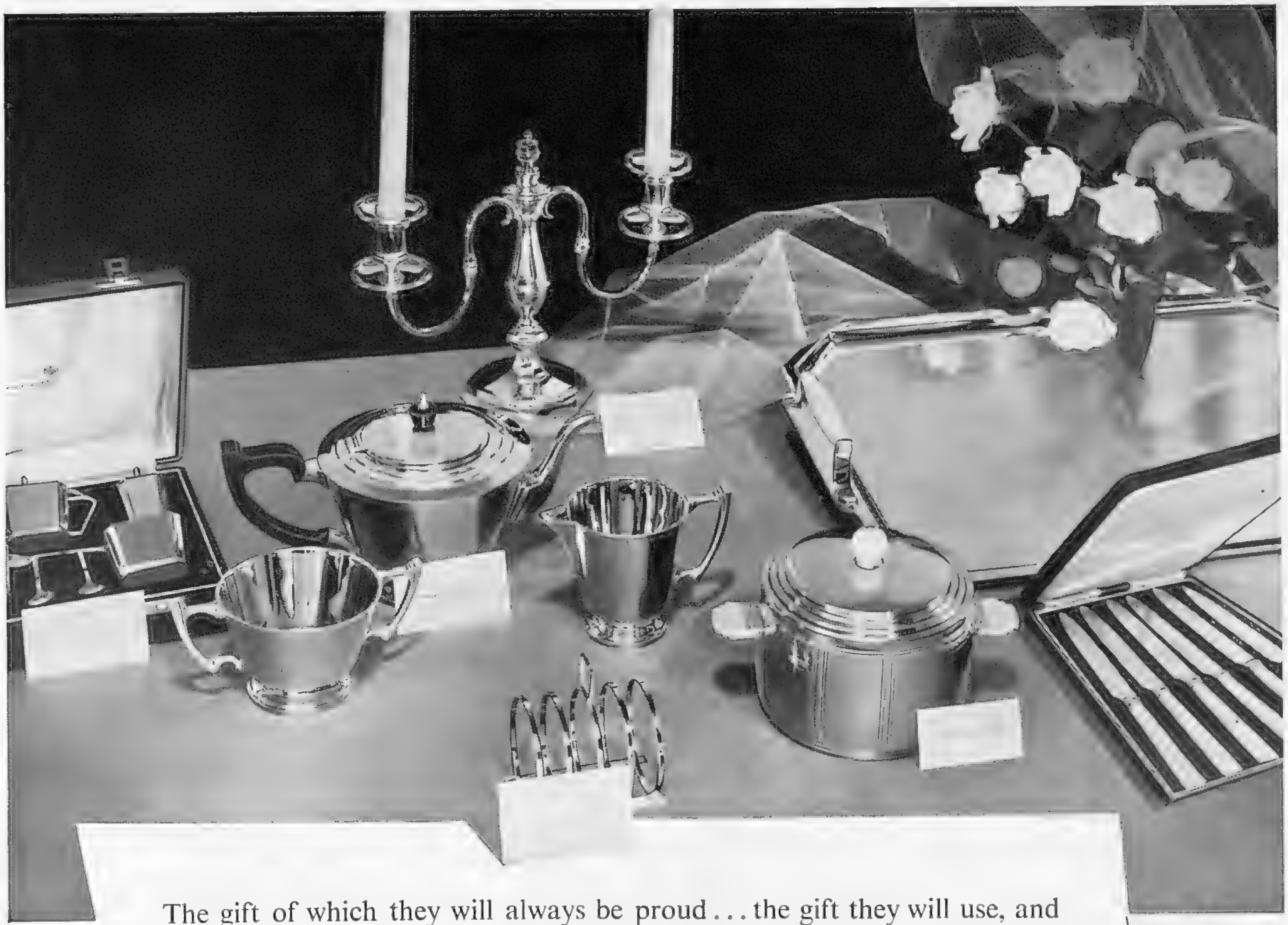

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"Is it his endocrine glands?" the student inquired.

"Undoubtedly," said the doctor. "They're affecting his blood, causing the sulphur compounds to become phosphorescent."

"Could you cure me?" Sam asked eagerly.

"Right you are, gents!" Bert broke in loudly. "This way out!"

"What would rectify that blood condition?" the student asked the doctor.

"Mind the step as you go down, gents!" Bert said urgently, and ushered them from the platform.

The doctor glanced at Sam, then smiled as he answered the student.

"Without doubt, a diet of maranta would put him right," he said.

The student laughed.

"What was that?" Sam asked eagerly.

"Ignore 'em!" Bert told him. "They're having a joke!"

"Just maranta?" asked the student.

"Maranta, and nothing else with it," replied the doctor, and chuckled as Bert ushered them out.

"What's maranta?" Sam demanded when Bert returned.

"They were kiddin' you," Bert replied. "That stuff's rank poison!"

SAM proved a little recalcitrant after that. He wanted to go off to see a doctor and find out the truth about maranta.

It was with considerable difficulty that Bert restrained him.

"But I can't keep on like this!" Sam exclaimed. "I've got to see about that job on Monday, and they said that stuff 'ud do the trick."

"If you were to take it, inside twenty-four hours you'd be pushing up daisies!" Bert warned him. "I'll fetch Charley and some o' the boys to you before I'll let you do anything silly!"

"I only want to find out what maranta is!" Sam protested.

"I've told you what it is!" Bert replied. "You hop behind the curtains while I get another crowd in."

"All right," said Sam doubtfully, and disappeared.

Twice more the booth packed out, but Bert had a feeling that Sam was hatching something. He was quiet, and his expression was thoughtful.

A third time, the booth became jammed with curious customers. Sam glowed dutifully through the darkness, then Bert switched on the light and ran through the final words of his spiel.

"And there he is again, looking the same as anybody else. He's a freak o' Nature. 'E glows! It's a natural gift. Same way out as you came in, gents. I thank you."

He turned to Sam, then stopped dead. Sam was swaying where he stood.

"I feel faint!" he gasped.

Bert held him up. The gas-fitter's mate turned an appealing face to the crowd as he sagged against Bert's arms.

"I feel ill," he said. "Is there a doctor in the audience?"

"Here hold up!" Bert panted. "You're all right, mate!"

Sam sagged almost to the ground.

"Get a doctor! I think I'm passing out," he groaned.

From the crowd a thin, spectacled young man emerged.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Are you a doctor?" Sam breathed.

"No, I'm a chemist's assistant," the young man said. "But if there's anything I can do . . ."

Sam spoke swiftly. "What's maranta?"

"Maranta?" the young man repeated blankly. "Why, that's the pharmaceutical name for arrowroot."

"Arrowroot!" Sam came upright, recovering. "It would have to be that!"

SAM was in the cubicle, dressing hastily. "If you fetch anybody to stop me, I'll holler for the police!" he assured Bert.

"Now, listen," Bert appealed.

"I'm going to get myself right, and go after that job," Sam told him firmly, "if I have to eat all the arrowroot in Acton!"

"Listen, will you!" Bert said. "You're chucking away over ten quid a week!"

Sam turned on him.

"What's the good o' ten quid a week to me," he demanded, "when my missus is making me sleep in the kitchen!"

END

Books

(*Continued from page 52*)

One of the most fascinating biographies it has ever been my good fortune to come upon is "Chateaubriand," by Joan Evans (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.).

Of course, in her subject the authoress was fortunate in finding a dynamic personality, but I really must congratulate her upon the intensely thorough way in which she has treated it without ever marring the narrative by the inclusion of a superfluity.

Chateaubriand, who was born in 1768 and died in 1848, is commonly regarded in France as "the first of the Romantics."

If the qualifications of a Romantic include an extreme sensibility to beauty, and especially to beauty remote in time or place, a pre-occupation with colour rather than form, and with the particular rather than the general, he deserved the title.

Chateaubriand saw life from many angles. After an unhappy childhood he was successively a débutant at Versailles, a dealer in stockings, a would-be explorer of the North-West Passage, a spectator of the Revolution, a soldier in the royalist army, a penniless refugee in England, a successful writer in Napoleonic Paris, secretary to Cardinal Fesch, a traveller in the Near East, a member of the French Academy, ambassador to Berlin and London, Minister for Foreign Affairs, a reactionary disgraced for his liberalism, and a royalist faithful to the king who had disgraced him.

It will be appreciated that it was something of an undertaking to write the biography of such a man, and the fact that Joan Evans's biography "comes off" so brilliantly is indeed a tribute to her art. Not only is it a record of the vicissitudes and achievements of Chateaubriand, it is also a colourful and stirring record of the days in which he lived, and it is a book I heartily recommend you to read.

A BIOGRAPHY of a vastly different type is "Bill," by Pauline Morland (Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd., 5s.).

Bill is a bulldog and a wayward, contrary, difficult but completely lovable character.

He has a comfortable home and four dog companions, but for all that he is afflicted with wanderlust and from time to time he sallies forth to have adventures in the great world, leaving a distracted household behind him.

The illustrations by Charl are delightfully fresh and original in conception and style, and the cover illustration is really a complete character study in itself. Note the somnolent, discontented, mild and lazy appearance of Bill and remember that beneath this disarming exterior there lurks a highly developed sense of adventure and an active mind.

"Bill" is a book which will be loved by children who are quick to appreciate a true story told simply but excitingly. Grown-ups who may take it up furtively, will read it from cover from cover—not only because of the authoress's remarkable insight into the varying character of Bill and his companions, but because the book has a very real narrative value.

AND now we turn to a rather deeper and more mystic type of book. This is "The Dream World," by R. L. Mégroz (John Lane, 10s. 6d.).

In this memorable book the author surveys the history and mystery of dreams. In his preface he says, "My intention in this book is to present all the main aspects of the study of dreams, as fully as possible by extraordinary examples, new as well as old, and as concisely as possible by the summarising of theories and of historical material."

That will show you what the author set out to do and it remains for me to tell you how admirably he has done it.

There may perhaps be occasions when one might wish that the book were a little less scholarly and a little more succinct, but really it is only fair to let the author of a treatise on so complicated a subject sort out and present his material in whatever way he thinks best, and I conceive it to be the duty of the reader to adapt himself to the author's style.

In the case of "The Dream World," the book is divided into five parts. Part 1, which is introductory, covers the basic fundamentals of dreams and the efforts of modern science to give them a formula. Part 2, which is mainly historical, deals with the primitive mind and divination and interpretation, and with literary works of the past with a bearing on the subject. Part 3, possibly the most enthralling section of all, deals with the creative imagination and is sub-divided into dreaming in child hood, troubled sleep, recurring dreams and creative dreams. Part 4 more or less summarises the mystery of dreams, and again is sub-divided, dealing respectively with ghosts and symbols, telepathy, dreaming the future, and so on, while the fifth and last section comprises simply notes on what has gone before and a very full (and in itself intriguing) index.

It is quite impossible to over-emphasise the fascination of this book. I think we are all interested in and a little frightened of dreams—after all, we are entitled to be awe-stricken by what is to us the unknown. Because this sensation is common to all of us, I feel sure that "The Dream World" will have a common appeal to all men and women who can think at all deeply, and if my own experience of this book may be taken as a guide, I can promise you that it will long be remembered by those who read it as one of the most enthralling they have ever handled.

IT is unusual to find a novel by Marjorie Bowen which is not essentially an historical novel, yet her new book, "Mr. Tyler's Saints" (Hutchinson and Company, 7s. 6d.), does not come under that heading but rather should I place it in the category of a novel of plot and character in the real sense of the words.

Admittedly the scene is set in the reign of Charles I and during the Commonwealth, but there its claims to be an historical work really cease, for the human problems and emotions in which it deals are changeless. In particular it is concerned with the struggle of the spirit to shake off the flesh and to find that serenity that is heaven.

The Saints are Richard Baxter, John Southworth and Richard Crashaw, men of differing convictions, all ready to die for their faith.

Anthony Tyler's life and love is profoundly affected by these three men with whom he is closely and strangely connected. The heroine, Sylvestra Kane, is partly Italian and the story passes from England to Italy.

It is quite unnecessary for me to dilate upon the artistry of Miss Bowen. Her hundreds of thousands of admirers all over the world will be delighted with this book which may really be regarded in some ways as a companion tale to "God and the Wedding Dress," which won so many admirers for her when it appeared.

To sum up my own reactions to the book, I would describe it

(*Continued on page 94*)

as ideal holiday reading and that is why I have been careful to include it in my August list.

NOW to turn again to humour. From Messrs. Peter Davies, Ltd., at 8s. 6d. comes "Can I Help You, Sir?" by Ethyle Campbell who gave us a little while ago the unforgettable "Can I Help You, Madam?"

The present volume is delightfully illustrated by W. M. Hendy whose sense of humour is exceeded only by his clarity of line; thus the association of authoress and artist have produced a book which is deeply witty and something which should not be missed on any account.

At first glance it may seem odd that a woman's fashion expert, however amusing and well informed, should be qualified to unveil the foibles of the sterner sex in quest of self-adornment. But behind the scenes the two worlds of fashion, male and female, share secrets at a good many points, and in the course of her experience as buyer at a famous Mayfair establishment, Miss Campbell has had many opportunities of observing man in his more exquisite and ridiculous moments.

Moreover her wide acquaintance throughout "the rag trade" has opened many doors to her, and the artist whose useful function in life is to set off the manly form with suit, shirt or tie, and other less publicly evident garments, with manicure and even with permanent wave, have unbosomed themselves to Miss Campbell on this interesting and socially significant theme.

The result is a most piquant and informative volume in which both sexes will find much entertainment and instruction, and I suspect that a considerable permanent bulge must persist in Miss Campbell's cheek even though since finishing this book she has now removed her tongue from it.

TO become serious again—let us next take "Celluloid Safari," by Stirling Gillespie (Blackie and Son, 12s. 6d.). This is an account of the filming of big game in Africa by two young Scotsmen who covered 25,000 miles in order to obtain material for this book. Their journey by car from Cape to Cairo was undertaken for the express purpose of photographing and filming wild animals, and the admirable illustrations in this book are evidence of their success.

It has always seemed to me so much more noble to shoot animals with a camera than with a gun, that I derive an especial satisfaction from the reflection that they carried neither rifle nor shotgun yet succeeded in obtaining splendid "close-ups" of rhino, buffalo, wild elephants, lions, zebra, giraffes and other animals, which are as surprising as they are delightful.

The happy style and ready sense of humour make the account of their adventures excellent reading, whether they're describing the trials and troubles of their motor car, or the thrills of unarmed proximity to the most dangerous of wild animals, and I am quite sure that any one interested in the far corners of this world of ours and of its inhabitants, human and animal, will be fascinated by Mr. Gillespie's spirited narrative.

ANOTHER spirited narrative is that of Muriel Norroy whose "I Robbed the Lords and Ladies Gay," comes to us from Messrs. Methuen at 6s. with a preface by Compton Mackenzie.

This is the autobiography of a girl of well-to-do parents, convent-bred, whose morale was broken by a savage sentence imposed for a minor first offence.

All the horrors and humours of crook and prison life are vividly portrayed.

The authoress always worked alone—she never belonged to a gang—and it really is astonishing the variety of thrills she managed to pack into the comparatively short span with which this autobiography deals.

The adventures of this very lively personality range far—Holloway, Liverpool penal settlement, gay life in the States; in the Balkans; a London season (after a profitable time in America) chaperoned by a peeress who was ready to present her at Court for a consideration—the whole history punctuated by hauls of jewellery and long stretches in jail.

The finale is a pleasant one and reflects credit on the improved penal system and on the character of some of those employed in it.

This is a memorable book. It really does make excellent light reading, despite its rather sinister associations, and I feel sure you will enjoy it.

NOW another autobiography of a woman but this time something vastly more respectable. Naomi Jacob, whose "Me" and "Me Again" have fascinated thousands of readers, now gives us "More About Me," published by Hutchinson and Co. at 18s.

Here is another of those delightful volumes of reminiscences, the *pièce de résistance* in this instance being "Naomi Jacob at the Opera." But there are other fascinating stories too, of the novelist's new home in Italy, her animals, her "King Charles's Heads," stories of old friends and new, and all flavoured with that piquant intimacy which has always been a characteristic of this authoress.

There are more tales of the music halls, of old songs and scenes and stories of the authoress's work, her amusements and her philosophy.

This is a book to be read eagerly by all who enjoy a volume of memoirs that is "different."

In addition to Miss Jacob's very distinctive reminiscences there are a number of illustrations which help greatly to the enjoyment of a distinguished book.

"Europe—going, going, gone!" by Ferdinand Czernin (Peter Davies 8s. 6d.) is not really quite so grim a volume as the title might suggest, although undeniably it deals with a very grim subject.

Two years ago Ferdinand Czernin delighted a large number of readers with his gay and witty "This Salzburg." This was a charming guide to that famous Austrian festival town, poking sly and delicious fun at visitors and the inhabitants alike.

Shortly after it was published, the author started writing a book on the same lines all about Europe, the different customs and characteristics, the inhabitants and tourists in each country. Since Czernin started his second book however, Europe has undergone dramatic and tragic transformations; his own beloved Austria is now under Hitler's rule.

The author had to burn the manuscript in Vienna on the day of the *Anschluss*, and the changes which Europe underwent last year have necessitated a re-writing of the whole book.

Of course it still tells you of the countries of Europe and contains many pages of Count Czernin's irrepressible and inimitable wit. But in the new book more attention is paid to the more serious side of Europe's troubles, and the author has many trenchant things to say about the collapse of Europe's old civilisation. The book derives much from the drawings of that brilliant cartoonist, Walter Goetz, for they not only exactly fit the mood of the book, but go far in underlining its purpose.

REGULAR readers of my book notes in "Britannia and Eve" (if such exist!) will know that I do not review books in any order of merit and the fact that I have left "Europe—going, going, gone!" so late in this month's batch, will not be taken as any indication that I do not consider it worthy to rank among the best books of the month —and, indeed, of the year.

Lastly this month we turn to Wyndham Lewis's Essays on Art, entitled "Wyndham Lewis, the Artist" (Laidlaw and Laidlaw, 15s.).

This beautifully produced volume is a valuable contribution to thought on the conditions of Art to-day.

Wyndham Lewis is widely recognised as one of the most energetic and candid critics and his book presents his more significant utterances on behalf of painting in collective form for the first time.

Included in this book is the complete revised text of the "Caliph's Design" and material from "Blast" and "The Tyro."

There are a number of colour, half-tone and line illustrations, exquisitely reproduced which make this a book to keep.

It would not be fair to the author or to the potential reader to recommend this as a holiday book but as an important survey of the contemporary position in Art, it is a volume which cannot be ignored and which indeed must be read by all who take an interest in the subject.

END

In Emergency

(*Continued from page 17*)

The person is at once in a state of stupor which may deepen to a state of complete unconsciousness, or last only for a short time. The face is pale, pulse quick and weak, breathing shallow and skin cold.

Remove to shade (if out of doors) and lay the patient on his back with head turned to one side and raise the feet. Undo all clothing about the neck, chest and waist. Ensure an abundance of fresh air, yet cover the lower half of the body and apply hot-water bottles to the outside of the blankets (if indoors) at the feet and on either side of the abdomen.

Give no fluids whatever while the patient is insensible and do not leave him alone. Apply ice or cold water to the head continuously. *Merely sprinkling cold water on the head stimulates circulation and does no good.*

On return to consciousness water may be given in sips, or even a hot drink, providing there is no bleeding from the head and internal bleeding is not suspected. The patient should then be encouraged to sleep.

No case of head injury can be regarded lightly, and a person who has been unconscious even for a moment should be warned not to resume physical or mental activity without the consent of a doctor.

SHOCK

This is a condition which follows any accident and often proves fatal. Increase in the state of "shock" must be prevented.

The patient will be pale, disinclined to move and probably complain of the cold, although large drops of sweat will form over his temples. The pulse will be weak and thready, the skin grey and clammy.

If out of doors, see that the sufferer is lying in as comfortable a position as possible, well wrapped up; comfort and reassure him on any point that is worrying him, and give him long warm drinks, *soft*, not alcoholic.

If indoors, lie the patient in a darkened room, with hot-water bottles on the outside of the first blanket—those suffering from shock are liable to burn—keep very quiet and watch continually.

One other point is vital: to distinguish between shock and internal hæmorrhage.

Now, internal bleeding can bring about collapse and death in half an hour without any sign of damage being visible on the body; it is essential accordingly to become aware of it. The symptoms are identical with those of "shock," except for one great difference—*restlessness*.

If internal bleeding is suspected, a doctor should be summoned immediately.

DISLOCATION

Elbow, thumb, the shoulder and lower jaw are the joints most frequently dislocated. Pain is of a severe and sickening character, there is loss of power in the limb and a misshapen fixity of the joint, which can neither be moved by patient nor helper.

If the accident happens out of doors steady the limb in the position that gives most ease so as to lessen the effects of jolting during transport to hospital or doctor. If indoors, rest the patient on a couch and expose the injured part, applying cold compresses while waiting for the doctor. When the cold compress has ceased to give relief, vary it with a hot one.

SPRAINS

A sprain is the tearing of ligaments round a joint and generally occurs at the ankle. There is immediate pain and an inability to use the joint without increasing the pain to the point of fainting.

Place the limb in the most comfortable position and prevent any movement. Expose the joint and apply a firm bandage that has first been wrung out in cold water. Keep sprinkling this bandage with methylated spirit to increase the cold and renew bandages frequently. The injury will probably have to be X-rayed for fracture.

BURNS AND SCALDS

No burn or scald can be treated casually. The danger of infection and "shock" with even the smallest one is high.

The secret of treating burns and scalds is *to exclude air*.

For this reason a tube of Tannifax should be kept in every house. It is a jelly containing tannin, the best healer for burns, which seals down the damaged area; peals away like a scab ten days later and leaves a heal without a scar.

Treatment of a Clean Burn is simple. Cover it with a dry gauze dressing, or a clean handkerchief, to exclude air, while you wipe the skin round it with soap and water. Dry this, and then squeeze the Tannifax jelly straight from the tube on to and over the damaged area. The jelly may take from ten to twenty minutes to dry exposed to the air. Not until then can it be covered with a light bandage and left for ten days *without moistening*.

If there is no Tannifax in the house make a pot of good strong tea—tea contains tannin, but have the burn covered with a dry gauze dressing while you do this—next, soak some clean rag in the tea, allow it to cool to blood heat and then bind it over the burn. Allow it to dry on and then bandage it over and in.

If the Burn is Dirty, or if clothing has to be cut away or is stuck to the wound, soak the part by submerging it in a basin-bath of bicarbonate of soda (baking powder, a dessertspoonful to a pint at a temperature of 98.4 degrees, which is blood heat).

When it is clean, apply a gauze bandage soaked in a *fresh* bicarbonate solution of the same strength and temperature, and keep sprinkling this with warm water so that it remains moist, or else cover it in with a piece of oil silk, and wait for the doctor.

Blisters should not be burst except by the doctor. And, unless a burn or scald is covered with Tannifax, it must be held under water or covered by a gauze dressing, never exposed to the air.

If a Baby has been Scalded or Burned, keep it submerged, clothes and all, in a bath of bicarbonate of soda maintained at blood heat, until the doctor comes. This saves the child from additional pain and shock, which is important, as children die more easily from shock than adults.

If Burn has been caused by stepping into Quicklime.—Brush off any that adheres to the part, and steep it in vinegar and warm water. (A dessertspoonful to a pint.) After that, steep it in bicarbonate of soda solution and then apply the Tannifax or tea.

If a Burn has been caused by Corrosive Acid—Nitric, Hydrochloric, Sulphuric.—Flood the part with water, warm if available, then the bicarbonate of soda solution, after that the Tannifax or tea.

Always treat the patient for "shock" after a burn, lie him down in a darkened room, etc., as soon as the injury has been dressed. Also, always send for or take him to the doctor. A burn should also be rested; this means a sling for one on the hand or arm, a splint for one on the leg.

End

The vagaries of Summer
demand the consistencies of
KIA-ORA

Moscow — Paris

(*Continued from page* 45)

Meanwhile, Madame de Créfort had regained consciousness. "Doctor, I'm not in danger, am I?"

"No, no! But my friend and I feel you should have your appendix out the moment you land."

"But my children are expecting me! Doctor, can't I wait until I get home?" She looked up at them appealingly.

"No, that is impossible. Meanwhile, we are giving you morphia to keep you out of pain and you'll soon be as fit as a fiddle."

"Steward!" she called feebly. "My little girls with their nurse are expecting me at Le Bourget. Will you give them these dolls and tell them that I have been taken ill, but will be with them in a few days." She handed him the dolls, together with a hundred francs. Then she turned to the window to hide her falling tears.

The two young Englishmen prepared to land. No one would have guessed that they had emptied a bottle of whisky each. Their air of self-confidence and pleasant laughter, the similarity of their tone and speech, made them appear as a pair of giant marionettes. One of them assisted Madame Smirnoff in putting on her sables. She, too, was on her way to London.

Henri looked at his watch as the plane lowered itself over Brussels. It was three-thirty. They were there to the minute.

"Passports, please!" Police officers and customs officials got on the moment the machine stopped. All passports were carefully examined. The black-haired gentlemen again turned livid, their hands trembled as they opened their baggage. . . . The Englishmen's features were rigid, but there was something about their expression which seemed to resent a terrible insult that was being inflicted upon them, as they unlocked their suitcases for inspection. After getting off, they stood waiting for Madame Smirnoff. But the next to alight were the two doctors carrying Madame de Créfort, hurriedly explaining that she must undergo an immediate operation, and a few minutes later a Red Cross ambulance had carried them off.

"*Voilà!*" With a smile, Madame Isa Smirnoff presented her diplomatic passport.

"I am very sorry, madame, but I have strict orders not to allow you to land here."

"What's that you say? Surely, there must be some mistake—I am on the staff of the Russian Embassy in London, and I must catch the next plane that leaves here for Croydon."

"I am sorry"—the detective's tone was frigid—"I have to obey orders."

She looked at him wildly. "You must let me pass, do you hear? Have you no respect for our embassy's seal? You will have to pay dearly for this. Let me through!" She tried to force a passage.

"It's no good, madame," his voice was cold as ice, "the exit is well guarded." He pointed to two plain-clothes officers waiting nearby. "I advise you to comply."

She looked about her furiously. Was this to be the end of her career? Her hand sought an inner pocket. . . . No, she had friends in Paris; they would help her. She sat down.

The elder of the two Italians had departed. The Russian balleteuse now occupied his seat. Two priests filled the arm-chairs the Englishmen had vacated and were fingering their rosaries. No one seemed to have taken an interest in what had passed between Madame Smirnoff and the detective. Gradually she calmed down. With fingers that still shook, she took the double brandy Henri had brought her and emptied it at one go.

A few minutes before the liner was due to start off again, the wireless operator returned to his cabin. In spite of the fresh air he had been breathing, he was of a deathly pallor and his knees were trembling. Henri gave him a questioning look. "How are you now?" But Franz merely shook his head in answer.

The frightened girl appeared to be asleep. She had pulled her coat right over up her face. The Polish diplomat seemed engrossed in his papers. One minute before the start, the door was flung open. "Have you a seat for me?" The steward admitted a big American and his excessive luggage. "Number 7."

"A double whisky, and make it snappy!"

The machine now started off on its last lap. The kitchen was full of used plates, crockery and glasses. Henri piled them up on every table, in every cupboard.

It was impossible to wash up during the journey. That must wait. The passengers had settled down. Henri glanced at the electric clock. Thank goodness, only another half-hour and they would be home once more. He took a sedative. Flying was always exhausting, and this particular trip had been more than usually so, he felt. How many passengers were on board now? Thirteen. He counted them again with the same result. One of the Americans suddenly appeared in the doorway of his kitchen. "Well, what about it? Are you going to oblige us, or are you not?" In one hand he was carrying three cigarette boxes, the other was full of dollar bills. Henri hesitated but an instant. Here was a grand opportunity of earning lots of money in ten minutes. "Very well, then." The cigarette boxes disappeared into his trousers pockets, and the dollars were tucked away in his waistcoat pockets. It was arranged that the Americans would wait for him in a cab some distance from the aerodrome.

THE moment he was alone, Henri transferred the contents of the cigarette boxes to his coat-tail pocket for greater safety. Then he was obliged to answer the bell from the pilot's cabin. Why, what the devil—what had happened? The wireless operator lay lifeless in his chair.

"You want to know what has happened?" the pilot said. "Merely that which I have been expecting for the last hour. He is unconscious—completely knocked out. We're in a pretty pickle, I can tell you! When we started there was a slight fog over Paris. Let us hope it has cleared by the time we get there."

Franz was breathing feebly. The steward put him into a more comfortable position, placed a pillow under his head and pulled his cap down over his eyes.

"You'd better look in again in a quarter of an hour. You may be useful to me," said the pilot. As he passed through the passengers' cabin, Henri remarked that Madame Smirnoff was asleep. "Astonishing what nerves these Russians have," he thought. "Not like the rest of us poor mortals."

On regaining his kitchen, Henri poured himself a drink. It was the first drop of alcohol he had taken for many years. . . . The passengers were beginning to stir again. Madame Smirnoff, too, had awakened and was now busy with powder and lipstick. The Warsaw diplomat was carefully putting away his papers. The Russian boy was furious because the Italian had foisted himself on their company. The priests were still telling their beads. The elderly Frenchwoman appeared to be giving her young companion some sort of instructions. The girl seemed to have calmed down, and her mouth had taken on a hard expression. The big American had drained his second double whisky. He was going on to Cherbourg the same evening to board the *Normandie* for New York. All the accounts having been settled, Henri decided to look in again at the pilot's cabin. On his way there he had a faint glimpse of the Eiffel Tower. Even as he looked down, the fog beneath them seemed to gather in density. It was there all right, and the pilot had hoped in vain.

"We shall be there in seven or eight minutes," said the latter, as Henri closed the door which separated them from the passengers. "Do you see any light-signals?" Henri stared down, but could not penetrate the fog, which had enveloped everything like a soft blanket.

He looked inquiringly at the pilot.

"What's the good of looking at me like that? I tell you, we may find ourselves in a pretty bad mess, thanks to this idiot. I had a feeling all along that things would go wrong to-day—what with Franz coming on duty with a bashed head and a sick woman having to be taken off. . . . If only both the doctors had not got off with her, Franz could have had an injection of camphor." He was interrupted by the ticking of the telegraph apparatus. "Now, who's to attend to that, I should like to know?" They tried to make out the message, but soon had to give up the attempt.

"Now, unless this fog lifts quickly," he continued, "or unless we can find a clear patch, we shall have to return to Brussels. It would not be my first attempt at blind flying, either. So I shall know what to do, if anything does go wrong—I daren't drop below two hundred metres. You'd better go back to your kitchen, Henri. We're in quite good time really, but it may be as well for you to tell the passengers that we shall be a bit late."

The information was received calmly enough. After all, that sort of thing did happen occasionally—it wasn't anybody's fault. Madame Smirnoff ordered another brandy, the big American a whisky, and the priests took up their rosaries again.

Henri was settling the accounts and was in the middle of his addition when a sudden jerk indicated that something had gone wrong with the motors. The machine shivered, then slowed down. Henri gave meaningless answers to the anxious questions of the passengers; then, with studied leisureliness, he returned to the pilot's cabin.

The middle propeller had been put out of action. The pilot's face was pale and his attention concentrated on sending the machine slowly upwards. Henri watched the altimeter gradually registered 400 . . . 500 . . . 600 . . . 700 metres.

"We must return to Brussels or find some other place to land, but we shall not be in Paris to-night," the pilot said.

Henri was obliged to tell the passengers that they might possibly have to make a forced landing.

Madame Smirnoff's lips curved in a triumphant smile. She for one had no desire to land in Paris. The diamond smugglers, too, breathed more freely. So this piece of information was received very quietly. After all, nobody was to blame. . . .

The machine now began to wobble; it had been caught in a gusty east wind. Henri settled down comfortably in the kitchen. He had taken part in more than one forced landing. He had attached the little red lamps to the chairs, when it had grown dark, and the passengers seemed quite at ease. Henri was glad to rest . . . to doze. . . .

A sudden crash awakened him—a pile of crockery had fallen to the ground. A cupboard opened and its entire contents of soiled plates, knives and forks littered the slanting floor. The engine had ceased to throb. An instant later the machine dropped down . . . down . . . down. The kitchen door sprang open, and showers of broken glass and crockery were hurled into the cabin, where the passengers clutched their seats.

Henri's instant thought was of the parachute. It took only a few seconds to seize and adjust it. Through the open door he saw the pilot's stony features turned towards him—then Henri flung himself against the door that opened into space.

As he fell, drawn irresistibly to earth, he plucked at the ring that fastened his parachute. A jerk, and still he fell. He closed his eyes . . . was this the end? Then he heard the rushing sound of strong wings above his head, carrying him safely, fearlessly through the snowstorm that had begun to sweep the air. As he looked down the earth appeared to grow larger and larger Then he became aware of a huge black body, which at that moment touched the ground. An explosion followed, and the surrounding fields were lighted up by flames. . . .

END

A Hero of the Screen

(*Continued from page* 13)

who had written the scenario in conjunction with the author of the original story, and also of Dick Barthelmess. Both of them were good enough to say that I was the only person for the part, and Hawkes agreed to build the part up even bigger than it originally was. Dick, the most unselfish actor of my experience, supported him in this. But there was a terrific opposition in the head office. They even refused to allow me to make the test, and various young leading men were cast for the part. So I went along pretending not to care and getting fitted for costumes for the Barrymore picture.

"Meantime, though the part I wanted in *Dawn Patrol* had not yet been filled, they started shooting on location. Hawkes and Dick Barthelmess had both asked me if I could get out of the former contract. But I realised that the only way this could be done would be to get Barrymore to say that he did not want me. As his word was law, I went to him in the capacity of an old friend and admirer and said to him, 'Look, this is the part I really want! Will you do me the greatest favour in the world and tell the others that you don't want me in your picture?' Barrymore said he would do so, though he said that he regretted it. I hope that his regret was genuine. I then asked him if he could help me to get the other part—the one in *Dawn Patrol*. Needless to say, Barrymore got me out of his picture, but not into the other one, and it looked as though I had fallen between two stools.

"One day, however, I took my courage in both hands and sneaked out in my own car secretly to the place fifty miles away where the *Dawn Patrol* company was on location. It was not very difficult. Various actors and actresses employed by Warner Brothers-First National were likely to go out on a busman's holiday and look at the barbed-wire entanglements, the faked shell holes and the crashed aeroplanes. Besides, the nearest telephone was seven miles away. There, with the co-operation of Hawkes and Dick Barthelmess I shot a whole scene out of sequence. Immediately afterwards the executives back in Hollywood saw the 'rushes,' and the outcome was that I got the job. I gather that my bosses were angry at first, but then being good sportsmen decided that it was a joke on them. *Dawn Patrol* was a big success and I fortunately coasted along with it. It is true that an artistic flop followed in the shape of the film version of *Outward Bound*, in which I played with Leslie Howard. But this did not prevent my being offered a new contract, and a starring one at that.

"This meant that my salary was doubled, that I was given a choice of three suitable available stories, that I had a number of minor privileges such as limited working hours, the right to veto or approve publicity stories about myself, the right also to approve of the cast and the director (though not the choice of them), and also a special type of dressing-room. I was once again in the seventh heaven of delight, and now that real success had at last come my way I lost (or, at least, I think I did) all my affectations. This was early in 1931, and I was even then only twenty-two. Joan was delighted and so were my family. At last I had got away with it in a big way.

"There followed several pictures with Loretta Young. I had known her since she was a child and called her by her real name of Gretchen Young. Which reminds me. I always call my father 'Pete.' You see, I did not want to call him 'Dad.' I felt so dignified; and yet it seemed too undignified to him to call him by his Christian name. He felt the same way about it. So one day I asked him what he would have called himself if he had been able to christen himself. He said, 'Peter—and Pete for short.' In turn he called me 'Jayar,' which is J.R., which in turn, of course, is the abbreviation for junior (Douglas Fairbanks, junior).

"By this time I was a lot more friendly with Pete and went

(*Continued on page* 98)

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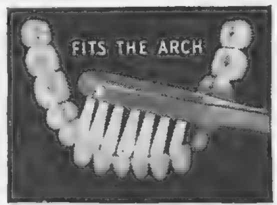
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



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up about once a month to 'Pickfair' for dinner. I also used to see him on days off and take a Turkish bath with him at his studio. This Turkish bath of his became quite a club. Charlie Chaplin, Jack Barrymore, Jack Gilbert, and several of the better-known writers and artists used to congregate there. It was all a most interesting congregation; those who did their bit of exercising and others having a Turkish bath.

"After this somewhat indifferent series with Loretta Young I had a success in *Gentleman for a Day*, although it was called *Union Depot* in America. Joan Blondell was in the picture. She is a great sport, and what we call a real 'trouper.' This sent my stock up again. Just before this, though, I had finally persuaded Joan that Europe was a very attractive part of the world, and with some difficulty we managed to arrange it with our respective executives to get a holiday together. Pete had given me a Christmas present in the shape of a little money. This, together with what I had saved, even after I had paid off a lot of exorbitant mortages, enabled us to make our way to London. We arrived, I remember, just before the royal garden party in 1932. Lady Oxford and Asquith had very nicely suggested that she could probably arrange for us to get an invitation, but at the last minute Joan, who had never been in Europe before, got stage fright and so we never went anyway. But we got a real thrill when Noel Coward escorted us to the royal box at Drury Lane for *Cavalcade*. I shall never forget my excitement sitting there with Joan watching this marvellous play being presented in so brilliant a way. I have always regarded England as my second home, and it was wonderful to have it presented to Joan so emotionally. Unfortunately, Joan was rather preoccupied with the thought of her return to Hollywood, and though she loved *Cavalcade* and was interested in England, she did not enjoy it as much as I did, being so much more conscientious and having a far higher degree of integrity about her job for fifty-two weeks out of the year.

"Looking back on that trip of ours to England, it seems possible that this was the start of our difficulties. I myself always stay in England as long as I possibly can. We did so on that occasion. A lot of parties were given for us and we saw practically everything possible before a brief visit to Paris, after which we sailed home. But Joan had been fretting all the time about getting back to work. She did not have my nomadic inclinations at all.

"In Hollywood once more I had another stroke of luck. I played in *It's Tough to be Famous*, with Mary Brian. I have always had a feeling that this picture had a veiled reference to Colonel Lindbergh and the hysterical adulation we Americans shower on our heroes. This picture was a satire. Unluckily, a lot of pictures followed which fell off a great deal in quality. Not that my own work didn't do likewise. My run of good luck had come to an end, not that I could complain after two years of it. But I had to make certain alterations in my contract—that is to say, I had to permit certain alterations in my contract to be made. Thus I had to consent to co-starring, and even on occasion to be merely a top-feature player. There was a complete cessation, also, of all my minor professional privileges. Worse was to follow. There came the big crash in Hollywood. All salaries were cut fifty per cent, although living conditions and personal expenses had soared beyond all comprehension. The result was that I got fearfully in debt. I was in debt, anyway.

"It was while I was making *The Narrow Corner*—a picture based on the Somerset Maugham novel—that Joan and I separated. It was a most unhappy business, and I felt very badly. But as we are good friends now, I think the less I say about my relationship with my very good friend, the ex-Mrs. Franchot Tone, the better. I can tell you this, though. I was in a storm sequence, wet and freezing cold in mid-winter. I was all jittery and miserable and they were actually giving me brandy to keep me going, when a telephone call conveyed the news that she had left me.

"My next picture was with Leslie Howard. It was another War film and again I was an English officer. Then there followed a picture with Katharine Hepburn called *Morning Glory*. After my several recent failures this luckily put my stock up again. I was honest enough, though, to attribute this entirely to Kate Hepburn herself and to Adolphe Menjou, who was also in the cast. Kate Hepburn, I may say, is a strange creature and enjoys her strangeness. She is studiously eccentric, and if you did not know her, well, you would get impatient with her. It was different for me. I have always liked her and we planned to make another one as soon as possible, but something has always prevented it. Directly we had finished shooting I went off to New York. Pete had in the meantime become separated from Mary and joined me there, with Tom Geraghty, who was one of our oldest friends. From New York we sailed ostensibly to take the cure at Baden Baden. We went on the *Bremen*, and had a lot of fun on board. I was especially happy because it was the first time in our lives that Pete and I ever became close and intimate friends. We were rather like a couple of kids on their first spree together than father and son. It was a perfect holiday, and I never enjoyed a trip more. Incidentally, when we got to Cherbourg we suddenly thought that maybe we would get off at France, but it was a miserable day and we decided that we did not like the face of the solitary Frenchman on the bridge of the small tug that had come out to meet us, so after all we decided to get off at Southampton. That was in 1933, and the start of my semi-permanent residence in England.

PETE and I had a wonderful time in London. I had only been away for eighteen months but it seemed much longer; and anyway this was the first time I had come over as a bachelor. Besides, it was the first time that Pete and I had been alone together in our lives. One day we went round to the United Artists' offices in London, and Murray Silverstone said: 'Do you remember a chap called Korda, in Hollywood? He is now making re-takes of a picture over here, which he has just finished. I want to show you a rough cut' (that means without music or sound effects). 'It is called *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*' Well, of course, Pete and I went off our heads about it. What could be nicer than finding that in the country we loved so much, it was being proved for the first time that there were other places besides Hollywood which could provide universal appeal for the screen audiences of the world? Here was a new industry and a new enthusiasm. Why shouldn't we get in on the ground floor and feel the thrill that Hollywood had felt fifteen years ago?

"Pete got hold of Korda at once. I came along too, having no longer any connexions with Hollywood, as I had broken everything off before I came away. The three of us got together in talks and planned a new company. But while it was under discussion, Lubitsch cabled me, offering me a part in the film version of Noel Coward's *Design for Living*, with Gary Cooper and Miriam Hopkins. Every one advised me to accept. It was an important picture, a good cast, a fine company, a brilliant director, and at the most it would only take up a few weeks of my time. After hesitation I finally accepted. I rather dreaded going back so soon. I only remembered the unpleasant parts of my life in Hollywood. The unfortunate turn that my private life had taken was still very vivid, and the frequent recurrences of professional set-backs were also fresh in my memory. Besides, I was so excited at the idea of building up a new career in the country I loved so much. So I really fretted, but went back all the same.

"On my arrival, however, I became violently ill. I had to be carried to my mother's house, and from there in an ambulance to hospital, with double pneumonia and pleurisy. For a week or two I grew worse and weaker, and even became front page news, my life being in danger and daily bulletins being issued. You see, when I was younger I had had pneumonia before, as well as scarlet fever. This had weakened my resistance, which gave the doctors good reason for being alarmed. Finally, they told Paramount that even if I lived it would take too much out of me to do any work for at least four months. Paramount had already postponed production for several weeks. They could not wait any longer. Freddy March got the part, and incidentally sent me the nicest possible cable about his regret at taking my place.

"When I found out that after all I did not have to do the picture, I asked the doctor how soon I would be well enough to go to England. He said that he might let me out in a fortnight; but I knew that I was ill and that I was being pacified. I was running a temperature of 104 degrees. That sounds a lot, but I always run high ones. So I said to him 'I give you my word that my temperature will be normal in two days.' They thought I was delirious. But I was right. In seven days I was discharged from hospital, and in three days more I was given a clean bill of health. It was true that I had to use two sticks and friendly arms to get on to the boat, but I did.

"The first week or two, of course, I had to convalesce. I went to Southampton, only to find that Pete and Korda had gone ahead with a subsidiary unit of the United Artists, and that Korda had been given a guarantee of general release in the United States, through United Artists. When I saw him, Korda said: 'I have got Elisabeth Bergner and am thinking of doing *Catherine the Great*. Would you consider playing the part of Peter III?' Peter III was a villain and madman, and it was obviously any actor's paradise with a real chance to chew up the scenery and over-act. It also gave me the opportunity of working with Bergner, whom I respected beyond measure. Best of all, being on a royalty basis it meant the start of part ownership for me in this new career. There was a big Press controversy about it in the United States, some critics applauding us and some condemning us as ex-patriots and deserters. When my doctor forbade me to make the picture I said: 'To hell with doctors; I'll do it.' And within three months I was feeling better than ever. I felt mentally stimulated. There was no more introspection about me and everything was new.

"The film was a big success, but unfortunately it marked the end of a series of successes for quite a while. My stock went steadily down again. Korda reorganised the company, and while he was debating the future I went ahead and signed to play with Gertrude Lawrence in a stage play. Meantime, Pete and I went on holiday in Rome. It was our second trip together and we had great fun in Italy, Switzerland and Spain, seeing bull fights and both feeling about fourteen years old. In fact, when people say to me: 'Is there a real father and son relationship between the two of you?' I always reply: 'Yes, but I am the father.'

"Telegrams came from Korda to tell us about the difficulties he was finding in some reorganisation plan of his for the next film, and so I went ahead getting ready for rehearsals with Gertie Lawrence. Suddenly Korda announced that I would have to do the picture at once. I told him that I could not. I had already signed the contract to do the play. Korda said that I must do the picture, even if I cut the matinées. I replied that this was impossible. A row started. I could not go back on my word, and by the same economic token, Korda was also stuck. So I went ahead with the play, and Gertie and I toured for several weeks in the provinces. But we found that the play was not suitable, and so Clemence Dane was commissioned to write a special one for us. She did so. It was called *Moonlight is Silver*. When she had finished it we toured the provinces again and came to London with it. At that time Pete was making his last film—*Don Juan*. Afterwards he always regretted having made it, because at the time he was too much occupied with the thought of (*Continued on page* 100)

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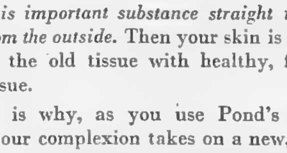

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playing in the Swiss Open Golf Championship, shortly after the picture was to be finished. *Moonlight is Silver* was not a sensation, although anything by Clemence Dane is sure to be good. Then after ten or eleven weeks Gertie Lawrence fell ill. She had to have an operation on her ear; an understudy took her place, and after two weeks we realised that there was no chance of her coming back so we decided to terminate its run.

"I have known 'G' for many years. I first met her in California with Jack Buchanan and Beatrice Lillie. We were great friends, and so the first telephone call I received when I had come over that time with Pete, was from 'G.' She is terrific fun, the best companion in the world, and I had at once taken advantage of her kindness to inveigle her into doing a show with me. We had a marvellous time, though I am afraid that through going out together so much, the ever-present theatrical gossip writers linked our names together rather closely.

"After the end of *Moonlight is Silver* I began again to wonder about life, and a long period of introspection followed during which I kept on turning down offers of the most marvellous parts from Hollywood. In fact, I have never been offered such good parts before or since. The reason I declined them was because on leaving Hollywood I had given interviews to the effect that I was definitely going to live over here to be present at the birth of a new industry—not one of mass production perhaps, but something as specialised as Rolls-Royces. I had been much criticised for this decision to throw in my lot with British film companies, and every one accused me of being 'high hat.' But I had said to myself that perhaps now, after my ten or twelve years' experience in films, I could put some of my own accumulated knowledge, ideas and theories into practice. For despite my stage experience I loved films. They are, of course, as different as spinach and carrots, and it is just as silly to compare them as it is to compare a sculptor with a painter. They are two different mediums. In fact, I have always preferred films, but without comparing them with plays. Besides, I said to myself, 'Here is a real chance of being the first of the modern generation of movie people in Hollywood to pull up my stakes in America and start in here.' I naturally excepted Pete, who had in any event been chiefly an executive for some time. So I stayed over here, flitting around, not worrying about finance, but only wanting to be able to have my own way in picture production.

"Actually, it took a year and a half of hawking myself around the City and hearing the bankers saying, 'Yes, I will help you if you can get distribution of your pictures'; and of hearing the distribution people saying, 'Yes, we will help you if you can get the money.' Still, I was too proud to go back, and kept on turning down wonderful offers from Hollywood. I was determined to see it through 'or else.' To fill in time, I made some small pictures here. I am afraid that none of them were very outstanding. And being off the international screen and only in these inconspicuous films, my professional status in Hollywood dwindled fast and my offers grew less and less. Finally, through United Artists, I was put in touch with backers and I suddenly woke up one morning to find that the company had been formed, the cash had been secured, the distribution had been arranged, the studio contacts had been fixed, that a whole year's programme had been mapped out, that executives had been appointed to handle finances—all that, but with myself holding only a minority interest. It took very few conferences for me to realise my position. Not that I would make excuses now; but in the majority of cases our opinions differed, and as I was in the minority I had on most occasions to take it and like it.

"Then along came my first picture, *The Amateur Gentleman*. We managed to get Elissa Landi as the leading lady, and I imposed on Clemence Dane to write the dialogue. Despite the handicaps and difficulties inevitable to a new organisation, the heads of which were often in disagreement, the picture turned out not too badly. However, misfortune continued to dog my footsteps, and the untimely death of King George V actually occurred on our opening night. The country, of course, was plunged into mourning. However, *The Amateur Gentleman* got quite good notices, and I tried to reconcile myself to my minor position with the company. I was still determined to see it through, hoping that I would get increasing powers as time went on. Indeed, I went around rather puffed up at the Press success of the picture, and one week-end with Noel Coward tried to persuade him to join us as a scenario writer. I was still hopeful that I could revolutionise the whole industry here. Then the picture was generally released both here and in the United States, and it was not the sensational success I had thought it might be.

"Despite this, I returned to the United States (I must have crossed the Atlantic at least thirty times), and this time got a terrific kick out of my visit. After all, the company had been formed, the picture had been shown and declared to be at least promising, and apparently I had accomplished what I said I would do. For once the prophet in his home town was honoured. In Hollywood all my friends slapped me on the back. Little did they know what was going on behind the scenes in London. But my flight of fancy took strong wings. The flat I then had in a mews was apparently the size of Buckingham Palace; future budgets for my production had, according to me, been granted by the bankers; in fact, I was soon going to make *Ben-Hur* look like a quickie. I must be excused for this. After all those wagging fingers, people were saying to me, 'You were right after all.'

"I visited Pete, who had returned to America before me. I went to party after party, trying to sign up old friends. For I was negotiating for my next picture, eventually to be called *Accused*. We decided that Dolores del Rio should star in it, but we had not found a man, I myself having decided not to appear in a picture until the autumn. But as the male part was biggish and the company did not like to risk a newcomer, they called on me. At the time I was in hospital with a bad go of influenza, but I decided I had to play the part simply because they could get nobody else. Conferences took place in hospital and at Southampton, where I was convalescing. It was decided to build the part up as far as possible. My illness caused a delay of several weeks, but finally I started work. Once again there were difficulties, but we got away with it pretty well. Unfortunately, the United States did not like it, and despite the personal praise for what had been done by British films the public at large did not co-operate at the box office.

"Another picture was made by this company without me, and then preparations were begun for a big Scotch film about the Border wars. Mr. Duff Cooper, the then Secretary of State for War, had promised us every assistance, even to the extent of lending us troops. The costumes, the sets, and the props were all ready. But on the Friday before the Monday when shooting was to begin, it was decided that it was too chancy to risk six weeks exteriors in Scotland at that time of year (it was September), and the whole film was chucked.

"The problem was to get a substitute. Our director, Tay Garnett, had to return to Hollywood; but Raoul Welsh agreed to work for us, and having searched everywhere for stories we chose *Jump for Glory*. It was finally completed, but there were so many divergences of opinion and different conceptions of policy and future plans that I began once again to rebel. Besides, I was getting word from Hollywood that my own value had decreased enormously. I was, of course, very much worried. Things were not working out as I had wanted them, and yet I could not blame myself. Though wanting to live over here and make films, I began to realise that an occasional Hollywood picture is absolutely necessary to keep one up to the mark, so I made a great decision. I decided to go back, but the problem was serious. At the time I had no offers, and I could scarcely offer myself. Nevertheless, it was essential that I should go back. I was a very anxious young man, and Marlene Dietrich did not make it any easier for me. Her new enthusiasm for British pictures caused me some little hesitation.

"THE point was that I had been in such a quandary that I was asking advice from most of my friends, one of the firmest of whom was Marlene Dietrich. I had known her ever since her first arrival in the United States, and when she came over here to make *Knight Without Armour*, I at once assumed for myself the rôle of Cook's guide, showing her all the sights of England; and if I did not know about any particular monument and its niche in history I never batted an eyelid as I invented one.

"When the time came for my decision she became enthusiastic about making pictures over here. She loves the country and also the way people go about the new industry. She is known in Hollywood as having a profound knowledge of the picture industry from every possible angle. I place her in the same category as my father, Chaplin, and René Clair as being the most knowledgable quartet connected with films.

"However, after talks with her and advice from my family and friends, I decided all the same that it was best to return. I had to try to recapture a lot of lost ground. The next problem was what to do about it. Suddenly the telephone rang in my flat and the long-distance operator said, 'California calling—Mr. David Selznick.' After a long conversation, for which, thank heavens, he paid, it was more or less decided that I would play Rupert of Hentzau in *The Prisoner of Zenda.* David Selznick gave me every reason why I should play in it, but though I felt it was the thing to do, and certainly it was a part which had never failed for the past thirty years, there were a lot of complications, such as the company in which I had an interest over here, to prevent me going. After much talk and rearrangement of my plans, I at length sent a cable of acceptance to Selznick. But very few people knew with what a heavy heart I left England.

"Well, I arrived in Hollywood and found that the Selznick offices had put out a great deal of ballyhoo about my being sent over. Incidentally, I had hurried over on the fastest boat available and reached Hollywood as quickly as possible, only to find that there were various delays and that the picture would not start for a month. I spent this period in seeing old friends and telling wild and fantastic tales of my life over here. I found every one most anxious to come and make pictures in this country.

"Then the picture started. It was the first time that Ronald Colman and I had worked together for eleven years, the previous film being *Stella Dallas*, when I was playing my first leading man part—as a juvenile lead—and he had just finished his first two starring parts, one of them being *The White Sister*.

"Aubrey Smith, who was also in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, is seventy-four years old. Someone said two years ago that he was seventy-five, and he was furious, for he had just signed a new seven-year contract without options. That is extraordinary. In most contracts artistes sign on for only four years and, what is more, though the company can fire the artiste at the end of each twelve months, the artiste has to last out the five years if so desired. In the case of Aubrey Smith, Selznick International have guaranteed him continuous work until 1944, when he will be eighty-one!

"Of the other leading players in the cast you know Madeleine Carroll, Raymond Massey and David Niven almost better than I do, so I will turn to Mary Astor, who was also in the film. She is a very real person and very popular. She has made no effort to live down all

(*Continued on page* 102)

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that publicity and law case about her diary. She never attempts to deny or affirm anything of her past. Besides, she has a terrific sense of humour, which disarms any one at once. She has since married a young fellow with a Mexican name, who is, however, English and went to Oxford. His name is Del Campo, a friend of John van Druten, the writer, and of Auriol Lee.

"But what is the difference between making pictures in England and in the United States? The answer is there is practically none. Indeed, the English studios are much more modern and up-to-date than those in Hollywood. In America, however, they spend much more money on their writers. Over there they hire the most expensive brains at the back of the sets. Here they spend their money on the sets themselves and what you see in front of them. In Hollywood you find every type of writer and every kind of nationality. And look at the writers in Hollywood: Charley McArthur, Sidney Howard, Ben Hecht, Dorothy Parker, and William S. McNutt, and there are dozens more, who are all paid huge sums. The truth of the matter is that the American film companies have been playing to the international market ever since 1915, when my father, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and others led the way. England did not go after the international market until Korda's *Henry the Eighth*.

"Some of the producers may not be giants of intellect over there, but they have an uncanny way of producing a successful dish of entertainment out of the Hungarian goulash and the mid-Continental stew which is Hollywood.

"Well, *The Prisoner of Zenda* took ten or twelve weeks to make, and then, after waiting around for a month for the pre-view which seemed like it would never come, I began to feel the itch to travel once more. The word, however, had gone round the various studios that the part of Rupert had proved a lucky one for me, and there were several film offers my manager wanted me to take. There was no denying that from an economic point of view the extra films would have been more than welcome, but I knew that I would have a lot to do that autumn and winter anyway, and as I had not had a real holiday in five years I made up my mind to pull up stakes again and return to England.

"On my arrival I got telegrams from Selznick and others to say that *The Prisoner of Zenda* had at last been pre-viewed and got a terrific reception both from the critics and the public. Once again the skies began to look clearer and so, packing a week-end case I hopped the Channel boat for Switzerland and Austria. After five weeks I came back through Paris and in a few days returned to Hollywood.

"This was to make *Having Wonderful Time*, which was part of the contract with R-K-O, in addition to my one film a year with Selznick. It was a fantastic trip. I left London on Monday and was working on location in California on Saturday afternoon, having made the quickest possible ocean trip on the fastest liner and then taking the first plane out of New York, landing in Los Angeles nearly three thousand miles away next morning. I was then rushed by motor car 150 miles further to the place where the company was already at work. It was a four-hour drive and I did not have time to unpack, but my costumes were ready and so was the make-up man.

"Ginger Rogers, the girl in the story, is a strong Christian Scientist and terribly serious about her work. Yet she has a curious quality of perennial schoolgirl enthusiasm. If something nice happens to her it is just as if someone had given her a box of chocolates or an extra holiday. But if anything goes wrong it is a double tragedy for her. At her house she has no cocktail bar. Instead there is a soda fountain where she makes her own ice-cream, egg flips, banana splits, and so on. Which means that all her guests are encouraged to remain teetotal if possible.

"But what a time we had on *Having Wonderful Time*. It was supposed to be a summer story but we were making it in winter. The sun was down by five o'clock and if you remember the picture we had to get soaked to the skin. We did. More than once. What's more, our 'call' was for 5 p.m. and we would sit freezing, chattering, and chatting waiting for it. For four nights we had to get sopping wet with a temperature well below zero, then put on wet clothes again—for we often hadn't time to change. Nowadays I regularly have special injections to prevent my catching cold. But it was no fun trying to look light-hearted in front of the camera sopping wet and freezing cold.

"Scarcely had I finished *Having Wonderful Time* than I had to begin work on *Joy of Living*. Irene Dunne is one of the most charming persons, if not *the* most charming person, I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. Her husband is a dentist. Quite a prominent dentist, in fact. He is the head of a number of dental clinics. Irene never goes out in Hollywood and when possible returns to New York. When filming, she has a most inventive humour for extra pieces of 'business.' *Joy of Living* was already being reshaped while it was being made. There was a fear that as there had been so many crazy comedies it might flop unless a serious note was injected.

"As soon as it was finished, I was supposed to make *The Young in Heart*, but by a bit of wangling I managed to go into *The Rage of Paris*, with Danielle Darrieux. Nobody was quite sure what turn the story was going to take, and as I had only five weeks grace they had to crowd all my work into this period of time. Which meant starting in the middle, going back to the beginning and then having a dart at the finishing scenes. It was a real hotch-potch, and in the circumstances was surprisingly successful.

"To make matters worse, *Having Wonderful Time* was pre-viewed after I had been on *The Rage of Paris* a fortnight and it was clear that something would have to be done about it. You see, the original version was an all-Jewish comedy about the Bronx, which is really a foreign country, I mean foreign even to America. The rest of the United States do not understand the dialogue or the dialect. It was rather like being on a Latvian film, so we had to go back and re-make a lot of it. Well, I was now really in a spot, making *The Rage of Paris* and with *The Young in Heart* ahead of me. All I could do was to work until 6 p.m. on *The Rage of Paris*, drive twenty miles to the R-K-O Studios, eating sandwiches in the car, change my clothes and make-up, and start on *Having Wonderful Time* at 7 p.m., continuing until midnight. With another twenty mile drive home, I could never get to bed before 1.30 a.m., although I had to be up at 6.30 a.m. for *The Rage of Paris*. It was absolutely hellish, and finally one day on the Darrieux set I keeled over and collapsed. The doctor said I had a tired heart. No wonder. But I had no choice. I had to keep on working, so a doctor and a nurse were kept permanently on the set and I was allowed to rest as often as possible between the scenes.

"But there was no rest for me. I had to go straight into *The Young in Heart*. All we had to work on was twenty pages of script and a vague idea of what was coming. Then, imagine it, *Wonderful Time* was pre-viewed again and I had to go back and do some more re-takes! As I also had to do re-takes of *Joy of Living* at the same moment and then, when *The Rage of Paris* was pre-viewed it was decided to have re-takes, there I was actually working on four films, including *The Young in Heart*, simultaneously! Of all the years I have been in pictures I have never had anything like it. And what titles. *The Rage of Paris, Having Wonderful Time, The Young in Heart* and *Joy of Living*. I felt much more like dying.

"The cast of *The Young in Heart* included Janet Gaynor, Roland Young, Paulette Goddard and Billie Burke. While I was still on the last two weeks of it there was the question of my going into *Gunga Din*. Well, I wasn't keen on the script, I was dog-tired, and had made plans to come home. So I turned it down cold. Then Cary Grant, who was most anxious that he should be in it with me, called me and tried to talk me into it. I still refused. Then George Stevens, who was put in charge of the picture, agreed to do anything I liked to get me to play in it. And so I capitulated.

"Well, *Gunga Din* began. And it took five months to complete. As you know, it is an 1895 yarn about the Royal Engineers on the North-West Frontier—a rather old-fashioned story but one which glorifies the sergeants rather than the officers. Actually, I was the only American in the cast, and we were all supposed to be gorblimey Cockneys, the sergeant being Victor McLaglen. After fourteen days' work in the studio for interiors we went on location across Death Valley and up to Mount Whitney. Death Valley is the last place in America and about the hottest. Mount Whitney is several thousand feet high. Here we had a tent city eight miles from Lone Pine with a floating population of anything from 400 to 1,000. We were well taken care of and given our individual tents. But no women were allowed in the camp. They were quartered at Lone Pine.

"After two months' work we went back to the studios to do some more interiors before the biggest scenes of all.

"Scarcely was I back when *Young in Heart* was pre-viewed and re-takes were demanded, for the story had been given too sad an ending and the audience was confused. So once again I started day and night work, on Sundays, too, until it was over, and back I went on location. I actually had to take in a couple of radio plays as well. Then at last it was over. I should really have waited for the pre-view and possible re-takes, but I just said nothing, booked my passage, visited my mother in New York, and the next thing they knew at the studios was that I had sailed. It was the hardest year I have ever had. And what does one get for it?

"The answer is fifteen cents in the dollar or, in other words, about three shillings in the pound. The rest goes in the Federal tax, the Californian State tax, the Los Angeles tax, unlimited sales taxes, commissions and fees of all sorts. Not to mention the agent's ten per cent. And, of course, I had to maintain my house which I never saw in daylight and was too tired to see at night. Life is a feast or famine for me, isn't it? Look at me. Here I am, married again, thirty years old, six feet and a quarter tall, weight twelve stone; with a mother, father, step-father and step-mother, but no brothers or sisters; with a flat in Grosvenor Square, a very good secretary and a very bad golf swing; with inclinations to work but little application; with a great many ideas and very few ideals; with an adoration of England, a hatred of routine and a weariness of convention—the young man, in fact, who unhesitatingly follows his star but would rather have chosen any one of half a dozen other careers; whose main passion is writing and whose hobby is discussing politics; who, like many of his compatriots, tempers his emotional hero worship with a sense of irreverence.

"Well, here I am, for better or worse, for richer or (probably) poorer. I hope my life has only just begun, for although I have been on occasion uncomfortable to say the least, I have a passion for living but unfortunately not a design for it—and I am not at all sure that I want to have one, anyway. The uncertainties of life are so exciting, aren't they? It is not every one who, after playing the star parts, finds himself without enough money for bed and breakfast, and who has to pan-handle. I did that just before *Stella Dallas* and earned the equivalent of half a crown. I spent half of this on a meal and the other half on going to a cinema. That night I spent on a park bench until a policeman hit the soles of my feet with his stick to wake me up and move me on. And yet within two months of that moment I was temporarily on top of the world. So I am once more—a very different state of affairs from my earliest memories in Paris, when I was

(*Continued on page* 104)

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apprenticed to mix paints for a painter in a purely honorary capacity. You see, I am a natural-born loafer. My plan of making at the outside four pictures a year may not be remunerative, but I like the business of living and travelling far too much to spend all my time in the studios.

"After all, as I have said, I have served sixteen years' apprenticeship since 1923, and no interpretive artiste can show successful results if he has to keep his nose to the same grindstone permanently. At least, not this one. To change the metaphor, some people flourish in a rut and I may be mentally weedy myself, but the best time I ever have is when I take my small boat up to Clifton Hampden in Oxfordshire. There I play darts and shove-halfpenny with the farmers, who have probably never seen a movie. My three special friends there are Joe and Charley and Mr. Fagg, who owns the pub. Even now I don't know either Joe's or Charley's surnames. You see, I honestly do not dote on luxury, although people may think I do. In any event, my experience shows me that you should never take success or failure too seriously once you have mastered a certain technique and know your job fairly well and have a fair status in the picture business. For the fluctuations depend on the picture and no success of any actor is completely his own doing. It is all a matter of team work, the actor being the visual result.

"The popularity of Rin-Tin-Tin, the old dog star, alone should make any actor embarrassed, and when you see a grand old character like Aubrey Smith supporting Shirley Temple, it also reminds you that an actor or actress is only as important as the team work makes him. Mind you, a diamond must be in its proper setting, but it must be exhibited to the buying public at the proper time. Moods, economics, world events, all have varying effects on the public at large. Look at Valentino, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Jackie Cooper, Garbo and Dietrich. They were presented at exactly the right time and in exactly the right way. Next to their ability, that was the primary secret of their success. You may say that there are actors and actresses with once big names who have slid back to the ranks of the extras. My answer to that is that none were ever really big and most of them, anyway, were stars before the talkies, the women in particular having a pictorial value and nothing else. What next for me? Well, your guess is as good as mine."

END

Get Rid of Your Rival

(*Continued from page* 40)

sand. Nothing can separate you, except your own folly, from the dignity and propriety of your status as a wife. You hold him by the ties of things shared and of ambitions indivisible. Now, if ever, you can prove your worth by waiting tolerantly and with confidence upon his good judgment.

If you are a good wife and you have a good man, the cheap little claims of your rival will flourish but temporarily; but don't give yourself airs on this account. All your attention and your intelligence are needed for keeping your head.

That is one—or perhaps two—aspects of the rival menace in relation to marriage. Marriage apart there are others and not the least of them is that in which you Plain and Serious Minded are threatened by the Beautiful and Not Very Good.

Undoubtedly, to overcome this situation you must first get rid of your complex about beauty. Anybody can be beautiful, but only a few can be clever, and the more beautiful your rival is the less brains she is likely to have with which to outwit you.

So that's a good start.

If your young man is feeling the persuasion of form and colouring, you must try not to blame him for that. Your part is to show him that, in themselves, these are not worth a packet of paper fasteners when it comes to settling down to a hard life.

At the same time, you must bring this knowledge to his notice by the subtlest means, the whole idea being to convince him that he made the discovery for himself.

Don't criticise your rival and don't show your fear of her unless you want to irritate your young man and to delight her.

Your strength is in your ability to show your staying power over the distance.

She may have glorious eyes, but you have generosity. Her legs may be such as to give a man heart failure, but you can be an intelligent companion. She can exercise that fleeting physical allure, but you can hold him for ever with good humour, tenderness, tolerance—and, above all, loyalty.

Meet her courteously, and for goodness' sake forget she's beautiful and you're not. Just concentrate on being attractive, which is a different thing and far more important.

From then on, leave the choice to him, and if he picks the wrong one don't fret yourself because he must have been a sap anyway.

To rid yourself of a rival you must face facts. It is all very well being an idealist, but in the sphere of Woman versus Woman it is only too painfully obvious that disarmament is a flop. You've got to hold your man and in this connexion a realist attitude is nothing to be ashamed of, but a very practical means of self-defence.

END

This is What They Mean

(*Continued from page* 56)

the antigen in other allergies. But an antigen always causes the formation of *anti-bodies* in the human system and the result may be seen in a rash on the back of the hand, or in an inflammation of the mucous membrane, as in hay fever, which affects people who are "susceptible to" Timothy grass—or, if the allergic reaction takes place in the stomach, in diarrhœa, vomiting, and fainting; or if in the head, by the swelling of certain tissues in the brain which leads to paralysing headaches.

The location and manner in which tissues are affected varies with the individual as do the causes; but only *hyper-sensitive* people suffer from allergies, and the disposition appears to be hereditary. Curiously enough you needn't be "allergic to strawberries" if your grandmother was, but you may suffer from hay fever or feather-tickle which was never her form of pet poisoning. The whole subject is erratic to a degree. Panel doctors cannot pay much attention to it, but it is a source of revenue to Harley Street specialists.

An "allergic" patient has to be placed under observation and run the gamut of a series of investigations to track down his or her allergies. Then skin tests are made, and precautions taken. You can be *de-sensitised* to certain allergies, the inhalant group of which hay fever is chief, for instance. Injections are given in February. Tests are carried out while it is raging. Considerable relief, while it is on, can be obtained from ephedrine, administered by the physician.

THERAPY simply means treatment. *Electro-therapy* stands for electrical treatment.

DIATHERMY is more specific, and embraces the passing of an electric current through the body. This may be done in order to cauterise or burn a certain spot, or merely to send heat through the body.

METABOLISM is the term applied to the breaking down and building up of carbo-hydrates.

This represents the never-ceasing process of breaking down whatever substance has been assimilated into the body, into sugar, water and carbon dioxide; and the building of these essentials into cells the body requires.

END

Your Place in the Sun

(*Continued from page* 39)

Eyes

Bathe the eyes with weak eye lotion night and morning. Paint round them with wrinkle oil at night. An eye care outfit to slip in the handbag containing eyedrops, dropper and wrinkle oil, is a useful holiday toilet accessory.

White rims round the eyes, due to wearing sun glasses, can be disguised by applying bronze-tinted foundation cream to the part.

To prevent sun glasses marking the skin when sun bathing, slip a folded face tissue inside the lenses right across the nose.

Don't buy too cheap sun glasses. Choose those with a brand name lens.

Your lashes will appreciate a rest from mascara while you sun bathe. Blue or black eyelash grower will give them a glamorous sweep and prevent brittleness due to the sun.

Legs

If your legs show only fair down, you may be inclined to leave it at that. Remember, though, that hair shows up in sunlight more than at any time, so don't deceive yourself on this point. But if you want legs like satin, try a removing disk. It should do the trick. If the growth is heavy, wax it off. The new wax depilatories are easy and safe to use. Tidy your legs up before you go away, and then, all you need to do is to rub them over with pumice every morning.

Heels and Elbows

Lying flat on your tummy in the sun, these features will be much on show. Grease paint, or some of your tinted sunburn cream well rubbed in will disguise the redness. But don't leave it at that. Treat elbows and heels every day to a moment's massage with skin food to which you have added a squeeze of lemon juice. Wipe off surplus cream and dab on some hand lotion.

Feet

Become as important as hands when you are living out of doors. So try and get a pedicure and, if possible a foot massage, before you go away. Harden up your feet by rubbing them at night with methylated spirits or foot lotion, and, while on holiday, give them regular massage with foot balm or vaseline. Hard skin should be pumiced off after bathing. Cuticles of the toe nails should be treated before you go out into the sun, with cuticle oil or cream, to prevent them getting hard. The oil is painted round the cuticle with the brush which comes in the outfit, and should be gently pushed underneath with the flat end of an orange stick.

You will, of course, match your toe nail varnish to your fingertips. To make a professional job of it, put pads of cotton wool between each toe, and use a fairly full brush.

END

French Model

(*Continued from page 21*)

Becky's story: "My poor Becky." And then caught her hand, saying, "I am sure you would prefer not to speak of it." And then, but rather as if she were speaking to herself, "There are things that one can make—ugly with words. Or at least, one must reflect so long and with such care, in case one speaks them into seeming more ugly and more real than they are." Then, looking up and seeing Becky's expression of hurt bewilderment, she said, "But in any case——" And then after a moment, "If you have no other plans perhaps you would like—it might help you to stay with us here!"

BECKY could make out that whatever Jacqueline had said to Alain, it had been to the effect that Becky was unhappy, and that their office as friends was to try and distract and interest her.

Certainly, it seemed to Becky, there was no lack of distractions—the dinners, the theatre parties. The evening parties, which went on, from one restaurant and night club after another, until four in the morning, were organised by Jacqueline, and were evidently part of her life. On the other hand when Alain came with them it was clearly exceptional; and he would declare that he only adopted such a frivolous existence so as to be with their charming guest—and help her to "see Paris."

It was on one of these late parties when Becky and Jacqueline, with half a dozen people, were watching a cabaret show in Montmartre, in the early hours of the morning, that one of the men, a Count de Chouzy, talked to Becky about Jacqueline, saying that "she made herself giddy" with the life she led. Becky, with something New England latent in her, agreed—inwardly thinking that, indeed, there was, even by New York standards, something excessive in the gaiety of such an existence. And yet it had struck Becky too, that in spite of all this rushing around, and although Jacqueline seemed to be surrounded by men who, to say the least of it, admired her, she didn't seem specially intimate with any one of them! There was an odd emotional detachment about her that was at variance with her way of living. And once or twice Becky wondered whether Jacqueline, being a Frenchwoman, wasn't just successfully discreet?

And—as for Alain—what did he think, or suspect? And if he suspected, how much did he care? Didn't he ever wonder how much his wife liked that attractive, olive-skinned de Chouzy, who sent Jacqueline flowers, who saw her at least five evenings a week in some party? And when Alain, pressed with work, left these parties to go home early, courteously and tenderly kissing his wife's hand on his departure, what did he allow himself to imagine? Or what did he perhaps know?

And when Alain came in, in the afternoons, at five o'clock from the ministry, and, as sometimes happened, Jacqueline was out, and Becky had come in from some shopping, or a visit to the hairdresser, Becky wondered if he wouldn't have liked to find his wife there? And just how would an American husband feel, if he was to come in from the office, and time after time not find his wife there? Becky mentally contrasted her own life with Peter—and then imagined how Peter, back in New York now, would of course be going from the office on to some cocktail party or other—having a good time.

Becky got the habit of being in about the time that Alain returned. He would find her reading or resting on the sofa. One day she wore a rose-coloured house coat that made him ask her if there wasn't a specially lovely pink rose called American Beauty?

One afternoon Jacqueline, when she returned, didn't follow her usual habit of going straight to her room, to take her bath and rest for the evening, but came into the *salon* and found Alain and Becky talking. And just, during a second's pause, Becky thought she discerned an expression on Jacqueline's face—a momentary betrayal of some painful emotion. (*Continued on page 106*)

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Hardly jealousy, Becky thought. Perhaps something more complex? The sight of another woman so intimately at home with him. Some sort of fleeting remorse—self-accusation perhaps.

And Alain had said :

"Becky is so good to me. She keeps me company !" But as he spoke he looked at his wife, his glance resting with admiration on her face and on her black Lanvin dress.

Jacqueline answered lightly enough :

"Ah ! You are lucky, *mon ami*," and added, coming to put her hand on Becky's shoulder for a moment, "And she too, is lucky ! Eh, Becky? He is charming—my *Alain*, isn't he?" And then went on in the same breath to say that she had, after all, secured her box for the ballet to-morrow night.

Alain said, "But, Jacqueline, listen. Since you are going out again to-morrow, isn't it advisable to stay in to-night, to dine quietly at home. You look extremely tired, my dear. Otherwise it will be the same as last year. You will be overtired. You will have to go south and rest."

Becky saw his look of anxiety. And thought, "How easily she accepts all his consideration !"

Jacqueline said, "I only had a slight headache to-day. I shall take some aspirin before we go out."

"All the same, Jacqueline, *chérie*, it is foolish to exhaust yourself."

But she only said, "Are you coming with Becky and me to-morrow evening, Alain? Madame de Laval has a party afterwards."

"I hope I shall be able to get away. There is a debate——"

Jacqueline said, "Suzanne de Belleville's going," drawing off her black suède gloves.

"I have no need of—such an added inducement."

She just, very slightly, shrugged her shoulders. The gesture was too subtle for resentment. But in it, and in the tone of her "All the same, she will be delighted to see you !" Becky thought she detected some hidden nervousness—or pain.

THE next day Jacqueline's headache had changed to *la grippe*, with a temperature that wasn't high, but kept her in bed.

It was Alain who told Becky at lunch time. He had spent the morning in and out of Jacqueline's room, and brought a message that Becky mustn't try to see her, on account of any possible infection. He added :

"But Jacqueline wants me to escort you to the ballet to-night, and on to Madame de Laval's party."

"But I thought you couldn't go?"

"I had thought I should be too busy. However——"

She went on in the same tone of deliberate naïve surprise, "But you told Jacqueline last evening you wouldn't be able to come !"

He had just a moment's hesitation before he replied that he was delighted to say that his plans were now changed. Becky returned his smile. (So he would change his plans for her !)

During the afternoon Becky decided to go out and have a facial.

While she lay relaxed with wet cotton pads over her eyes her thoughts were contradictory. She alternately considered the increasing attraction she had for Alain, calculating its results, yet found excuses for herself; the excuses being based on her never quite absent jealousy of Peter and her longing for him; her self-pity. And then there was her pride in her power over a man of Alain's looks, taste and distinction. But mixed up with it was her ashamedness towards Jacqueline. And yet, she thought, Jacqueline didn't care—or didn't she? Or didn't mind?

Becky had been staying at the Vaudoyers for six weeks. And the vivid social life kept other things unreal—except remembering Peter at sharp sudden moments. However, Peter was out of her life anyway. And he hadn't written !

She asked the girl irritably if this "mask" hadn't been on long enough.

That evening when Becky was dressed to go out she thought of going in to see Jacqueline all the same. But Alain coming out of his room at that moment said abruptly :

"No, please don't go in. She must sleep. It is very important for her."

And it was only when he came across the hall to join Becky that he really seemed to see her.

"What a perfect dress, Becky !"

She'd seen herself in the glass ; and been satisfied with the gleaming whiteness, the gold of her clips, the gold sheen of her hair. Only that one little stab : wanting Peter to see the dress, remembering his "You're so *awfully* lovely." Peter's voice.

"You should always wear white," Alain said.

When they were driving up the Rue Royale she said, "I think I'll have to settle down in Paris. It gets me. It fascinates me."

"Paris is the traditional capital for all beautiful women." He said it with that mixture of warmth and irony which made his manner so attractive.

At dinner she said :

"I wonder if you really mean all the things you say? I imagine you flatter just out of habit."

He ordered coffee and cognac. He answered :

"It would be illogical to flatter you. A beautiful woman does not need to be reflected in a man's vision of her. She can face her own dispassionate mirror."

Becky said, "You're all such connoisseurs of women here !"

"But aren't all men? What subject could be at the same time so baffling and so rewarding?"

He looked straight into her eyes; a momentary glance; oddly intent, curiously disturbing. And yet, though its primary message was obvious enough to make her feel her own heartbeats, there was still that secondary reservation of meaning. He went on : "Woman is the subject of a book that every man writes—in his heart." He lifted his glass. "A book of which there is always a new chapter."

She said rather quickly :

"Oh, but American men aren't at *all* like that !" her tone a little too emphatic.

His reaction to this clear-voiced generalisation surprised her in a different way. For he exclaimed gently, and almost in spite of himself, "How charmingly young you are." He hesitated. But then he followed up with a compliment of some precise sort. It was about the "candour even of her colouring," so that she felt warmer and easier again. And on the way to the ballet she found herself telling him about Peter. She ended, "So you see I didn't really mean a thing to him !"

He was looking at her. "But why did you think that? It isn't *possible* that you think that on account of that—*amourette*—on the voyage?"

She was about to reply when they arrived at the theatre. They were late for the first ballet. In the *entr'acte*, de Chouzy came round to see them, from the box opposite. He was concerned to hear that Jacqueline had *la grippe*. Becky couldn't tell how much concerned, or whether he really knew already ; for Jacqueline might have telephoned to him.

When de Chouzy left them Alain said, "What a nice boy that is."

Becky said blandly, "Jacqueline seems devoted to him too."

"He is one of Jacqueline's best friends." He added, a moment later, thoughtfully, "Jacqueline has a real genius for friendship. She is one of those rare women capable of an absolute loyalty, a perfect devotion."

The lights went down. The overture of the next ballet began. It seemed to Becky that Alain was trying to convince himself that Jacqueline was worth his devotion to her. For she was in a mood about Alain to-night that made her want to find reasons for feeling sentimental about him. If she could have paused to explain her attitude she would have said that she was incapable of mere physical attraction.

She leaned closer to him so that her shoulder was lightly against his:

"But it's easier for some women—to be loyal I mean—because they *owe* loyalty to someone who's loyal to them!" As she spoke she felt tears under her own eyelids; and her own sharp sensuous self-pity mingled with the scent of the gardenias she was wearing.

The curtain was going up.

He touched her hand. His face was lit by the amber light from the stage. He murmured, "My dear Becky," lightly and yet seriously. And let go her hand.

WHEN they arrived at Madame de Laval's party the high panelled rooms, one room leading out of another, were already filled with people.

Becky already knew several of them; Jacqueline's friends whom she'd met in the last few weeks.

As they went through one of the rooms Alain introduced her to an extraordinarily pretty dark woman, with clear eyes like aquamarines.

"Suzanne," said Alain, "allow me to present our American friend. Becky, this is Madame de Belleville."

The pretty woman smiled at Becky. "But of course I've heard so much about you," she said. She had a warm, gay voice.

When she'd joined another group Becky commented to Alain on Madame de Belleville's looks.

"Yes indeed." He added blandly, looking after her, "She is really lovely. She is the daughter of our hostess. Her husband is one of my rivals in politics."

It was more than an hour later, after Alain and Becky had been supping with different people, that they met again in the crowd and drifted into one of the small anterooms, where they found themselves alone.

Becky said: "I think we should go back—I really think we should." She put her hand on his arm.

"So soon?"

"It isn't soon. It's almost half-past two—Alain." She said his name hesitantly, but lifting her head, leaning back her head to look up at him, leaving her fingers resting on his arm.

His hand dropped to her waist. But held her lightly, with a sort of accomplished sweet indifference.

"Is half-past two *so* late, Becky?"

"Alain!" She made a pretence of drawing back. He took his hand from her waist. She hadn't, instinctively, expected acquiescence. Nor his next question; for it seemed gently mocking and incidental, and at variance with his look, which was easy enough to read now.

"Do you—like men, Becky?" he said.

"I—I don't understand!"

"I see that—you don't. I put absurd questions to you—when you are so terribly attractive." He parodied the English accent. And now he caught her with an insidious grace again, and held her, and began to embrace her, with an expert and perfect restraint that became slowly and very sweetly a force that she couldn't resist—and wouldn't.

Then quickly he let her go and was saying, as another couple approached the room, that indeed he agreed it was late and that they must go.

Driving home he didn't speak. And didn't touch her until she asked him to pull her cloak up over her shoulders as it was slipping off. And then he held her with one arm, and went on smoking his cigarette and not looking at her. And as far as she had any distinct thoughts, there was one about Peter, which was one of self-justification and revenge and misery, and another about Jacqueline—a twisted sort of ashamedness.

When they were outside the door of the apartment Alain took out his latchkey and then paused. Then he put his hand round her neck, tilted her head back, kissed her on the mouth, and within the same second opened the door, and they went in.

They came in to silence: and the lights on.

But the front door had hardly shut behind them when the door of Jacqueline's bedroom opened on the opposite side of the hall; and her maid came out, fully dressed.

She came straight up to Alain.

"Monsieur, Madame has had more fever. At last I sent for the doctor, who has been. He has sent a nurse."

Alain had caught her arm: "The doctor? What was her temperature? What's the *matter?*"

His features were suddenly sharp and pallid under the light of the chandelier. "What's the matter? What did the doctor say?"

The woman, half in tears, explained that it was something with one of the lungs—a pneumonia, she thought. "But the nurse will explain to monsieur."

"Where is she?"

"In there—with madame."

He went in.

BECKY waited in the *salon*. There was only one lamp switched on and she stood in the yellow dimness it shed through its pleated shade. She felt chill and unnerved, and with a feeling of irrational anger against Jacqueline's hysterical maid. She watched the hand of the Empire clock twitch delicately across its white face and still felt that quick grasp of Alain's hand on the nape of her neck. And was frightened for Jacqueline—against her will. And still felt the warmth of his kiss on her lips, and felt cheated and resentful by his sudden going.

She waited; subject to a swift succession of her own moods and impulses; fear, desire, shame, pride and bewilderment, disordering her thoughts.

After twenty minutes Jacqueline's door was opened. Becky started. Felt her cheeks burn; put her hand on the marble edge of the chimney-piece.

He came across the hall and into the *salon*. He spoke in a low rapid tone, without emphasis:

"It is pneumonia. She had it once before, last year. Her lungs have never been strong. It appears that the doctor will come again in the morning. She has an excellent nurse. It is of course only a question of time and nursing. She is lying still now." He broke off. Then said abruptly, "I am very sorry, Becky. It is a shock for you. It appears she had a temperature when we went out. But she did not tell me before we went." He broke off again. "In any case we mustn't be too anxious. Thank you for our charming evening." He bent to kiss her hand. "Thank you."

"But, Alain, isn't there anything I can do?"

He cut her short. "You are very kind. No, thank you, Becky. It is very kind of you."

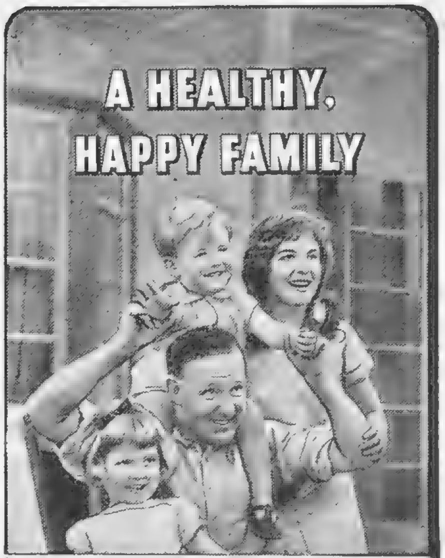
She muttered, "Very well—if you're sure——" But he didn't seem to hear and had started pacing about the room. And as she left him he was taking a book out of the shelf and examining its binding carefully.

FLOWERS, messages and inquiries every day. Sometimes Becky gave the replies. Sometimes the nurse. Always the same replies: "She is the same—one must wait for the crisis."

Flowers twice a day from de Chouzy. When he came himself Alain saw him, and talked to him. For Alain never left the apartment. He sat around smoking, reading—writing letters. Part of the days and nights he spent in Jacqueline's room.

Becky couldn't make out his state of mind. Now that the visible shock of the first evening had gone off he showed an extreme devotion to Jacqueline; and a prolonged deep concern. And for three days he didn't refer, either in word or looks to the situation between himself and Becky—until a moment when she herself, feeling the intensity of the whole atmosphere keying up her nerves like an exotic climate, went up to him where he sat at the writing table, to say, "Alain—how is she now?" and rest her hand on his shoulder.

He took her hand. Held it hard. Gave her a curious haggard (*Continued on page 108*)



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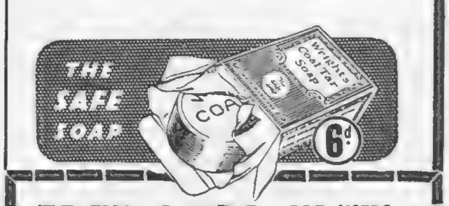

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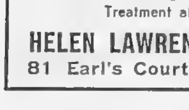

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upward glance from under his eyebrows. He didn't answer her question, as if he hadn't heard it. She bent down closer to him, he caught her wrist. Then there was a step outside the doors on the parquet. Becky started back. The maid came in.

"Some flowers from M'sieur le comte de Chouzy."

Alain said, "Thank you—take them to one of the nurses."

Then he got up and just before he went out of the room said to Becky in a quite incidental courteous manner, "You have had no news of your husband?" And went out as if he'd forgotten even while he was asking the question that it demanded an answer.

Why had he asked her? To find out if she cared any more? To try and make out how serious she was.

But the question unnerved her. For it made her remember suddenly the dream she'd had last night about Peter being so dreadfully ill. And she'd awakened crying.

ON the fourth night, Becky and Alain had dined, as usual, with the newly arrived night nurse. Stupid snatches of talk. Silences. Then thinking of something to say again. Even Alain's courtesy strained, his glance preoccupied.

After dinner, when the nurse had gone into Jacqueline's room, Alain took up the evening paper. That afternoon the doctor had tried to persuade him to go out—to work, to go over to the Ministry. But he had returned after an hour.

When the nurse came across the hall and into the room he jumped up. She said, "I think m'sieur had better not go in now. The doctor is there."

Alain went out into the hall with her and Becky could hear them talking in undertones: "A question of hours now, her heart is excellent, the principal thing."

"In any case you'll call me?" Alain's voice, tense and calm.

But when he came back into the room his face startled Becky so that she sprang up. "Alain!" She went to him. "What is it? Is she worse?"

He said brutally, "You know the situation as well as I do." He was trembling.

He shook her off and threw himself into a chair. For a moment he put his hand over his eyes and muttered, "Suddenly one realises what one already *knows*." And then, turning to Becky, stared, without seeing her, saying, "She is so very ill. So terribly ill." And then got up and started pacing about; and she saw him caught by the abruptly redoubled force of his own imagination; driven up and down the small room so that the chandelier fairly chinked, and every now and then an ornament rattled on one of the little slender-legged tables.

"But, Alain—there's hope."

She thought he hadn't heard. And then, after a whole minute, he snapped out rapidly, "Hope! Of course there's always hope. It's what these damn doctors live on." He added, "I don't suppose there's one of them who isn't a fool. When there's danger they're *helpless*!" He paced to the window, came back, and in a spasm of nervous rage took up a small jade bottle and threw it down in the marble fireplace and swore as it smashed and lay in white-green chips beside one of the fire-dogs.

When he spoke again it still didn't seem to be to her. But Becky realised that she was some sort of an audience; and waited, ready to scream herself as each minute became more strained, and his queer inward rage more despairing. Why was he in a fury? How could that help? Why was he so mad, vicious, in his suspense? Here was a man who had nothing in common with the attractive — the typically attractive Frenchman, Alain Vaudoyer. Now he said:

"Anyway—essentially it's my fault. Essentially the doctors are less fools than I." Then he huddled down abruptly into a chair. "I could have prevented it. I could have prevented her tiring herself out—exhausting herself with idiotic amusement."

"But how?" Becky was indignant for him with Jacqueline.

He made a gesture. "By taking a little trouble. By being a little less of an *egoist*." His bitterness was in that last word.

"But it's *she* who insists."

He cut her short. "Not true." Then, "Even that evening when I took you to the ballet and she was already ill—I could have stayed. I didn't. What happens? She telephones and has a friend to amuse her—De Chouzy."

"De Chouzy?"

"Yes. In fact it was he who saw what a state she was in and sent for the doctor —while I was—amusing myself."

Everything feminine and vain in Becky challenged:

"With *me*?"

He didn't answer at once. Then he said curtly: "Yes. Of course you." And then, "You. Or if it hadn't been you—another."

"You *mean*——"

He was pale and in obvious misery. But he continued now, with such part of his attention as he could give her, to be logical and polite.

"You were desirable."

"Then you—you didn't care?"

"I don't quite understand."

"For—*me* I mean! You mean you—didn't even *think* you loved me."

His look veered suddenly to the door, thinking there was a sound. But when there was only silence he turned to her and said, "My dear Becky, is it so difficult for you to see *what* woman I love?"

"But——"

He stopped her with an impatient gesture.

"I know exactly what you are going to say. Why then should I have made love to you? Here is the answer: It isn't very courteous. But if you were less incredibly childish it wouldn't be necessary! You were, for me, a desire, a moment, a distraction——"

She broke in, "Just as de Chouzy is for Jacqueline, I suppose!"

"De Chouzy! My dear Becky. What do you imagine? What drama, melodrama, do you manage to see in the ordinary actions of mature human beings?"

She countered, angry, bitter, ashamed:

"But anyway, you said yourself that you shouldn't have left her that evening."

He got up. His voice sounded very tired. "Please forgive me. Yes, I shouldn't have left her. But not, pardon me, my poor Becky, not because either you or de Chouzy are very dangerous. But for the good reason," he spoke to himself now, "that there is only one real love that matters, that has the least importance——" He stopped short.

The door opened. The nurse came in, followed by the doctor.

Alain stood, not speaking.

"She is sleeping quietly," said the doctor.

Becky heard Alain repeat, "Sleeping?" And then the doctor saying, "Give him some brandy."

NOTHING made Becky feel so clearly the truth of Alain's attitude to herself as his courtesy during Jacqueline's convalescence. She saw now that he had never considered possible the least real intimacy between them. Or wanted it. She also got as far as acknowledging to herself, in seconds of uncomfortable clarity, that she'd been a pretty obvious sort of fool about Alain! And behaved not too well towards Jacqueline. For during the clear slow epoch of Jacqueline's convalescence there was time to think. . . .

And to observe. And Becky saw that whatever Jacqueline's relations with de Chouzy were, or had been, her friendly vivacious welcome of his visits was different from her look when Alain came in.

And seeing Alain and Jacqueline, as she did now, more intimately together, Becky began to feel a strength in their relationship that was unspoken and unexplained.

Jacqueline was up, to the extent of lying on the *chaise-longue* in her room. Becky was to amuse her, she said, for the afternoon.

"Owing to this stupid illness I have hardly seen you—and now you are going."

"My dear Jacqueline, I've been here six—seven weeks."

"Where do you go?"

"Probably to join some friends at Cannes." She took up a cigarette and lit it. After a second, during which she felt Jacqueline's lack of comment, the latter said:

"Well, anyway. Gossip to me while you are here. A little nice nonsense about the gay world. Who've you seen? Where have you been? *No*where, I suppose, ever since I chose to keep you and Alain waiting for me to die! I don't believe, in fact, that you've been out since Madame de Laval's party. Tell me about that. Was it *chic?* Was it amusing? Who did you see there?"

Becky, disconcerted, said: "Very amusing." Jacqueline wasn't cunning—that quality was too ugly for her—but she was fine and subtle and instinctive. And as she lay there, fragile and elegant in blue chiffon, looking at one with such limpid good nature, she might think, or know, anything.

"You saw . . . ?" She quoted half a dozen names.

"Yes."

"And you saw the daughter of Madame de Laval, Suzanne de Belleville?'

"I can't remember."

"Probably you did. She is ravishing; with transparent blue eyes like the water in the blue grotto at Capri." Jacqueline spoke with thoughtful appreciation. "And she has the most lovely neck and shoulders. Did you notice?" Then, looking at Becky, she said, after a little hesitation, "You are—very observant, Becky. Do you think Alain was very delighted to see her?"

"*Alain?*"

"But, yes."

"I didn't notice, I must say."

"Or she?"

"Oh, well, she was friendly, certainly," Becky answered tersely, remembering Suzanne de Belleville's gay caressing voice. She glanced at Jacqueline who was running her finger round the edge of her cigarette case.

"What a pretty case. It was sweet of you, Becky; you were always generous." Jacqueline didn't look up, as she went on, "But, as to Suzanne de Belleville, I might have told you before you went, it would have amused you. She was Alain's *amie* for the last two years." She opened the case and snapped it shut again.

"*Amie?* His friend? You mean . . . ?"

Jacqueline glanced up, an odd misty laughter in her eyes.

"Darling little Puritan! Of course I mean that."

"But, you mean to say—to say that—you *knew?*"

"I could scarcely *not* know what all Paris knew."

"And *he*—Alain knew that you knew?"

Jacqueline answered with a cool severe gentleness:

"I imagine so. He has a great respect for my understanding. He knows, very well, that I would not prevent him exercising his charm." Jacqueline's glance was still coolly, gently, but carefully on Becky now. "Nor could I prevent his falling in love with a woman as desirable as Suzanne."

"But if he's your *husband*——"

"Beauty fascinates Alain. Suzanne is beautiful. That is over now. But there will no doubt be another. There may be already."

Becky sprang up. She started speaking before she knew what she would say.

"There can't be now—there *can't* be."

"*Now?*" Jacqueline's tone was wilder than her gaze.

"But *no*, Jacqueline. Even if—if there was anything *before*——" She stopped. "If you'd *seen* him that night—I'd no idea he cared for you so much."

"I'm sure you had not."

Was that irony? But Jacqueline's look was gentle enough when she went on. "But, my dear Becky, do you think really, *mon enfant*, can you seriously imagine that that night—even those few days of great anxiety—has changed everything else?"

"But, Jacqueline——"

"Do you suppose, *really*, my charming little sentimentalist, that essential facts in people's characters are changed by even the most intense emotional crises? Such emotions, remorse, anger, fear, are violent, but over so quickly. No, my dear, don't romanticise. The only thing that night has proved to you is, what I already know"—her lovely eyes were fixed on Becky, her voice was lower, —"that Alain loves me."

Becky flared, "How can you say that? If you can even suppose that he'll ever go back to——"

"To Suzanne? Or to others?"

"And you say that he *loves* you! I just don't understand."

"I think that you don't even begin to understand, Becky." She said: "He has a very great tenderness for me." She hesitated, then she said, with a sort of matter-of-fact sadness: "Desire is something so different. So much apart and altogether incalculable. And it must happen in all marriages that sooner or later, even the greatest passion becomes less—changes——" She broke off. She shut her eyes for a moment.

"Then you don't *mind?*" Becky demanded; angry for Jacqueline, for herself, for all women betrayed.

Jacqueline's eyes opened; gold-flecked; suddenly too brilliant.

"My dear Becky, there is always someone who minds."

"But then, if it hurts you? And he knows it hurts you?"

"He doesn't know. Why should I want him to know?" The tears were suddenly on Jacqueline's lashes. "If he desires another woman, can I prevent that by jealousy? By making scenes? What would such scenes do except to undermine this real affection for me? But if he can feel that I am gay; and when he sees that I amuse myself, and see my friends, and that I am even a little independent, and demand no more from him than he wants to give, then, he has no false sense of obligation to me! Nor that resentment that one gets for the people who make you feel you have wronged them! I would not want to be, or to feel, the 'wronged wife'! And—don't you see the thing straight?—if I took up such an attitude, then I should be failing him, and since I love him. . . ."

IT was that, about failing *him*, that got into Becky's letter to Peter.

And she wrote also: "Once I started thinking up all the immense benefits I'd conferred on *you*, my darling, there didn't seem to be so many."

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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Thought for Food

(Continued from page 70)

pepper and a good sprinkling of curry powder. Fry for a few minutes, mixing well.

Fill the iced tomato cases with the mixture, put on the lids and serve very quickly. It is amusing to remove the lid of the cold tomato and to see a steaming spicy mixture inside. The cold tomato flesh and the hot inside blend most pleasantly together.

Salade Trompe-l'œil

Cold chicken and ham.
Tomato, gherkins, beetroot.
Lettuces, lemon juice.
Mayonnaise or salad cream.

Remove outside leaves of lettuce, break up (do not cut into small pieces) the best leaves and wash and dry them well in a cloth.

Cut the cold chicken into small pieces, removing gristle, and cut some slices of cold ham to match. Put in some diced cooked beetroot, tomatoes and a few chopped gherkins, mix well, adding salt and pepper and a dressing of mayonnaise or salad cream. Mix and leave in the refrigerator or a cold place, then line a salad bowl with the lettuce leaves, keeping a few back. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and also a little lemon juice. Now, and only just before serving put in the mayonnaise of chicken and ham and cover very neatly with the remaining lettuce leaves, so that when the dish appears it looks like a bowl of crisp salad.

Gateau de Riz

Cooked rice, cooked peas.
Ham, tomatoes, butter.
Onion, parsley, salt, pepper.

Cook rice as you would for a curry, drain it and keep it hot.

Chop an onion, two tomatoes and some parsley and fry them in a little butter, adding salt and pepper and a few cubes of lean ham, also the same amount of cooked peas. Mix well and add the rice. Mix again thoroughly over a slow fire and put into a cake-tin, slightly buttered.

Cover with grease-proof paper and put on a heavy weight—a flat iron or something. Stand in a warm oven for ten minutes and then turn out on to a hot serving dish.

(The Regulo setting for Petit Pots de Crème is Mark 2, and for Gateau de Riz Mark 4.)

(Continued from page 71)

Drain them well and put them in a serving dish, the juice should go on simmering for another five minutes while you fill each cavity of the apples with jam—any jam will do. Now pour over the juice and let the dish get thoroughly cold before you start serving.

The Last Troubadour

(Continued from page 27)

looking from the golden blazing jewel, the topaz in its thin gold ring, to the face of Peire, put out her hand as though to touch his lips, and drew it quickly back again. She saw, behind his laugh, the white hurt look, and she could feel the hammering of her own heart behind the scarlet samite that bound her bosom.

"Do you know what day this is?' he asked softly, and she started.

"Yes. The full moon of May——"

"And the virgins are dancing," he broke in swiftly. "To-night, with their little straw men, they go to the Fount of Venus and burn the figures, and dance by firelight so that this year their true love may come. You said last year you wanted to see this old pagan custom."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, in quick alarm. "It is death, Peire! They allow no one to see, no man, no woman. The people would tear apart any one who went to see!"

Peire laughed gaily, and rose. "We go to see, this night," he said. "You and I, alone. Let me arrange with the guards; at the fountain, we'll hide and watch. I'm curious and so are you. Besides, it's the night of the full moon, Desirée!"

"We'll see." She gathered up her gifts. "Come in an hour and sing, in the hall. My lord will be back then. We must be careful, careful! Remember the evil tongue."

She departed hastily. Sir Peire, thrumming lightly on his lute, strolled off to find his own chamber and a bath and change of clothes, and to pass the time of day with the smooth, friendly, treacherous Arnhault, who hated him with deep envy.

Desirée, however, went to her own room, whose window looked out above the deep gorge and the bleak rocks, and the lovely green valleys. There, in the sunlight of the warm spring afternoon, she sat looking at the jewel the troubadour had brought her.

The house of Les Baux was a princely house, and of jewels she had a many, but in this stone was something she had never before experienced; something that seized upon her like a sentient, living force.

Peire had made that little song for her; she started to hum the words again, and broke off. "Brilliant, brilliant——" Ah, the light in the jewel was like Peire himself! Radiant and alive with youth, a warm, ardent, knightly youth! He had kissed her fingers when they met, on the naked knobby rock between castle and town; now, convulsively, she pressed those fingers to her lips.

A great terror had been upon her these many days. Terror of Count Raimon and of the evil tongue that whispered to him in secret, and was so bland and fair-seeking in public. Arnhault the evil, Arnhault of the thin lips, Arnhault whose songs were like pale mockery beside the glorious lilting of Peire Daniele! For Desirée, the proud and lovely lady of Les Baux, knew a liar when she saw one. And she, who feared no truth, did fear lies.

Youth, youth! That was what the regal blazing topaz was whispering to her; that was what lay in the warm radiance of its heart. Youth! Her own youth, given over to the harsh grim man with the grey eyes. Her youth, clouded under that grey sky, and now suddenly illuminated and made wondrous by this golden warmth.

Struggle in the heart of Peire, struggle in her own heart; struggle of human desire against knightly chivalry, against the laws of love, against the meshes of fate that bound them about and together like a great invisible net. Until now, Desirée had never feared. Her own pride, the knightly honour of the troubadour, would hold firm. But this flood of golden glory had set her pulses to hammering.

Voices were calling; they roused her. Women calling, men shouting. Sir Peire was to sing—come, come quickly, everybody! Desirée started up, clutching the jewel, then passing the chain over her head so that the topaz, warm from her hand, nestled unseen between her breasts. One of her women was at the door, calling. She answered swiftly; "Yes, at once, at once!" Count Raimon was back. Peire was to sing.

What would he sing? She steadied suddenly. No love song; he would know better. He had been warned. She could trust him to sing no tender amorous sonnet that might bring her heart to her eyes.

Smiling, she passed through the corridors where shield and hauberk and spear hung on the stone walls; she came into the great hall hung with tapestries and arms and fair cloths, where Count Raimon sat glowering on the dais, his grey eyes shadowed. Where Arnhault d'Ilac sat idly thumbing Peire's lute, while Peire adjusted the strings of Arnhault's viol—two brethren of the laws of love, apparently; yet the one was false. Desirée saw the false look in his eyes as he saluted her.

She took her place, while the lower hall crowded full of hushed and eager folk, and then Peire set his bow across the viol and sang.

No, not a love song! Instead a mocking, satiric, ironic chant, improvised and without rhyme for once, yet running with a lilt and verve to an old jingling tune known to country folk and troubadour alike—an air to which Vidal had sung, and the great Adhemar, the Guillaume des Almarics and other famed minstrels. And as he sang, Peire well knew his scathing words went like shafts to certain black hearts around.

"*Yeu hai ja vista manta rei*—I have seen many things, which I seemed not to see; I have jested with those who wished to stab me; I have seen rascals win success where worthy men fail; I have seen noble knights deceived by the tongues of liars."

He was silent. Applause rang wildly through the hall.

But Count Raimon bent his sky-grey eyes upon the troubadour, and spoke.

"A strange sort of song, for a minstrel who has just won the prize at the courts of love!"

"What comes to the lips must be sung, Count Raimon!" replied Peire, with a shrug. He laid the bow and viol aside, shaking his head to the storm of appeals for more. "No, not to-night, dear friends. Perhaps later this night, when I go below the walls to watch the full moon rise upon the battlements—eh? Or to-morrow in the honest sunlight."

THE board was spread, and the wine was good; Count Raimon drank deep, and upon him came a mood of jesting merriment, so that laughter filled the hall and Desirée hastily withdrew, blushing somewhat.

In the course of the drinking, Arnhault and his two squires disappeared from the hall, as Peire took note. He himself slipped away, under cover of bellowing laughter, for the full moon would not be late in rising.

Peire Daniele was known and loved and known and respected by every soldier in the place. Also, the upper castle gates were not closed in time of peace. Thus, it was very easy for Peire and a darkly shrouded figure to slip out, ahead of moonrise, without let or hindrance.

They came to the naked knobby rock where they had met that day, and then turned aside—going not to the huddled town below, but to the secluded, hidden spring among the rocks behind the castle. Rocks were everywhere here, gaunt bare outcrops of rock, tortured by wind and rain into strange shapes. Peire found a choice hidden spot to give them view of the Fount of Venus, and they crouched side by side to wait.

"Peire!" Desirée spoke softly. "That topaz is a wondrous stone, a glorious gift! I cannot thank you enough. It has a soul. It confines the most beauteous flooding golden light I ever saw. It speaks to me of you, of your song and youth and beauty."

He could catch the fluttering of her heart beside him.

"To me, it spoke of you," he said simply. "Of everything lovely and proud and noble. And there's something I must tell you. To-morrow I'm going away."

"Oh!" Her startled word held a gasp of dismay. "Peire! No, no! Why?"

"Because, as I can tell you here in the lonely darkness, my love for you has passed all bounds," he said. "It's no longer the worship of a troubadour for his lady, Desirée. It's the love of man for woman: I desire you with all my heart and soul, I hunger for you, and this love is greater than honour and everything else."

Her fingers found his, trembling. "As I love you, Peire," she said softly.

"I know. But, while I still have honour, I must go."

"And leave me, Peire?"

"That's for you to say. We're young, Desirée. Would you have me betray the love and friendship of Count Raimon? Would you betray your husband? We can wait. This love of ours is strong and eternal; somewhere, somehow, it must conquer! Sant Miquel, Sant Daimatz, Santa Marie—all the saints and angels will work for us. Life is before us, and the time must come when we, you and I, shall overcome all things; for nothing can resist love."

"Life is so long, Peire!" said she, then caught her breath. "Listen! They're on the way now!"

IN the starlight came the ruddy glow of torches, and then young girls appeared, each one bearing a torch and her little mannikin of dried corn husks. Their song was almost meaningless—words handed down by tradition alone, just as this ceremony at the time of the new-springing grain had been handed down from ancient pagan days. They came to the fountain, marched around it, then each girl set her torch in a niche among the rocks, and with a babble of voices and laughter, burned the figure in her hands.

The leaping flames touched their eager faces for a moment. Quickly, with water from the fountain, the torches were quenched. The rim of the moon was just rising. In the sudden darkness, there was a flurry of movement; the moon came up and up, and Peire, watching, drew a sharp breath at the sheer dainty loveliness laid bare. For, in the rich golden flood of light, the ten little virgins stood divested of every garment, their slender figures graceful and childish.

Up rose their song. They began to dance around the fountain, slim white shapes that capered and sang and laughed in delicious abandon, giving themselves up to the ecstatic fury of song and movement.

Their voices rose to shrill heights, ceased abruptly, and for an instant they were panting, motionless, etched in the full golden radiance like nymphs surprised at play. Then a dash for their garments, a burst of laughter, and in a moment they were gone, singing again as they ran, their voices dying away among the rocks.

"Oh, it was beautiful, beautiful!" said Desirée softly, rising. Peire stretched his cramped legs, and hummed a snatch of the song they had just heard.

"A lovely scene from fairyland," he added. "I must remember that air; I'll put words to it. Yes, this was a thing to remember. The beauty of simplicity——"

He stopped short, staring at her; for the shrouding hood had come away, and her fair face beneath its golden hair was filled with a soft glory.

"Flower of the moon!" he murmured. "Ah, here is the most beautiful thing of all!"

She smiled, and brought out the topaz on its chain.

"Look, Peire! The golden light of the moon hasn't turned to silver yet; see how it glimmers in my hand! It is something to speak of you always. Never in life will I part from this jewel; never will I cease to think of you, to hold you in my heart."

Peire went to one knee, caught at her hand, and kissed her fingers. He knew what those words meant.

"I'll go to-night, not to-morrow," he said huskily, looking up at her. "First, from the garden, I'll sing you the song that has come to me, the song of the little naked virgins—flower of the moon! And, madonna, in all the changes of the earth, in war and far lands and distant days, I'll carry that song through the world, and you in my heart. Until your body becomes my body, until the barriers are down and we may love one another openly, I'll clasp no other woman in my arms! It cannot be for ever. Life is long, and change comes where least expected."

"You're right, Peire; life is long, and we're very young. You

(*Continued on page* 112)

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shall have my heart, always, until the day comes; watch and pray for it, dear Peire! I shall be very lonely here, and you afar; but the time will come. And now, I must go quickly—words are easy to say but facts are hard, bitter hard!" Her voice broke. "Let me go back alone. I'll listen for your good-bye song. Dear Peire—good-bye for a little while!"

She moved away. Once she looked back, her white hand moved in the moonlight, she blew him a kiss; then she was gone among the rocks.

Peire went to the fountain and perched sadly on the rocky lip, looking at the trickle of water. He had no lute, had only his sword and dagger; the touch of the strings would have comforted him now. He was lost in a whirl of grief. Heart-broken, hurt, dazed, he stared into the water and was lost all around.

Even when a voice broke out behind him, he did not move, did not for a moment hear it or realise that it was the voice of Count Raimon.

"A traitor deserves a blow in the back!" said the voice, in a wild growl of rage.

Peire turned his head; the sword glittered, the count was in the very act of striking. The blow fell, and Peire went staggering, then recovered his balance and swung around. Count Raimon stood there amazed, because the sword point had not gone home.

"That English knight at Avignon bequeathed me a very good coat of mail to wear beneath a surcoat," said Peire, with a bitter laugh. "The links are of fine steel. What, Count Raimon? You would strike a friend, a guest, in the back?"

"Traitor!" broke out the count, his dark features contorted and ghastly. "I saw her leave. No lies! You die here, where you betrayed me."

With a rush, with a white glitter of steel as his sword whirled, he leaped. No time for talk, for excuse, for explanation. Death was quick and sudden and furious. Peire whipped out blade and met the rush, desperately parrying the white flame seeking his throat. Still, that terrific thrust in the back had bruised and hurt him, and the ferocity of this attack found him bewildered.

Suddenly, in a flashing instant, fate stepped in. Raimon launched a savage strike, but he stood in water spilled by the dancing virgins, and his foot slipped. He went down with a crash, headlong against the well; his sword struck the stone coping and was shivered to flinders.

He lay half-stunned, struggled to one elbow, and found Peire's sword point at his throat. A savage growl escaped him.

"Finish it, traitor! Satan has served you well. Finish it."

"Not Satan," said Peire Daniele, "but perhaps some angel has put you in a position to talk. Before I kill you, suppose you reveal why you call me traitor."

"I know everything!" panted the grim count.

"Faith, that's more than I do!" Peire laughed a little. "Why try to murder me?"

"You dog! The Lady Desirée met you here. You've had other meetings. You've boasted of her favours, her love! You've boasted of betraying me. You were drunk in Marseille six weeks ago, when you left here on this last trip, and three men heard your boasts."

"So?" he rejoined. "Three men; that would be Arnhault d'Ilac and his two squires."

"You confess it!" Raimon made a convulsive effort to rise, but sank back with a grimace of pain. "Well, you have me. Strike and get it over, damn you!"

The troubadour let fall the point of his sword to the rock, leaned on it, and looked down at Count Raimon.

"My good lord," he said coolly, "when I left here six weeks ago on that trip I did not go to Marseille. I've not been in that city for three years. I went direct to Toulouse, a matter very easy of proof. Now let us argue the matter. First, I am a knight like yourself, a rare thing for a troubadour, and I respect knightly honour."

A harsh laugh burst from Raimon, but Peire went on unheeding.

"Yours is the shame, not mine, for believing lies; for crediting the sweetest and purest lady on this earth with evil thoughts and deeds. You're the traitor, the recreant knight, Count Raimon! You deserve the sword point in your throat here and now."

"You're seeking an excuse for the deed, eh?" snarled Raimon. "Well, I'll give you excuse enough! Let me get on my feet again, and I'll have you flayed alive between the castle gates! I suppose you did not meet the Lady Desirée here, just now!"

Peire regarded him in the moonlight, now becoming keener and more silvery.

"I did not. We came here together," he said. "We came to watch the virgins of the town dance about the fountain and burn their manikins of husk. Ah, Raimon, it was a lovely, delicate sight! All the saints in heaven must have been watching, and I know it delighted them. However, let's to the argument. Since you can't rise, I'll sit."

He plumped down suddenly beside the amazed Raimon, held out his blade, and put the hilt by the grim count's hand. His voice came gently, earnestly, instinct with truth.

"There, take it; first, listen. It's true that I love the Lady Desirée. I've worshipped her as a troubadour, but now I love her as a man, with my whole heart, and with desire that's forbidden by the laws of love. We came here to watch the girls dance, and I told her I was leaving Les Baux to-night, Raimon, and she bade me go. So there's the whole truth of it, upon my honour as a troubadour and a knight. We've not so much as exchanged a kiss. It's to preserve my honour that I'm leaving here. I'll carry the name of the Lady Desirée throughout the world, as that of the fairest and most virtuous on earth. Now, Raimon, believe the truth when you hear it; or else believe lies, and shame your wife and your own knightly honour, and kill me. I've no joy left in life, for I've said farewell to her whom I love."

His voice quivered a little and he dropped his face in his hands.

Raimon stared at him for a long, long moment; then drew a deep breath, and the grim features softened. He put out his hand to Peire's knee.

"Forgive me, my brother," he said simply. "Before God, I ask you for the kiss of forgiveness!"

Peire looked up, suddenly beaming. He clasped Count Raimon in his arms, and kissed his cheek, and the grim man held him close.

"Now there are three men whom I must hang," Raimon suddenly said. "Go to the castle and send men to carry me; my ankle is twisted."

Peire stood up, with his soft, hearty laugh.

"Nay, lord, no hanging! They've offended me, not you; let them answer to me. Then one last song in the castle garden, and I go."

"Perhaps it were as well," Raimon said shrewdly, "though I ask it not."

Peire caught up his sword and departed. When he had sent men to the fountain to seek their master, he went to the chamber occupied by Arnhault d'Ilac and his two squires. The three sat talking and laughing together, but their laughter froze when Sir Peire walked in on them.

"I've saved you from a hanging this night, Arnhault, because you're a troubadour," he said abruptly. "But, because you're a dishonourable scoundrel, I'll see to it that you never sing again! So you met me in Marseille, did you?"

This was enough to show them very suddenly that everything had gone astray, and like reptiles caught unawares, they leaped into life.

Arnhault drew sword. One squire flung himself upon Peire, catching the sword arm and hanging on it; the other smote him with a dagger over the heart, but the dagger slid aside. Then Peire, with his left hand, had his dagger out and slit the throat of the squire hanging to him, very deftly, and almost with the same motion plunged the point into the other squire, who was dismayed that his steel had not gone home; and dismay ended upon a cough and the darkness of death.

Arnhault's thrust drove in, straight and deadly. For a space the candles flickered upon the click of blades and the moving figures of two men; that of Peire uncoiled on a sudden, his long arm flew out, his long point pricked through the throat of Arnhault, and there was but one figure left in the eddying light.

"Which leaves matters as they should be," said Peire, as he wiped his blade clean. He blew out the candles and departed, carefully shutting the door behind him.

Lute in hand, he came out into the little grassy sward of the garden, encompassed by high walls. The moon struck down across the upper walls, but the garden was drenched in darkness. A chord on his lute, another chord, and his voice lifted in the queer old air that the little virgins had sung as they danced; but the words were his own.

"Flower of the moon! Fragile and golden-white,
Delicate gossamer-bloom of the warm May night,
Here is the song that I make for thy heart's delight.

"Flower of the moon! Bitter is parting's pain,
Grey is the sky, and cold is the touch of rain,
But ever the sunlight and stars return again.

"Flower of the moon! Courage to do no wrong,
Strength to endure and patience to suffer long,
These are the gifts I offer thee in my song.

"Flower of the moon! Farewell for a little space.
Tender and pure is the memory of thy face;
Valiant and sure is my faith in God's good grace——
Farewell!"

The tinkle of the lute, the lilting drift of song, passed through the castle and were gone; and in Les Baux the name of Peire Daniele became as a dream left wandering down the years, a vagrant memory.

Years passed, a score and two score; the whole world changed. Crusades rolled forth to woe and wreckage. Pestilence stalked through the earth, and death turned the land into grey desert. The sixteen-pointed star, the device of Les Baux, flamed high until fire and sword smote those proud walls to sorry ruin. The courts and the laws of love were gone for ever; the troubadours were no more, their very songs forgotten.

Upon a day, a broken old man spurred his skeleton palfrey up the winding, grassy-grown road. He left his horse amid the ruins below, and painfully climbed to the naked knobby rock between town and castle wreckage. Upon the point of rock crouched an old woman, grey haired, in sorry rags. The man peered at her from bleary eyes, as she looked up in sharp questioning. She was the only living thing in this place.

"Who are you? What do you want in this abode of death?"

"I want nothing." His voice was hoarse and cracked by age. He shivered in the chill spring wind, and drew his tattered cloak closer. "I'm nobody; just a wanderer, who all his useless life has kept a vow that he once made here. Long ago my life ended here, and I came back to die, desolate amid desolation."

The old woman stood up. She looked at him attentively, shook her head, then laughed a ghastly bitter laugh.

"That's strange! I too once made a vow beneath these walls, and I've kept it. Look!" She opened her withered hand to display a blazing yellow jewel. "Once, when I was young, when the world was fair, a man gave this——"

Her words faltered and died. For to both of them it seemed that a golden light issued from the jewel and wrapped them around, glorifying everything. As though a miracle were happening, they looked at each other. In that wondrous glow of radiance, age fell away from them. They beheld one another as each had been in the dim far past, as each remembered the other from those days of youth and beauty. Rags were gone, and stately loveliness replaced them, and the lines of age departed. . . .

A sudden sob burst from Desirée. She held out her arms, and Peire clasped her to his heart. Their tears mingled in a joyous rapture unutterable, while from the ruined walls above came a little thin sound like the distance echo of a song sung by virgin maids.

TAMYRA started abruptly, came wide-awake, found the voice of the auctioneer echoing from his stand; the sale was on, the costume jewellery of Jeanie May Wells was being offered in one lump. Tamyra turned a pale, wide-eyed face to the jeweller.

"Buy it! Buy it—you must!" she said, under her breath.

Smiling amusedly, he bought it.

But later, when she had told him all the things the topaz had whispered to her, and what she had seen and felt, the jeweller examined the jewel critically. He turned to her in astonishment.

"Upon my word! It's a real topaz, my dear! That superstitious actress must have put the stone in among these paste jewels, and no one ever suspected it! The strangest thing I ever heard of."

Tamyra shook her head, smiling faintly.

"No. Not strange at all. Not superstition at all. She wanted that stone with her all the time, and I don't blame her. I can understand perfectly—you know," she added abruptly, "it makes me understand for the first time what some poet meant in a line he wrote."

"What's the line, my dear?" the jeweller asked. She looked up at him, smiled again, and touched the topaz with caressing, gentle fingers.

"The light that never was on land or sea," she quoted softly.

END

It's a Gamble

(Continued from page 23)

shot up from £5,000 to £13,000 a week. But just when they were turning away money at every performance, they had to close down because the Olympia was wanted for the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, and there was no other suitable hall in town. Irony! The boom had come too late to do more than minimise a loss on the venture.

After the War, Cochran had so many shows on hand there were not enough theatres to hold them, and he took over houses as fast as they came on the market. In a month he converted the London Pavilion from an old-fashioned vaudeville house into an up-to-date theatre, and staged a revue with Delysia (he had found her doing a three-line part in Paris), which was so successful that he paid more than £20,000 in royalties.

Cochran had the Garrick, the Oxford, Prince's, in addition to the Pavilion, and now he added St. Martin's and the Aldwych, and took over London's biggest theatre, Drury Lane, for his production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. He lost £8,000 on *Cyrano*, but as he made £30,000 in one night at the stadium (that was for the Carpentier-Beckett fight, when he had the audacity to charge £25 for a ring-side seat and £3 for standing space and packed the house) he could forget it.

And then the flood tide of his fortunes checked and turned. Everything started to go wrong. He budgeted to spend £25,000 on the reconstruction of a theatre, but the bill eventually topped £80,000. Postponements of a big new show cost him £640 a day. He thought he had a gold mine in the *Dolly Sisters' Revue*, which was taking in £4,000 a week and (Continued on page 114)

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getting production costs back at the rate of £1,500 a week, when they ran into strikes, a stifling summer, and an accident to one of the sisters.

So it went. In a tight corner, he crossed to the States, and came back with *Partners Again, Anna Christie, So This is London, Dover Street to Dixie, Little Nelly Kelly,* and the *Music Box Revue.* He added to this programme a Sacha Guitry season at his own theatre, the New Oxford, and a Duse season.

The aggregate result made theatre history, but landed him deeper in the financial mire. He gambled on the rodeo to get him out. It was his last stake in the big game. But the British public did not take to the rodeo. The backers, in for £130,000, just got out by the skin of their teeth. Cochran, who had put in six months' work, did not get a penny, and blew up. People said it was a thousand pities he was finished.

Finished? Nearly six years later I found myself on the same boat with him, crossing to America. Walking round the promenade deck, and sometimes dining together, he gave me glimpses of a normal man's lifetime adventures packed into the time space between 1924 and 1930. He had regained his financial feet by way of a cabaret show, produced at the Trocadero. Then, Noel Coward.

That young man's association with Cochran was made possible by several members of Buck's Club who got together and said: "'Cocky' has given us a good time. Let us back a show for him." The show was *On With the Dance* and its second edition *Still Dancing.* Coward came in to do one or two of the lyrics, and in the end did the book and lyrics and half of the music. The show had try-outs in Manchester and Liverpool, and then came to the London Pavilion. The Press notices were splendid. The play ran a year—and the backers lost half their money. The show would make a couple of hundred one week, lose it the next, show a profit of a hundred the week following, and drop most of that the week after; and so it went, now up and now down and now breaking even, until it had to come off.

Coward was pretty busy at this time. He had four plays produced in 1925, and three in 1927. Then he struck a bad patch. *Home Chat* and *Sirocco* flopped. Everybody said, "The Coward bubble has burst." He thought so, too, and wanted to tear up a contract he had with Cochran. But the latter would not hear of it. "Take a holiday," advised the older man, "and you'll come back and laugh at all this—and make money for us both." C. B.'s shrewd confidence was not misplaced. Coward returned and did a whole new show all by himself. It was *This Year of Grace*—a success.

Towards the end of that run, C. B. had one of his bright flashes of inspiration. He felt that the public was tiring of revue. The time was ripe for something strongly contrasting—a revival of operetta, more sentiment, less smartness. Coward said he thought he had just the story. The story was "Bitter Sweet." Cochran looked it over and said, "Go ahead." It was an immense success.

The lovely Eugenie Leontovich was a great success in *Tovarich.* She thought she would make an equal hit as Cleopatra in the play *Antony and Cleopatra.* Her confidence was so great that she financed the play. An error. In a season of short runs—Diana Wynyard in a play that ran eight days, Mary Ellis in another play that also ran eight days, Edna Best in a third that ran nine, and the adorable Renée Houston and the irresistible George Robey in a musical show that cost £12,000 to stage but survived only a fortnight—*Antony and Cleopatra* recorded the lowest score. It ran four performances, and Eugenie Leontovich lost several thousand pounds.

De Courville told me that Gaby Deslys puzzled him. He regarded her as a *succès du scandal.* Such women soon bore, unless they can amuse and intrigue in the theatre. Gaby was at Les Ambassadeurs, in the Summer Revue, when De Courville first saw her. He recognised (*Continued on page 115*)

her chic, but was not impressed either by her voice or by her dancing. George Edwardes was the pioneer who brought her over. But the Gaiety crowd, the lordlings and the bloods, the sports and men-about-town, preferred less exotic types, and Edwardes did not keep Gaby when her contract was up.

How did she become famous and rich? She played an unwitting part in the downfall of a throne. It was the talk of the clubs and boudoirs. Every one knew and overnight Gaby found herself the most talked-of woman of the day in all the smart set haunts.

Her headdresses became fantastic. Her jewels, furs and frocks accumulated. Many men wanted to take her out. She accepted their invitations to lunch, dine, and sup in public—at a hundred pounds a time. They had to pay for their vanity.

Barrie tried to put Gaby on the London theatre map. He provided her with *Rosy Rapture*. No one was enraptured. The delectable Gaby then angled for a Ziegfeld show in which she would star. But Ziegfeld would not gamble on her. Sighing, the delectable Gaby retired and invested her winnings, which were large. She could never pack the Paris theatres.

Ziegfeld himself was an insatiable gambler who overplayed his hand, and outlasted his own vogue. He lived like Haroun Al Raschid, and looked like a caricature of the Caliph of Bagdad tailored in America. He died broke. These theatre fortunes vary hugely. The playwright, Avery Hopwood, left £200,000. Edgar Wallace left a deficit of £63,000 (but his posthumous royalties cleared that debt and earned a balance). Pinero, most successful of the playwrights of the Edwardian era, made £50,000—not much when you consider that the income from that sum, invested in gilt-edged stocks, amounts to only £1,750 a year, before deduction of tax.

Marie Lloyd left only £7,000. The great Eleanora Duse, whom Gabrielle D'Annunzio loved and left, managed a thousand more. The glittering Wilde, whose plays in his day were as sure to attract a fashionable audience as Noel Coward's are to-day, left £100 only. Anna Pavlova accumulated the handsome fortune of £80,000. Gilbert made £111,000 and Sullivan £54,000, while their business manager, the brains of the combination, D'Oyly Carte, did rather better, with £240,000. Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir Squire Bancroft both did pretty well, with a couple of hundred thousand pounds apiece; and Sir George Alexander, who had success after success at his St. James's Theatre, left over £100,000.

But Barnum made over a million pounds out of his circus. No entrepreneur of the theatre has equalled that.

I should say that Noel Coward is now the richest playwright in England, although probably Bernard Shaw and Somerset Maugham run him close. But Maugham beats Coward in one thing. He once had four plays running simultaneously in four different West End theatres—each one a success. Miss Gladys Cooper did very well out of a Maugham play. It was called *The Letter*. She had been partners with Frank Curzon, and in 1918 made £5,000 as her share of profits, her £4,000 salary apart. *The Letter* was her first venture alone. She could have had partners, but she decided to do it all herself. The risk was not great.

Somerset Maugham does not write any more winners. But he thinks a playwright is finished at sixty (he is sixty-five). Bernard Shaw's beard would bristle with indignation at the very suggestion. He is eighty-three—and once again has produced the headline play for the August Malvern Festival. He has written an epic called *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*. A number of theatre critics said that his *Geneva*, the Malvern headliner for 1938, showed signs of the author's age. However, it was boldly brought to town, and ran over a hundred nights. The critics were wrong—not for the first time—in their estimate of the drawing power of a play.

Shaw toils over

(*Continued on page 116*)

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That, however, is not the main reason dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And the teeth have an amazing, almost artificial whiteness.

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his plays. But toil does not always mean success. Coward wrote one of his early plays, *The Last Trick*, a melodrama in four acts, in three days. It was a hit. Then he slaved for months over a show which was to be "something really worth while." It was a failure.

Freddie Lonsdale once told me he did something similar. He had an engagement to dine with a man, wished he could get out of it (he was tired and wanted to go to bed early), but thought he ought to go—and got from his friend, as they dined *à deux*, the idea for the play *Spring Cleaning*. He wrote it fast, and it made a great hit, a small fortune, and established the Lonsdale reputation. Later, he toiled and toiled at something he was certain would be a success—and found he had wasted his time.

Arnold Bennett was always dreaming of making a fortune out of the theatre. He never succeeded, although few writers can have tried so hard as he did. He turned one of his novels into a play, and got, I think, a hundred pounds for it. He worked it out on a manufacturing basis, and decided that there was more money, on a yardage basis, in writing plays than in writing serials and novels. A full-length book, which might be serialised, ran to 80,000 words. A play ran to only 20,000 words. The construction of a play presented no more technical difficulties than the construction of a book or a serial. Besides, the glitter and glamour of the theatre!

He turned, and fluttered desperately around the theatre, like a moth around a bright light. He wrote about a score of plays in that phase, each of which he thought a winner—and none of which got produced. *The Great Adventure* and *Milestones* (the latter done with Edward Knoblock) were the only two big hits out of more than a dozen plays he had produced in two decades. He told me about *The Great Adventure*. "It was hawked all round," he said, "and nobody would touch it. All the commercial managers had a go at it. They couldn't see a bob in it." It was finally produced in a small theatre—and it ran for two years. Bennett never managed to do the trick again.

One could make a long list of the theatrical Klondykes which old and presumably sage prospectors have passed with a shrug. No producer would consider staging the Lipscombe-Minney play *Clive of India*. Eventually it was put on by a north country amateur in a home-made theatre. The actors were field workers. But newspaper men came up to see the strange performance. They found it good, gave it praise and publicity; and on that a manager generated the audacity to produce it in London. It ran for over fifteen months.

Ten Minute Alibi, turned down by every manager in London, finally peeped forth as one of the fortnightly repertory pieces in the little Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage. It attracted attention and came to the West End. It ran for two years. Word-of-mouth recommendation kept it going.

This is something every playwright, producer and backer hopes for. It alone brings a big success. Persistent advertising will not do it; nor will critics' praise, nor newspaper ballyhoo.

Any play that stays alive much longer than two months has that indefinable something which catches the average theatregoer, and gives him an experience which he wants to pass on to others. Eden Phillpott's comedy, *The Farmer's Wife*, is a case in point which turns a spotlight on the psychological process. The response at first was poor. But the few people who came liked it, and advised others to see it. Barry Jackson stubbornly kept it on, and gradually it built up, until the house was filling nightly. It was three years before that play came off.

Barry Jackson saw something in *The Farmer's Wife* when he first read it. But the managers who first read *When Knights Were Bold* and *Charley's Aunt*, saw nothing in either. The authors of both these El Dorados experienced great difficulty in getting anybody to risk money on production. But, once produced, the first ran for years, and the second has been running off and on for half a century, and is still a stand-by of touring companies.

Charley's Aunt has made more money probably than any other play, although *East Lynn* must run it close. The latter is one of the rare examples of a commercial manager knowing a winner when he sees it. *East Lynn* was written by an amateur playwright, wife of a man who worked in the office of William Brady, the famous American actor-manager-showman, a live wire ready for anything, from producing a show to managing a boxer, or starring in a musical show. Brady saw the play's possibilities, got it re-written—and so one of the most famous plays of all time was born. It is still running.

If Maurice Browne had not seen *Journey's End*, that play might have died at birth. Browne, schoolmaster, actor, soldier, producer, was at the other end of the world when Sherriff was writing his war play. He was living in a hut on the outskirts of San Francisco. Hard up, and without a job in sight, he worked and "bummed" his way across America and the Atlantic, reached England, and soon landed a job which restored his finances. He made a hit in *The Unknown Warrior*.

The threads woven by the fates across the world were drawing together. The final thread drew the adventurous wanderer to a seat at the Sunday night production of a play called *Journey's End*. It was artistic, of course, but obviously not box office. A war play, ten years after the War—and not a girl in it! Browne, however, glimpsed possibilities. It was not an expensive play to produce. The ten-year-olds of 1918 were now twenty. There were men—and women—who might like to revive memories, after so long. . . . Browne bought the play, put it on in London—and made £80,000 out of it.

He then proceeded to give a striking demonstration of the gambling element in show business. Instead of taking his winnings off the table, he formed a quarter-million-pound company, and continued to gamble. He bought and produced fifteen shows, and they failed, one after the other, and he lost all his money. Of course, he was not beaten. By 1937, he was back, with four plays, and a touring circus on the side. But that is another story.

Sir Nigel Playfair, who strove to limit his risks always, made a mistake about Karel Capek's *The Insect Play*. This piece achieved international fame, but failed to draw audiences. Playfair was more than surprised; he was obstinate. In the end, he lost about £10,000 on the play.

Mr. Alec Rea was at the Sunday night birth of *Journey's End*, but saw nothing worth gambling a thousand or two on. This only heightens the risk that Maurice Browne took, for Alec Rea is usually willing to gamble a couple of thousand on any likely looking play by an unknown. He does not hope for £80,000, nor does he like costly productions. If he makes £10,000 from his £2,000 stake, he is satisfied. He needs to make that much fairly often, because he cannot pick even a break-even show every time.

None of the ordinary cigar'd, Savoy-grill entrepreneurs would have given a second glance at the manuscript containing the slender comedy written by an unknown man named Merton Hodge, a colonial who had come to London to pursue his medical studies. But *The Wind and the Rain* was a good title. The approach was fresh. Rea took a chance on it. It had one of the longest runs on record. In all, the profits probably aggregated £40,000.

THE manager has said that thirty per cent of the audience at any really serious play were there either out of intellectual snobbishness, or because the wife or a lady friend wanted to go, or just by accident, because somebody had told them it was a fine play. One can understand that better perhaps by reference to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the entrepreneur of the films who achieved some fame among wits by announcing that his films girdle the earth. Mr. Goldwyn, finding that his business rivals had cornered all the famous stars, executed a flank attack. He inquired who was Europe's most famous writer, and so came to sign up Maurice Maeterlinck.

As Mr. Goldwyn was unacquainted with Mr. Maeterlinck's work, and was too busy to investigate anyway, he gave the Belgian poet a free hand to write "something for pictures." Some months later the precious scenario was brought reverently into the Goldwyn office. A few minutes later Mr. Goldwyn ran out shouting: "My God, the hero is a bee!" Maeterlinck had adapted his immortal *Life of the Bee* for the films. Even Mr. Goldwyn was not willing to gamble on that.

END

Who's the Boss

(*Continued from page* 65)

writings of experts on the subject of home-making. They've broken the ground for you by hard work and dogged experimentation. It is your own fault if you don't benefit from their efforts.

When you furnish or re-furnish, consult a book on the subject, absorb the theory of good, economic, labour-saving house equipment and decoration. Do not skip it, absorb it.

If you have a small house, furnish it neatly, simply. Rely upon the originality of detail and the cleverness of blended colourings to give character to your home.

Don't buy gadgets indiscriminately just because the word gadget implies the saving of labour. A lot of money can be squandered on comparatively worthless gadgets, which would be better employed in defraying the cost of some substantial, lasting and worthwhile item of equipment, say, a better type of gas cooker, a refrigerator, a first-class vacuum cleaner.

As to the work, let system dispose of all its fatigues. It can.

The woman who is always tired is invariably a muddler. She rushes at work like a bull at a gate. She expends immeasurable energy on tasks that ought never to have occurred. She does one job and makes another as she is doing it.

The woman who is boss of the household tasks runs her day to a schedule. There is a time for everything and a place for everything as well. By intelligent thought and systematic planning she eliminates superfluous effort.

Mental complacency is as important a factor as any in the struggle for mastery between you and your house. Blind energy is useless.

Start with the conviction that housekeeping is easy when it is well done. Don't panic and don't treat your home like a tyrant who is for ever bent on getting you down. If your home is your boss, it is your own fault. It should be a willing partner, ready to respond to your masterful guidance.

END

1.8.39

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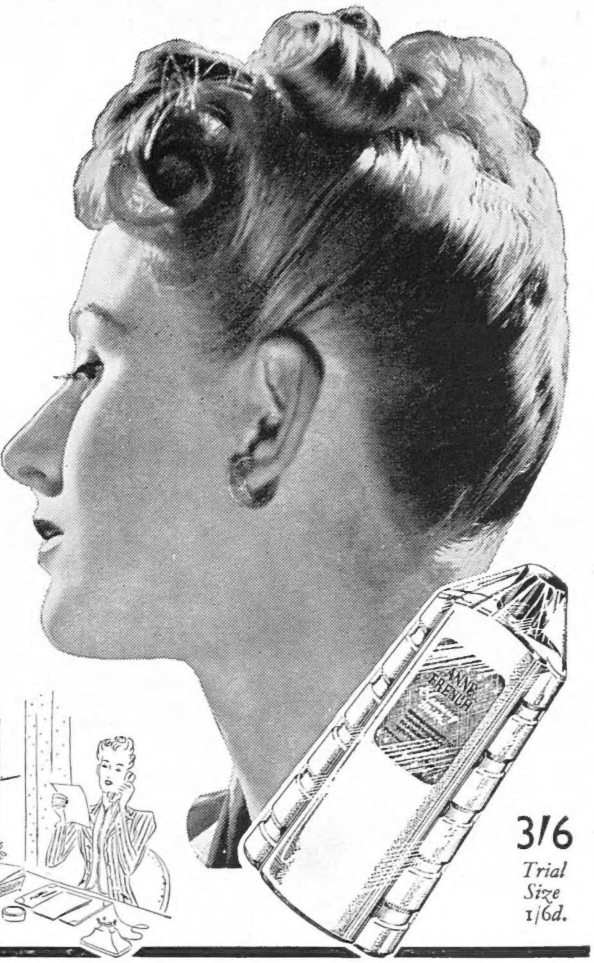

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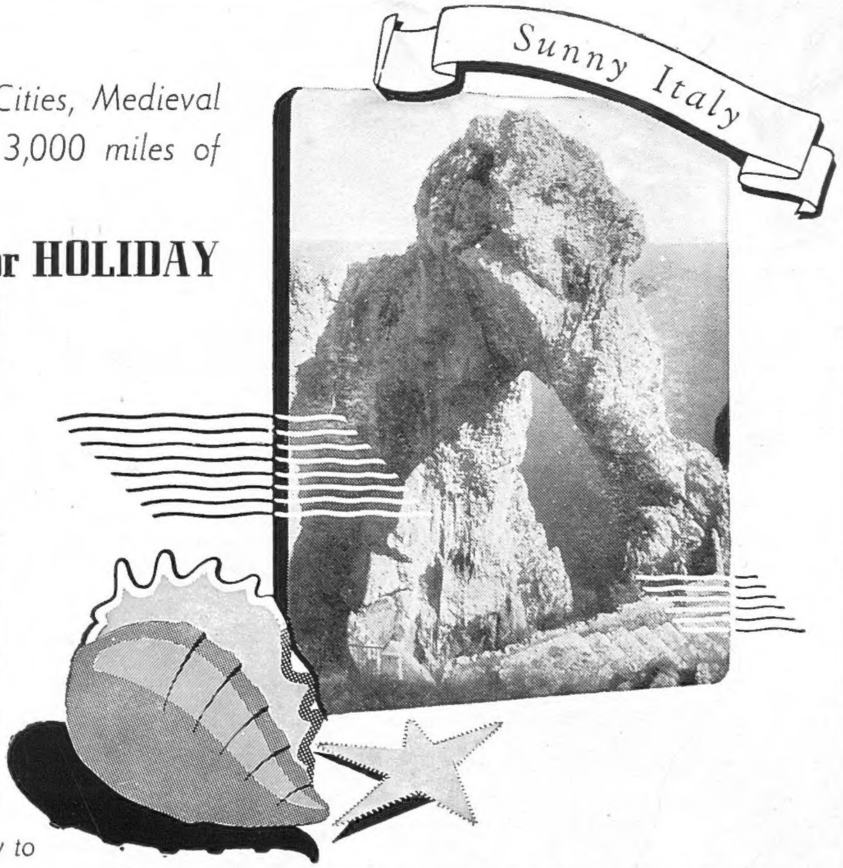

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